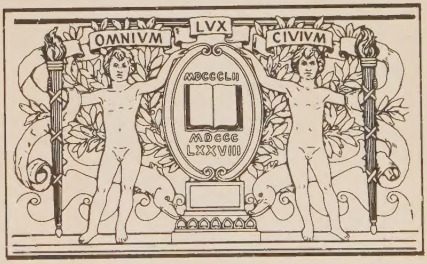

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THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY

W. R. PATON

IN FIVE VOLUMES

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GREEK ANTHOLOGY

BOOK IX

THE DECLAMATORY AND DESCRIPTIVE EPIGRAMS

This book, as we should naturally expect, is especially rich in epigrams from the *Stephanus* of Philippus, the rhetorical style of epigram having been in vogue during the period covered by that collection. There are several quite long series from this source, retaining the alphabetical order in which they were arranged, Nos. 215–312, 403–423, 541–562. It is correspondingly poor in poems from Meleager's *Stephanus* (Nos. 313–338). It contains a good deal of the Alexandrian Palladas, a contemporary of Hypatia, most of which we could well dispense with. The latter part, from No. 582 onwards, consists mostly of real or pretended inscriptions on works of art or buildings, many quite unworthy of preservation, but some, especially those on baths, quite graceful. The last three epigrams, written in a later hand, do not belong to the original *Anthology*.

ΑΝΘΟΛΟΓΙΑ

Θ

ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΑ ΕΠΙΔΕΙΚΤΙΚΑ

1.—ΠΟΛΥΑΙΝΟΥ ΣΑΡΔΙΑΝΟΥ

Δορκάδος ἀρτιτόκοιο τιθηνητήριον οὖθαρ
ἔμπλεον ἠμῦσαν[1] *πικρὸς ἔτυψεν ἔχις.*
νεβρὸς δ' ἰομιγῆ θηλὴν σπάσε, καὶ τὸ δυσαλθὲς
τραύματος ἐξ ὀλοοῦ πικρὸν ἔβροξε γάλα.
ᾄδην δ' ἠλλάξαντο, καὶ αὐτίκα νηλεΐ μοίρῃ, 5
ἣν ἔπορεν γαστήρ, μαστὸς ἀφεῖλε χάριν.

2.—ΤΙΒΕΡΙΟΥ ΙΛΛΟΥΣΤΡΙΟΥ

Κεμμάδος ἀρτιτόκου μαζοῖς βρίθουσι γάλακτος
ἡ φονίη δακέτων ἰὸν ἐνῆκεν ἔχις·
φαρμαχθὲν δ' ἰῷ μητρὸς γάλα νεβρὸς ἀμέλξας
χείλεσι, τὸν κείνης ἐξέπιεν θάνατον.

3.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ, *οἱ δὲ* ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Εἰνοδίην καρύην με παρερχομένοις ἐφύτευσαν
παισὶ λιθοβλήτου παίγνιον εὐστοχίης.

[1] I write so : *εἰ δοῦσα* MS.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

BOOK IX

THE DECLAMATORY AND DESCRIPTIVE EPIGRAMS

1.—POLYAENUS OF SARDIS

A CRUEL viper struck the nursing udder of a doe which had newly calved as it hung down full of milk. Her fawn sucked the teat contaminated by poison, and from the fatal wound imbibed bitter milk charged with venom ill to cure. Death was transferred from mother to child, and at once by pitiless fate the breast bereft the young one of the gift of life that it owed to the womb.

2.—TIBERIUS ILLUSTRIUS

A VIPER, the most murderous of noxious beasts, injected her venom into the udder, swollen with milk, of a doe that had just calved, and the kid, sucking its mother's poisoned milk, drank up her death.

3.—ANTIPATER, BY SOME ATTRIBUTED TO PLATO

THEY planted me, a walnut-tree, by the road-side to amuse passing boys, as a mark for their well-aimed

πάντας δ' ἀκρεμόνας τε καὶ εὐθαλέας ὀροδάμνους
κέκλασμαι, πυκιναῖς χερμάσι βαλλομένη.
δένδρεσιν εὐκάρποις οὐδὲν πλέον· ἦ γὰρ ἔγωγε
δυσδαίμων ἐς ἐμὴν ὕβριν ἐκαρποφόρουν.

4.—ΚΥΛΛΗΝΙΟΥ

Ἡ πάρος ἐν δρυμοῖσι νόθης ζείδωρος ὀπώρης
ἀχράς, θηροβότου πρέμνον ἐρημοσύνης,
ὀθνείοις ὄζοισι μετέμφυτος, ἤμερα θάλλω,
οὐκ ἐμὸν ἡμετέροις κλωσὶ φέρουσα βάρος.
πολλή σοι, φυτοεργέ, πόνου χάρις· εἵνεκα σεῖο
ἀχρὰς ἐν εὐκάρποις δένδρεσιν ἐγγράφομαι.

5.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Ὄχνη, χειρὸς ἐμῆς γλυκερὸς πόνος, ᾗ μὲν ἐφ' ὑγρῷ
φλοιῷ φύλλον ἔδησα θέρει· πτόρθος δ' ἐπὶ δένδρῳ
ῥιζωθεὶς δένδροιο τομῇ, καὶ καρπὸν ἀμείψας,
νέρθε μὲν ἀχρὰς ἔτ' ἔστιν, ὕπερθε δ' ἄρ' εὔπνοος ὄχνη.

6.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἀχρὰς ἔην· θῆκας σέο χερσὶ μυρίπνοον ὄχνην,
δένδρῳ πτόρθον ἐνείς· σὴν χάριν εἰς σὲ φέρω.

7.—ΙΟΥΛΙΟΥ ΠΟΛΥΑΙΝΟΥ

Εἰ καί σευ πολύφωνος ἀεὶ πίμπλησιν ἀκουὰς
ἠ φόβος εὐχομένων, ἠ χάρις εὐξαμένων,
Ζεῦ Σχερίης ἐφέπων ἱερὸν πέδον, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἡμέων
κλῦθι, καὶ ἀψευδεῖ νεῦσον ὑποσχεσίῃ,
ἤδη μοι ξενίης εἶναι πέρας, ἐν δέ με πάτρῃ
ζώειν, τῶν δολιχῶν παυσάμενον καμάτων.

stones. And all my twigs and flourishing shoots are broken, hit as I am by showers of pebbles. It is no advantage for trees to be fruitful. I indeed, poor tree, bore fruit only for my own undoing.

4.—CYLLENIUS

I, THE wild pear-tree of the thicket, a denizen of the wilderness where the wild beasts feed, once bearing plenty of bastard fruit, have had foreign shoots grafted on me, and flourish now no longer wild, but loaded with a crop that is not my natural one. Gardener, I am deeply grateful for thy pains, owing it to thee that I now am enrolled in the tribe of noble fruit-trees.

5.—PALLADAS

THIS pear-tree is the sweet result of the labour of my hand, with which in summer I fixed the graft in its moist bark. The slip, rooted on the tree by the incision, has changed its fruit, and though it is still a pyraster[1] below, it is a fragrant-fruited pear-tree above.

6.—BY THE SAME

I WAS a pyraster; thy hand hath made me a fragrant pear-tree by inserting a graft, and I reward thee for thy kindness.

7.—JULIUS POLYAENUS

ZEUS, who rulest the holy land of Corcyra, though thy ears be ever full of the fears of suppliants or the thanks of those whose prayers thou hast heard, yet hearken to me, too, and grant me by a true promise that this be the end of my exile, and that I may dwell in my native land, my long labours over.

[1] The wild pear-tree.

8.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἐλπὶς ἀεὶ βιότου κλέπτει χρόνον· ἡ πυμάτη δὲ
ἠὼς τὰς πολλὰς ἔφθασεν ἀσχολίας.

J. A. Pott, *Greek Love Songs and Epigrams*, ii. p. 86.

9.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πολλάκις εὐξαμένῳ μοι ἀεὶ θυμῆρες ἔδωκας
τέκμαρ ἀκυμάντου, Ζεῦ πάτερ, εὐπλοΐης·
δῴης μοι καὶ τοῦτον ἔτι πλόον, ἠδὲ σαώσαις
ἤδη, καὶ καμάτων ὅρμισον εἰς λιμένας.
οἶκος καὶ πάτρη βιότου χάρις· αἱ δὲ περισσαὶ
φροντίδες ἀνθρώποις οὐ βίος, ἀλλὰ πόνος.

10.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Πούλυπος εἰναλίῃ ποτ' ἐπὶ προβλῆτι τανυσθεὶς
ἠελίῳ ψύχειν πολλὸν ἀνῆκε πόδα·
οὕπω δ' ἦν πέτρῃ ἴκελος χρόα, τοὔνεκα καί μιν
αἰετὸς ἐκ νεφέων ὀξὺς ἔμαρψεν ἰδών·
πλοχμοῖς δ' εἰλιχθεὶς πέσεν εἰς ἅλα δύσμορος· ἦ ῥα
ἄμφω καὶ θήρης ἤμβροτε καὶ βιότου.

11.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ, *οἱ δὲ* ΙΣΙΔΩΡΟΥ

Πηρὸς ὁ μὲν γυίοις, ὁ δ' ἄρ' ὄμμασιν· ἀμφότεροι δὲ
εἰς αὐτοὺς τὸ τύχης ἐνδεὲς ἠράνισαν.
τυφλὸς γὰρ λιπόγυιον ἐπωμάδιον βάρος αἴρων
ταῖς κείνου φωναῖς ἀτραπὸν ὠρθοβάτει·
πάντα δὲ ταῦτ' ἐδίδαξε πικρὴ πάντολμος ἀνάγκη,
ἀλλήλοις μερίσαι τοὐλλιπὲς εἰς τέλεον.

8.—By the Same

Hope ever makes the period of our days steal away, and the last dawn surprises us with many projects unaccomplished.

9.—By the Same

Often when I have prayed to thee, Zeus, hast thou granted me the welcome gift of fair weather till the end of my voyage. Give it me on this voyage, too; save me and bear me to the haven where toil ends. The delight of life is in our home and country, and superfluous cares make life not life but vexation.

10.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

An octopus once, stretched out on a rock that projected into the sea, extended his many feet to let them bask in the sun. He had not yet changed to the colour of the rock, and therefore a sharp-eyed eagle saw him from the clouds and seized him, but fell, unhappy bird, entangled by his tentacles, into the sea, losing both its prey and its life.

11.—PHILIPPUS or ISIDORUS

One man was maimed in his legs, while another had lost his eyesight, but each contributed to the other that of which mischance had deprived him. For the blind man, taking the lame man on his shoulders, kept a straight course by listening to the other's orders. It was bitter, all-daring necessity which taught them all this, instructing them how, by dividing their imperfections between them, to make a perfect whole.

12.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ

Τυφλὸς ἀλητεύων χωλὸν πόδας ἠέρταζεν,
ὄμμασιν ἀλλοτρίοις ἀντερανιζόμενος.
ἄμφω δ' ἡμιτελεῖς πρὸς ἑνὸς φύσιν ἁρμόσθησαν
τοὐλλιπὲς ἀλλήλοις ἀντιπαρασχόμενοι.

13.—ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ ΝΕΩΤΕΡΟΥ

Ἄνέρα τις λιπόγυιον ὑπὲρ νώτοιο λιπαυγὴς
ἦρε, πόδας χρήσας, ὄμματα χρησάμενος.

13B.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ

Ἄμφω μὲν πηροὶ καὶ ἀλήμονες, ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ὄψεις,
ὃς δὲ βάσεις· ἄλλου δ' ἄλλος ὑπηρεσίη·
τυφλὸς γὰρ χωλοῖο κατωμάδιον βάρος αἴρων
ἀτραπὸν ὀθνείοις ὄμμασιν ἀκροβάτει.
ἡ μία δ' ἀμφοτέροις ἤρκει φύσις· ἐν γὰρ ἑκάστῳ
τοὐλλιπὲς ἀλλήλοις εἰς ὅλον ἠράνισαν.

14.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ ΒΥΖΑΝΤΙΟΥ

Αἰγιαλοῦ τενάγεσσιν ὑποπλώοντα λαθραίῃ
εἰρεσίῃ Φαίδων εἶσιδε πουλυπόδην·
μάρψας δ' ὠκὺς ἔριψεν ἐπὶ χθόνα, πρὶν περὶ χεῖρας
πλέξασθαι βρύγδην ὀκτατόνους ἕλικας·
δισκευθεὶς δ' ἐπὶ θάμνον ἐς οἰκία δειλὰ λαγωοῦ,
εἰληδὸν ταχινοῦ πτωκὸς ἔδησε πόδας·
εἶλε δ' ἁλούς· σὺ δ' ἄελπτον ἔχεις γέρας ἀμφοτέρωθεν
ἄγρης χερσαίης, πρέσβυ, καὶ εἰναλίης.

12.—LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA

The blind beggar supported the lame one on his feet, and gained in return the help of the other's eyes. Thus the two incomplete beings fitted into each other to form one complete being, each supplying what the other lacked.

13.—PLATO THE YOUNGER

A blind man carried a lame man on his back, lending him his feet and borrowing from him his eyes.

13B.—ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM

Both are maimed and strolling beggars; but the one has lost the use of his eyes, the other the support of his legs. Each serves the other; for the blind man, taking the lame one on his back, walks gingerly by the aid of eyes not his own. One nature supplied the needs of both; for each contributed to the other his deficiency to form a whole.

14.—By the Same

Phaedo saw an octopus in the shallows by the beach oaring itself along in secret, and seizing it, he threw it rapidly on land before it could twine its eight spirals tightly round his hand. Whirled into a bush it fell on the home of a luckless hare, and twirling round fleet-footed puss's feet held them bound. The captured was capturer, and you, old man, got the unexpected gift of a booty both from sea and land.

15.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Αὐτὸ τὸ πῦρ καύσειν διζήμενος, οὗτος, ὁ νύκτωρ
τὸν καλὸν ἱμείρων λύχνον ἀναφλογίσαι,
δεῦρ' ἀπ' ἐμῆς ψυχῆς ἅψον σέλας· ἔνδοθι γάρ μου
καιόμενον πολλὴν ἐξανίησι φλόγα.

16.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Τρισσαὶ μὲν Χάριτες, τρεῖς δὲ γλυκυπάρθενοι Ὧραι·
τρεῖς δ' ἐμὲ θηλυμανεῖς οἰστοβολοῦσι Πόθοι.
ἦ γάρ τοι τρία τόξα κατήρτισεν, ὡς ἄρα μέλλων
οὐχὶ μίαν τρώσειν, τρεῖς δ' ἐν ἐμοὶ κραδίας.

17.—ΓΕΡΜΑΝΙΚΟΥ ΚΑΙΣΑΡΟΣ

Οὔρεος ἐξ ὑπάτοιο λαγὼς πέσεν ἔς ποτε βένθος,
ἐκπροφυγεῖν μεμαὼς τρηχὺν ὀδόντα κυνός·
ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὣς ἤλυξε κακὸν μόρον· αὐτίκα γάρ μιν
εἰνάλιος μάρψας πνεύματος ὠρφάνισεν.
ἐκ πυρός, ὡς αἶνος, πέσες ἐς φλόγα· ἦ ῥά σε δαίμων
κὴν ἁλὶ κὴν χέρσῳ θρέψε κύνεσσι βοράν.

18.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἐκ κυνὸς εἶλε κύων με. τί τὸ ξένον; εἰς ἐμὲ θῆρες
ὑγροὶ καὶ πεζοὶ θυμὸν ἔχουσιν ἕνα.
Αἰθέρα λοιπὸν ἔχοιτε, λαγοί, βατόν. ἀλλὰ φοβοῦμαι,
Οὐρανέ· καὶ σὺ φέρεις ἀστερόεντα κύνα.

15.—Anonymous

(*Probably on a Picture of Love*)

Thou who seekest to set fire itself ablaze, who desirest to light thy lovely lamp at night, take thee light here from my soul, for that which is afire within me sends forth fierce flames.

16.—MELEAGER

The Graces are three, and three are the sweet virgin Hours, and three fierce girl Loves cast their arrows at me. Yea, verily, three bows hath Love prepared for me, as if he would wound in me not one heart, but three.

17.—GERMANICUS CAESAR

Once a hare from the mountain height leapt into the sea in her effort to escape from a dog's cruel fangs. But not even thus did she escape her fate; for at once a sea-dog seized her and bereft her of life. Out of the fire, as the saying is, into the flame didst thou fall. Of a truth Fate reared thee to be a meal for a dog either on the land or in the sea.

18.—By the Same

On the Same

One dog captured me after another. What is strange in that? Beasts of the water and beasts of the land have like rage against me. Henceforth, ye hares, may the sky be open to your course. But I fear thee, Heaven; thou too hast a dog among thy stars.

19.—ΑΡΧΙΟΥ ΜΙΤΥΛΗΝΑΙΟΥ

Ὁ πρὶν ἀελλοπόδων λάμψας πλέον Λἰετὸς ἵππων,
ὁ πρὶν ὑπαὶ μίτραις κῶλα καθαψάμενος,
ὃν Φοίβου χρησμῳδὸς ἀέθλιον ἔστεφε Πυθώ,
ὀρυύμενον πτανοῖς ὠκυπέταις ἴκελον,
καὶ Νεμέη βλοσυροῖο τιθηνήτειρα λέοντος,
Πῖσά τε, καὶ δοιὰς ᾐόνας Ἰσθμὸς ἔχων,
νῦν κλοιῷ δειρὴν πεπεδημένος, οἷα χαλινῷ,
καρπὸν ἑλᾷ Δηοῦς ὀκριόεντι λίθῳ,
ἴσαν μοῖραν ἔχων Ἡρακλέϊ· καὶ γὰρ ἐκεῖνος
τόσσ' ἀνύσας δούλαν ζεῦγλαν ἐφηρμόσατο.

20.—ΑΛΛΟ

Ὁ πρὶν ἐπ' Ἀλφειῷ στεφανηφόρος, ὦνερ, ὁ τὸ πρὶν
δισσάκι κηρυχθεὶς Κασταλίης παρ' ὕδωρ,
ὁ πρὶν ἐγὼ Νεμέῃ βεβοημένος, ὁ πρὶν ἐπ' Ἰσθμῷ
πῶλος, ὁ πρὶν πτηνοῖς ἴσα δραμὼν ἀνέμοις,
νῦν ὅτε γηραιός, γυροδρόμον ἠνίδε πέτρον
δινεύω, στεφέων ὕβρις, ἐλαυνόμενος.

21.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Σοί, πατρὶ Θεσσαλίη πωλοτρόφε, μέμψιν ἀνάπτω
Πήγασος, ὡς ἀδίκου τέρματος ἠντίασα·
ὃς Πυθοῖ, κἠν Ἰσθμῷ ἐκώμασα, κἠπὶ Νέμειον
Ζᾶνα, καὶ Ἀρκαδικοὺς ἤλυθον ἀκρεμόνας·
νῦν δὲ βάρος πέτρης Νισυρίδος ἔγκυκλον ἕλκω,
λεπτύνων Δηοῦς καρπὸν ἀπ' ἀσταχύων.

19.—ARCHIAS OF MYTILENE

"Eagle," who once outshone all fleet-footed horses; about whose legs chaplets once hung; he whom Pytho, the oracular seat of Phoebus, once crowned in the games, where he raced like a swiftly flying bird; he whom Nemea, too, the nurse of the grim lion, crowned, and Pisa and Isthmus with its two beaches, is now fettered by a collar as if by a bit, and grinds corn by turning a rough stone. He suffers the same fate as Heracles, who also, after accomplishing so much, put on the yoke of slavery.

20.—Anonymous

On the Same

I, Sir, who once gained the crown on the banks of Alpheius, and was twice proclaimed victor by the water of Castalia; I, who was announced the winner at Nemea, and formerly, as a colt, at Isthmus; I, who ran swift as the winged winds—see me now, how in my old age I turn the rotating stone driven in mockery of the crowns I won.

21.—Anonymous

I, Pegasus, attach blame to thee, my country Thessaly, breeder of horses, for this unmerited end of my days. I, who was led in procession at Pytho and Isthmus; I, who went to the festival of Nemean Zeus and to Olympia to win the Arcadian olive-twigs, now drag the heavy weight of the round Nisyrian[1] mill-stone, grinding fine from the ears the fruit of Demeter.

[1] Nisyros, a volcanic island near Cos, famous for its millstones.

22.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Νηδύϊ βριθομένην δάμαλιν Λητωΐδι κούρῃ
στῆσαν νηοκόροι θῦμα χαριζόμενοι,
ἧς ἀΐδην μέλλοντα προέφθασεν εὔστοχος ὠδίς,
πέμφθη δ' εἰς ἀγέλην τεκνογονεῖν ἄφετος.
ἡ θεὸς ὠδίνων γὰρ ἐπίσκοπος οὐδ' ἐδίκαζεν
τικτούσας κτείνειν, ἃς ἐλεεῖν ἔμαθεν.

23.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Γειαρότης Ἄρχιππος, ὅτ' ἐκ νούσοιο βαρείης
ἄρτι λιποψυχέων ἔρρεεν εἰς ἀΐδην,
εἶπε τάδ' υἱήεσσιν· "Ἰὼ φίλα τέκνα, μάκελλαν
καὶ τὸν ἀροτρίτην στέρξατέ μοι βίοτον·
μὴ σφαλερῆς αἰνεῖτε πόνον στονόεντα θαλάσσης,
καὶ βαρὺν ἀτηρῆς ναυτιλίης κάματον.
ὅσσον μητρυιῆς γλυκερωτέρη ἔπλετο μήτηρ,
τόσσον ἁλὸς πολιῆς γαῖα ποθεινοτέρη."

24.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΥ

Ἄστρα μὲν ἠμαύρωσε καὶ ἱερὰ κύκλα σελήνης
ἄξονα δινήσας ἔμπυρος ἠέλιος·
ὑμνοπόλους δ' ἀγεληδὸν ἀπημάλδυνεν Ὅμηρος,
λαμπρότατον Μουσῶν φέγγος ἀνασχόμενος.

25.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Γράμμα τόδ' Ἀρήτοιο δαήμονος, ὅς ποτε λεπτῇ
φροντίδι δηναιοὺς ἀστέρας ἐφράσατο,

22.—PHILIPPUS OF THESSALONICA

The temple servants destined as an acceptable sacrifice to Latona's daughter a heifer big with young; but happy birth-pangs anticipated her approaching death, and she was sent to the herd to bear her child in freedom. For the goddess who presides over child-bed deemed it not right to slay creatures in labour, having learnt to pity them.

23.—ANTIPATER

The husbandman Archippus, when, smitten by grave sickness, he was just breathing his last and gliding to Hades, spoke thus to his sons: "I charge you, dear children, that ye love the mattock and the life of a farmer. Look not with favour on the weary labour of them who sail the treacherous waves and the heavy toil of perilous sea-faring. Even as a mother is sweeter than a stepmother, so is the land more to be desired than the grey sea."

24.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

As the burning sun, rolling his chariot-wheels, dims the stars and the holy circle of the moon, so Homer, holding on high the Muses' brightest torch, makes faint the glory of all the flock of singers.

25.—By the Same

This is the book of learned Aratus,[1] whose subtle mind explored the long-lived stars, both the fixed

[1] Aratus of Soli (*circ.* 270 B.C.) author of the *Φαινόμενα* and *Διοσημεῖα*.

ἀπλανέας τ' ἄμφω καὶ ἀλήμονας, οἷσιν ἐναργὴς
ἰλλόμενος κύκλοις οὐρανὸς ἐνδέδεται.
αἰνείσθω δὲ καμὼν ἔργον μέγα, καὶ Διὸς εἶναι
δεύτερος, ὅστις ἔθηκ' ἄστρα φαεινότερα.

26.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Τάσδε θεογλώσσους Ἑλικὼν ἔθρεψε γυναῖκας
ὕμνοις, καὶ Μακεδὼν Πιερίας σκόπελος,
Πρήξιλλαν, Μοιρώ, Ἀνύτης στόμα, θῆλυν Ὅμηρον,
Λεσβιάδων Σαπφὼ κόσμον ἐϋπλοκάμων,
Ἥρινναν, Τελέσιλλαν ἀγακλέα, καὶ σέ, Κόριννα,
θοῦριν Ἀθηναίης ἀσπίδα μελψαμέναν,
Νοσσίδα θηλύγλωσσον, ἰδὲ γλυκυαχέα Μύρτιν,
πάσας ἀενάων ἐργάτιδας σελίδων.
ἐννέα μὲν Μούσας μέγας Οὐρανός, ἐννέα δ' αὐτὰς
Γαῖα τέκεν, θνατοῖς ἄφθιτον εὐφροσύναν.

27.—ΑΡΧΙΟΥ, *οἱ δὲ* ΠΑΡΜΕΝΙΩΝΟΣ

Εὔφημος γλώσσῃ παραμείβεο τὰν λάλον Ἠχώ,
κοὐ λάλον· ἢν τι κλύω, τοῦτ' ἀπαμειβομέναν.
εἰς σὲ γὰρ ὃν σὺ λέγεις στρέψω λόγον· ἢν δὲ σιωπᾷς,
σιγήσω. τίς ἐμεῦ γλῶσσα δικαιοτέρη;

28.—ΠΟΜΠΗΙΟΥ, *οἱ δὲ* ΜΑΡΚΟΥ ΝΕΩΤΕΡΟΥ

Εἰ καὶ ἐρημαίη κέχυμαι κόνις ἔνθα Μυκήνη,
εἰ καὶ ἀμαυροτέρη παντὸς ἰδεῖν σκοπέλου,

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[1] Of these lyric poetesses known as the nine Lyric Muses Praxilla of Sicyon flourished in the fifth century B.C., Moero of Byzantium in the fourth century, Telesilla of Argos in the

stars and the planets with which the bright revolving heaven is set. Let us praise him for the great task at which he toiled; let us count him second to Zeus, in that he made the stars brighter.

26.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

These are the divine-voiced women that Helicon fed with song, Helicon and Macedonian Pieria's rock: Praxilla; Moero; Anyte, the female Homer; Sappho, glory of the Lesbian women with lovely tresses; Erinna; renowned Telesilla; and thou, Corinna, who didst sing the martial shield of Athena; Nossis, the tender-voiced, and dulcet-toned Myrtis—all craftswomen of eternal pages. Great Heaven gave birth to nine Muses, and Earth to these nine, the deathless delight of men.[1]

27.—ARCHIAS OR PARMENION

Heed well thy speech as thou goest past me, Echo who am a chatterbox and yet no chatterbox. If I hear anything I answer back the same, for I will return to thee thy own words; but if thou keepest silent, so shall I. Whose tongue is more just than mine?

28.—POMPEIUS OR MARCUS THE YOUNGER

Though I, Mycenae, am but a heap of dust here in the desert, though I am meaner to look at than any

sixth century, Corinna of Tanagra (some of whose work has recently been recovered) in the fifth century, and Myrtis of Anthedon a little before Pindar whom she is said to have instructed. Anyte and Nossis are represented in the *Anthology*.

Ἴλου τις καθορῶν κλεινὴν πόλιν, ἧς ἐπάτησα
τείχεα, καὶ Πριάμου πάντ' ἐκένωσα δόμον,
γνώσεται ἔνθεν ὅσον πάρος ἔσθενον. εἰ δέ με γῆρας
ὕβρισεν, ἀρκοῦμαι μάρτυρι Μαιονίδῃ.

29.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ ΒΥΖΑΝΤΙΟΥ

Τόλμα, νεῶν ἀρχηγὲ (σὺ γὰρ δρόμον ηὔραο πόντου,
καὶ ψυχὰς ἀνδρῶν κέρδεσιν ἠρέθισας),
οἷον ἐτεκτήνω δόλιον ξύλον, οἷον ἐνῆκας
ἀνθρώποις θανάτῳ κέρδος ἐλεγχόμενον;
ἦν ὄντως μερόπων χρύσεον γένος, εἰ γ' ἀπὸ χέρσου
τηλόθεν, ὡς Ἀΐδης, πόντος ἀπεβλέπετο.

30.—ΖΗΛΩΤΟΥ, *οἱ δὲ* ΒΑΣΣΟΥ

Ἐκλάσθην ἐπὶ γῆς ἀνέμῳ πίτυς· ἐς τί με πόντῳ
στέλλετε ναυηγὸν κλῶνα πρὸ ναυτιλίης;

31.—ΖΗΛΩΤΟΥ

Ἐς τί πίτυν πελάγει πιστεύετε, γομφωτῆρες,
ἧς πολὺς ἐξ ὀρέων ῥίζαν ἔλυσε νότος;
αἴσιον οὐκ ἔσομαι πόντου σκάφος, ἐχθρὸν ἀήταις
δένδρεον· ἐν χέρσῳ τὰς ἁλὸς οἶδα τύχας.

32.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἀρτιπαγῆ ῥοθίαισιν ἐπὶ κροκάλαισί με νῆα,
καὶ μήπω χαροποῦ κύματος ἀψαμέναν,
οὐδ' ἀνέμεινε θάλασσα· τὸ δ' ἄγριον ἐπλήμμυρεν
χεῦμα καὶ ἐκ σταθερῶν ἥρπασεν ἠϊόνων
ὁλκάδα τὰν δείλαιον †ἀεὶ κλόνος, ᾗ γε τὰ πόντου
χεύματα κὴν χέρσῳ λοίγια κὴν πελάγει.

chance rock, he who gazes on the famous city of Ilion, whose walls I trod underfoot and emptied all the house of Priam, shall know thence how mighty I was of old. If my old age has used me ill, the testimony of Homer is enough for me.

29.—ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM

Adventure, thou inventor of ships (for thou didst discover the paths of the sea, and didst excite men's minds by hope of gain), what treacherous timbers didst thou fashion; what lust for gain, oft brought home to them by death, hast thou instilled into men! Of a truth the race of mortals had been a golden one, if the sea, like hell, were viewed from the land in dim distance.

30.—ZELOTUS or BASSUS

I am a pine-tree broken by the wind on land. Why do you send me to the sea, a spar shipwrecked before sailing?

31.—ZELOTUS

Why, shipwrights, do ye entrust to the sea this pine, which the strong south-wester tore up by the roots from the mountain side? I shall make no lucky hull at sea, I, a tree which the winds hate. On land I already experienced the ill-fortune of the sea.

32.—Anonymous

I was a newly-built ship on the surf-beaten beach, and had not yet touched the grey waves. But the sea would not be kept waiting for me; the wild flood rose and carried me away from the firm shore, an unhappy bark indeed . . . to whom the stormy waves were fatal both on land and at sea.

33.—ΚΥΛΛΗΝΙΟΥ

Οὔπω ναῦς, καὶ ὅλωλα· τί δ' ἂν πλέον, εἰ βυθὸν ἔγνων,
ἔτλην; φεῦ, πάσαις ὁλκάσι μοῖρα κλύδων.

34.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ ΒΥΖΑΝΤΙΟΥ

Μυρία με τρίψασαν ἀμετρήτοιο θαλάσσης
κύματα, καὶ χέρσῳ βαιὸν ἐρεισαμένην,
ὤλεσεν οὐχὶ θάλασσα, νεῶν φόβος, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ γαίης
Ἥφαιστος. τίς ἐρεῖ πόντον ἀπιστότερον;
ἔνθεν ἔφυν ἀπόλωλα· παρ' ἠϊόνεσσι δὲ κεῖμαι,
χέρσῳ τὴν πελάγευς ἐλπίδα μεμφομένη.

35.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἄρτι με πηγνυμένην ἀκάτου τρόπιν ἔσπασε γείτων
πόντος, κἠν χέρσῳ εἰς ἐμὲ μηνάμενος.

36.—ΣΕΚΟΥΝΔΟΥ

Ὁλκὰς ἀμετρήτου πελάγους ἀνύσασα κέλευθον,
καὶ τοσάκις χαροποῖς κύμασι νηξαμένη,
ἣν ὁ μέλας οὔτ' Εὖρος ἐπόντισεν, οὔτ' ἐπὶ χέρσον
ἤλασε χειμερίων ἄγριον οἶδμα Νότων,
ἐν πυρὶ νῦν ναυηγὸς ἐγὼ χθονὶ μέμφομ' ἀπίστῳ,
νῦν ἁλὸς ἡμετέρης ὕδατα διζομένη.

33.—CYLLENIUS

Before I was a ship I perished. What more could I have suffered if I had become familiar with the deep? Alas, every bark meets its end by the waves!

34.—ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM

After I had traversed innumerable waves of the limitless sea, and stood firm for a season on the land, I was destroyed not by the sea, the terror of ships, but on shore by fire. Who will say that the sea is the more treacherous of the two? It was the earth on which I came into being that destroyed me, and I lie on the beach, reproaching the land for the fate I expected from the sea.

35.—By the Same

I am the newly-fashioned keel of a ship, and the sea beside which I lay carried me off, raging against me even on land.

36.—SECUNDUS

I, the ship which had traversed the paths of the limitless ocean, and swum so often through the gray waves; I, whom neither the black east wind overwhelmed nor the fierce swell raised by the winter south-westers drove on shore, am now shipwrecked in the flames, and reproach the faithless land, in sore need now of the waters of my sea.

37.—ΤΥΛΛΙΟΥ ΦΛΑΚΚΟΥ

Εἰς πηγὴν ἐπώνυμον Ἡσυχίας

α. Σιγήσας ἄρυσαι. *β.* Τίνος οὕνεκα; *α.* Μηκέτ' ἀρύου.
β. Τεῦ χάριν; *α.* Ἡσυχίης ἡδὺ λέλογχα ποτόν.
β. Δύσκολος ἡ κρήνη. *α.* Γεῦσαι, καὶ μᾶλλον ἐρεῖς με δύσκολον. *β.* Ὦ πικροῦ νάματος. *α.* Ὦ λαλιῆς.

38.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἰ μὲν ἀνὴρ ἥκεις, ἄρυσαι, ξένε, τῆσδ' ἀπὸ πηγῆς·
εἰ δὲ φύσει μαλακός, μή με πίῃς πρόφασιν.
ἄρρεν ἐγὼ ποτόν εἰμι, καὶ ἀνδράσι μοῦνον ἀρέσκω·
τοῖς δὲ φύσει μαλακοῖς ἡ φύσις ἐστὶν ὕδωρ.

39.—ΜΟΤΣΙΚΙΟΥ

Ἁ Κύπρις Μούσαισι· "Κοράσια, τὰν Ἀφροδίταν
τιμᾶτ', ἢ τὸν Ἔρων ὕμμιν ἐφοπλίσομαι."
χαἰ Μοῦσαι ποτὶ Κύπριν· "Ἄρει τὰ στωμύλα ταῦτα·
ἡμῖν δ' οὐ πέτεται τοῦτο τὸ παιδάριον."

40.—ΖΩΣΙΜΟΥ ΘΑΣΙΟΥ

Οὐ μόνον ὑσμίνῃσι καὶ ἐν στονόεντι κυδοιμῷ
ῥύομ' ἀρειτόλμοι· θυμὸν Ἀναξιμένους,
ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐκ πόντου, ὁπότ' ἔσχισε νῆα θάλασσα,
ἀσπίς, ἐφ' ἡμετέρης νηξάμενον σανίδος.
εἰμὶ δὲ κἠν πελάγει καὶ ἐπὶ χθονὸς ἐλπὶς ἐκείνῳ, 5
τὸν θρασὺν ἐκ διπλῶν ῥυσαμένη θανάτων.

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[1] This seems to be a vindication of the fountain of Salmacis near Halicarnassus, the water of which had the reputation of making men effeminate.

37.—TULLIUS FLACCUS

On a Fountain called Quiet Fount

A. "Draw water from me in silence." *B.* "Why?" *A.* "Stop drawing." *B.* "Wherefore?" *A.* "Mine is the sweet drink of Quiet." *B.* "You are a disagreeable fountain." *A.* "Taste me and you will see I am still more disagreeable." *B.* "Oh what a bitter stream!" *A.* "Oh what a chatterbox!"

38.—Anonymous

If thou art a man, stranger, draw water from this fountain; but if thou art effeminate by nature, on no account drink me. I am a male drink, and only please men; but for those naturally effeminate their own nature is water.[1]

39.—MUSICIUS

Cypris to the Muses: "Honour Aphrodite, ye maidens, or I will arm Love against you." And the Muses to Cypris: "Talk that twaddle to Ares. Your brat has no wings to fly to us."

40.—ZOSIMUS OF THASOS

On the Shield[2] *of one Anaximenes*

Not only in combats and in the battle din do I protect the spirit of valiant Anaximenes; but in the sea, too, when the waves broke up his ship, I was a shield to save him, clinging to me in swimming as if I were a plank. On sea and land alike I am his hope and stay, having saved my bold master from two different deaths.

[2] Presumably in this and the following epigrams a shield made of leather or wicker is meant.

41.—ΘΕΩΝΟΣ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΩΣ

Ἡ πάρος ἀντιπάλων ἐπιήρανος ἀσπὶς ἀκόντων,
ἡ φόνιον στυγνοῦ κῦμα φέρουσα μόθου,
ἄγριον οὐδ' ὅτε πόντος ἐπὶ κλόνον ἤλασε φωτί,
καὶ πικρὴ ναυτέων ἔπλεθ' ἁλιφθορίη,
συζυγίης ἀμέλησα· καλὸν δέ σε φόρτον ἄγουσα,
ναὶ φίλος, εὐκταίων ἄχρις ἔβην λιμένων.

42.—ΙΟΥΛΙΟΥ ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ

Εἰν ἑνὶ κινδύνους ἔφυγον δύο Μυρτίλος ὅπλῳ,
τὸν μέν, ἀριστεύσας· τὸν δ', ἐπινηξάμενος,
ἀργέστης ὅτ' ἔδυσε νεὼς τρόπιν· ἀσπίδα δ' ἔσχον
σωθεὶς κεκριμένην κύματι καὶ πολέμῳ.

43.—ΠΑΡΜΕΝΙΩΝΟΣ ΜΑΚΕΔΟΝΟΣ

Ἀρκεῖ μοι χλαίνης λιτὸν σκέπας, οὐδὲ τραπέζαις
δουλεύσω, Μουσέων ἄνθεα βοσκόμενος.
μισῶ πλοῦτον ἄνουν, κολάκων τροφόν, οὐδὲ παρ' ὀφρὺν
στήσομαι· οἶδ' ὀλίγης δαιτὸς ἐλευθερίην.

44.—ΣΤΑΤΙΛΛΙΟΥ ΦΛΑΚΚΟΥ <οἱ δὲ> ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ ΤΟΥ ΜΕΓΑΛΟΥ

Χρυσὸν ἀνὴρ εὑρὼν ἔλιπε βρόχον· αὐτὰρ ὁ χρυσὸν
ὃν λίπεν οὐχ εὑρὼν ἧψεν ὃν εὗρε βρόχον.

41.—THEON OF ALEXANDRIA

I, THE shield that erst protected from the foemen's shafts and resisted the bloody wave of horrid war, not even then, when the sea in wild tumult swept on my master, and the mariners perished miserably, betrayed my comrade, but bearing thee, a noble burden indeed, my friend, went with thee even to the haven for which thou didst pray.

42.—JULIUS LEONIDAS

I, MYRTILUS, escaped two dangers by the help of one weapon; the first by fighting bravely with it, the second by swimming with its support, when the north-west wind had sunk my ship. I was saved and now possess a shield proved both in war and on the waves.

43.—PARMENION OF MACEDONIA

THE simple covering of my cloak is enough for me; and I, who feed on the flowers of the Muses, shall never be the slave of the table. I hate witless wealth, the nurse of flatterers, and I will not stand in attendance on one who looks down on me. I know the freedom of scanty fare.

44.—STATYLLIUS FLACCUS, BY SOME ATTRIBUTED TO PLATO

A MAN finding gold left his halter, but the man who had left the gold and did not find it, hanged himself with the halter he found.

45.—ΣΤΑΤΥΛΛΙΟΥ ΦΛΑΚΚΟΥ

Χρυσὸν ἀνὴρ ὁ μὲν εὗρεν, ὁ δ' ὤλεσεν· ὧν ὁ μὲν εὑρὼν ῥίψεν, ὁ δ' οὐχ εὑρὼν λυγρὸν ἔδησε βρόχον.

S. T. Coleridge, *Poetical and Dramatic Works*, 1877, ii. 374, a version made for a wager, as a *tour de force* in brevity. *cf.* Ausonius, *Epig.* 22; Wyatt, *Epig.* 26; and Prof. W. J. Courthope, *History of English Poetry*, vol. ii., p. 58 *n.*

46.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΜΑΚΕΔΟΝΟΣ

Πηρὸς ἄπαις, ἢ φέγγος ἰδεῖν ἢ παῖδα τεκέσθαι
εὐξαμένη, δοιῆς ἔμμορεν εὐτυχίης·
τίκτε γὰρ †εὐθὺς ἄελπτα μετ' οὐ πολύ, καὶ τριποθήτου
αὐτῆμαρ γλυκερὸν φέγγος ἐσεῖδε φάους.
Ἄρτεμις ἀμφοτέροισιν ἐπήκοος, ἥ τε λοχείης 5
μαῖα, καὶ ἀργεννῶν φωσφόρος ἠ σελάων.

47.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Τὸν λύκον ἐξ ἰδίων μαζῶν τρέφω οὐκ ἐθέλουσα,
ἀλλά μ' ἀναγκάζει ποιμένος ἀφροσύνη.
αὐξηθεὶς δ' ὑπ' ἐμοῦ, κατ' ἐμοῦ πάλι θηρίον ἔσται·
ἡ χάρις ἀλλάξαι τὴν φύσιν οὐ δύναται.

48.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ζεὺς κύκνος, ταῦρος, σάτυρος, χρυσὸς δι' ἔρωτα
Λήδης, Εὐρώπης, Ἀντιόπης, Δανάης.

49.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἐλπὶς καὶ σύ, Τύχη, μέγα χαίρετε· τὸν λιμέν' εὗρον·
οὐδὲν ἐμοί χ' ὑμῖν· παίζετε τοὺς μετ' ἐμέ.

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[1] Artemis in her quality of Moon-goddess restored the light to the woman's eyes. Artemis, of course, presided

45.—STATYLLIUS FLACCUS

One man found the gold and the other lost it. He who found it threw it away, and he who did not find it hanged himself with the dismal halter.

46.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

A blind and childless woman, who prayed that she might either recover her sight or bear a child, gained both blessings. For not long after she was brought to bed, as she never had expected, and on the same day saw the sweet light of day for which she had longed with all her heart. Both her prayers were heard by Artemis, the deliverer in child-bed and the bearer of the white-rayed torch.[1]

47.—Anonymous

On a Goat that suckled a Wolf

It is not by my own will that I suckle the wolf at my own breast, but the shepherd's folly compels me to do it. Reared by me he will become a beast of prey to attack me. Gratitude cannot change nature.

48.—Anonymous

Through love Zeus became a swan for Leda, a bull for Europa, a satyr for Antiope, and gold for Danae.

49.—Anonymous

Farewell, Hope and Fortune, a long farewell. I have found the haven. I have no more to do with you. Make game of those who come after me.

[1] over child-birth too because she was Moon-goddess ; but that is beside the point here.

50.—ΜΙΜΝΕΡΜΟΥ

Τὴν σαυτοῦ φρένα τέρπε· δυσηλεγέων δὲ πολιτῶν
ἄλλος τίς σε κακῶς, ἄλλος ἄμεινον ἐρεῖ.

51.—ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Αἰὼν πάντα φέρει· δολιχὸς χρόνος οἶδεν ἀμείβειν
οὔνομα καὶ μορφὴν καὶ φύσιν ἠδὲ τύχην.

A. Esdaile, *Lancing College Magazine*, April, 1910.

52.—ΚΑΡΠΥΛΛΙΔΟΥ

Ἰχθύας ἀγκίστρῳ τις ἀπ' ἠόνος εὔτριχι βάλλων
εἵλκυσε ναυηγοῦ κρᾶτα λιποτριχέα.
οἰκτείρας δὲ νέκυν τὸν ἀσώματον, ἐξ ἀσιδήρου
χειρὸς ἐπισκάπτων λιτὸν ἔχωσε τάφον.
εὗρε δὲ κευθόμενον χρυσοῦ κτέαρ. ἦ ῥα δικαίοις
ἀνδράσιν εὐσεβίης οὐκ ἀπόλωλε χάρις.

53.—ΝΙΚΟΔΗΜΟΥ, *οἱ δὲ* ΒΑΣΣΟΥ

Ἱπποκράτης φάος ἦν μερόπων, καὶ σώετο λαῶν
ἔθνεα, καὶ νεκύων ἦν σπάνις εἰν ἀΐδῃ.

54.—ΜΕΝΕΚΡΑΤΟΥΣ

Γῆρας ἐπὰν μὲν ἀπῇ, πᾶς εὔχεται· ἦν δέ ποτ' ἔλθῃ,
μέμφεται· ἔστι δ' ἀεὶ κρεῖσσον ὀφειλόμενον.

55.—ΛΟΥΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ, *οἱ δὲ* ΜΕΝΕΚΡΑΤΟΥΣ ΣΑΜΙΟΥ

Εἴ τις γηράσας ζῆν εὔχεται, ἄξιός ἐστι
γηράσκειν πολλῶν εἰς ἐτέων δεκάδας.

50.—MIMNERMUS

(*Not an Epigram, but a Couplet from an Elegy*)

Rejoice thy own heart, but of thy ill-disposed countrymen one shall speak ill of thee and another well.

51.—PLATO

Time brings everything; length of years can change names, forms, nature, and fortune.

52.—CARPYLLIDES

A man, angling on the beach with a hook attached to a fine hair line, brought to shore the hairless head of a shipwrecked man. Pitying the bodiless corpse, he dug a little grave with his hands, having no tool, and found there hidden a treasure of gold. Of a truth then righteous men lose not the reward of piety.

53.—NICODEMUS or BASSUS

Hippocrates was the light of mankind; whole peoples were saved by him, and there was a scarcity of dead in Hades.

54.—MENECRATES

Everyone prays for old age when it is still absent, but finds fault with it when it comes. It is always better while it is still owing to us.

55.—LUCILIUS or MENECRATES OF SAMOS

If anyone who has reached old age prays for life, he deserves to go on growing old for many decades.

56.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Ἔβρου Θρηϊκίου κρυμῷ πεπεδημένον ὕδωρ
νήπιος εἰσβαίνων οὐκ ἔφυγεν θάνατον·
ἐς ποταμὸν δ' ἤδη λαγαρούμενον ἴχνος ὀλισθών,
κρυμῷ τοὺς ἁπαλοὺς αὐχένας ἀμφεκάρη.
καὶ τὸ μὲν ἐξεσύρη λοιπὸν δέμας· ἡ δὲ μένουσα
ὄψις ἀναγκαίην εἶχε τάφου πρόφασιν.
δύσμορος ἧς ὠδῖνα διείλατο πῦρ τε καὶ ὕδωρ·
ἀμφοτέρων δὲ δοκῶν, οὐδενός ἐστιν ὅλως.

57.—ΠΑΜΦΙΛΟΥ

Τίπτε παναμέριος, Πανδιονὶ κάμμορε κούρα,
μυρομένα κελαδεῖς τραυλὰ διὰ στομάτων;
ἦ τοι παρθενίας πόθος ἵκετο, τάν τοι ἀπηύρα
Θρηΐκιος Τηρεὺς αἰνὰ βιησάμενος;

58.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Καὶ κραναᾶς Βαβυλῶνος ἐπίδρομον ἅρμασι τεῖχος
καὶ τὸν ἐπ' Ἀλφειῷ Ζᾶνα κατηυγασάμην,
κάπων τ' αἰώρημα, καὶ Ἡελίοιο κολοσσόν,
καὶ μέγαν αἰπεινᾶν πυραμίδων κάματον,
μνᾶμά τε Μαυσωλοῖο πελώριον· ἀλλ' ὅτ' ἐσεῖδον
Ἀρτέμιδος νεφέων ἄχρι θέοντα δόμον,
κεῖνα μὲν ἠμαύρωτο †δεκηνιδε[1] νόσφιν Ὀλύμπου
Ἅλιος οὐδέν πω τοῖον ἐπηυγάσατο.

[1] Of the proposed emendations, Harberton's καὶ ἦν, ἴδε seems the best (I doubt if it is right) : I render so.

56.—PHILIPPUS OF THESSALONICA

The child, treading on the frozen stream of Thracian Hebrus, did not escape death; but when he slipped into the river, now less solidly frozen, his tender neck was cut through by the ice. The rest of his body was carried away, but the head which remained on the ice gave of necessity cause for a funeral. Unhappy she whose offspring was divided between fire and water and seeming to belong to both, belongs not wholly to either.[1]

57.—PAMPHILUS

To the Swallow

Why, unhappy daughter of Pandion, dost thou mourn all day long, uttering thy twittering note? Is it that regret is come upon thee for thy maidenhead, which Thracian Tereus took from thee by dreadful force?

58.—ANTIPATER

On the Temple of Artemis at Ephesus

I have set eyes on the wall of lofty Babylon on which is a road for chariots, and the statue of Zeus by the Alpheus, and the hanging gardens, and the colossus of the Sun, and the huge labour of the high pyramids, and the vast tomb of Mausolus; but when I saw the house of Artemis that mounted to the clouds, those other marvels lost their brilliancy, and I said, "Lo, apart from Olympus, the Sun never looked on aught so grand."[2]

[1] *cp.* Book VII. No. 542.

[2] For the seven wonders of the world see note on Bk. VIII. No. 177.

59.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Τέσσαρες αἰωροῦσι τανυπτερύγων ἐπὶ νώτων
Νῖκαι ἰσηρίθμους υἱέας ἀθανάτων·
ἁ μὲν Ἀθηναίαν πολεμαδόκον, ἁ δ' Ἀφροδίταν,
ἁ δὲ τὸν Ἀλκείδαν, ἁ δ' ἀφόβητον Ἄρη,
σεῖο κατ' εὐόροφον γραπτὸν τέγος· ἐς δὲ νέονται
οὐρανόν, ὦ Ῥώμας Γαῖε πάτρας ἔρυμα.
θεῖη ἀνίκατον μὲν ὁ βουφάγος, ἁ δέ σε Κύπρις
εὔγαμον, εὔμητιν Παλλάς, ἄτρεστον Ἄρης.

60.—ΔΙΟΔΩΡΟΥ

Πύργος ὅδ' εἰναλίης ἐπὶ χοιράδος, οὔνομα νήσῳ
ταὐτὸν ἔχων, ὅρμου σύμβολόν εἰμι Φάρος.

61.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Γυμνὸν ἰδοῦσα Λάκαινα παλίντροπον ἐκ πολέμοιο
παῖδ' ἑὸν ἐς πάτραν ὠκὺν ἰέντα πόδα,
ἀντίη ἀΐξασα δι' ἤπατος ἤλασε λόγχαν,
ἄρρενα ῥηξαμένα φθόγγον ἐπὶ κταμένῳ·
"Ἀλλότριον Σπάρτας, εἶπεν, γένος, ἔρρε πρὸς ᾅδαν,
ἔρρ', ἐπεὶ ἐψεύσω πατρίδα καὶ γενέταν."

62.—ΕΥΗΝΟΥ ΑΣΚΑΛΩΝΙΤΟΥ

Ξεῖνοι, τὴν περίβωτον ἐμὲ πτόλιν, Ἴλιον ἱρήν,
τὴν πάρος εὐπύργοις τείχεσι κληζομένην,
αἰῶνος τέφρη κατεδήδοκεν· ἀλλ' ἐν Ὁμήρῳ
κεῖμαι χαλκείων ἔρκος ἔχουσα πυλῶν.
οὐκέτι με σκάψει Τρωοφθόρα δούρατ' Ἀχαιῶν,
πάντων δ' Ἑλλήνων κείσομαι ἐν στόμασιν.

59.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

Four Victories, winged, hold aloft on their backs as many of the immortals. One uplifts Athena in her warlike guise,[1] one Aphrodite, one Heracles, and another dauntless Ares. They are painted on the fair dome of thy house, and mount to heaven. O Caius,[2] bulwark of thy country, Rome, may Heracles, the devourer of oxen, make thee invincible; may Cypris bless thee with a good wife, Pallas endue thee with wisdom, and Ares with fearlessness.

60.—DIODORUS

I, this tower on the rock in the sea, am Pharos,[3] bearing the same name as the island and serving as a beacon for the harbour.

61.—Anonymous

The Spartan woman, seeing her son hastening home in flight from the war and stripped of his armour, rushed to meet him, and driving a spear through his liver, uttered over the slain these words full of virile spirit: "Away with thee to Hades, alien scion of Sparta! Away with thee, since thou wast false to thy country and thy father!"

62.—EVENUS OF ASCALON

Strangers, the ash of ages has devoured me, holy Ilion, the famous city once renowned for my towered walls, but in Homer I still exist, defended by brazen gates. The spears of the destroying Achaeans shall not again dig me up, but I shall be on the lips of all Greece.

[1] *i.e.* Minerva Bellatrix.
[2] Caius Caesar, the nephew and adopted son of Augustus.
[3] The lighthouse of Alexandria.

63.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Λυδὴ καὶ γένος εἰμὶ καὶ οὔνομα· τῶν δ' ἀπὸ Κόδρου
σεμνοτέρη πασῶν εἰμὶ δι' Ἀντίμαχον.
τίς γὰρ ἔμ' οὐκ ἤεισε; τίς οὐκ ἀνελέξατο Λυδήν,
τὸ ξυνὸν Μουσῶν γράμμα καὶ Ἀντιμάχου;

64.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ, *οἱ δὲ* ΑΡΧΙΟΥ

Αὐταὶ ποιμαίνοντα μεσημβρινὰ μῆλά σε Μοῦσαι
ἔδρακον ἐν κραναοῖς οὔρεσιν, Ἡσίοδε,
καί σοι καλλιπέτηλον, ἐρυσσάμεναι περὶ πᾶσαι,
ὤρεξαν δάφνας ἱερὸν ἀκρεμόνα,
δῶκαν δὲ κράνας Ἑλικωνίδος ἔνθεον ὕδωρ,
τὸ πτανοῦ πώλου πρόσθεν ἔκοψεν ὄνυξ·
οὐ σὺ κορεσσάμενος μακάρων γένος ἔργα τε μολπαῖς
καὶ γένος ἀρχαίων ἔγραφες ἡμιθέων.

65.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Γῇ μὲν ἔαρ κόσμος πολυδένδρεον, αἰθέρι δ' ἄστρα,
Ἑλλάδι δ' ἥδε χθών, οἵδε δὲ τῇ πόλεϊ.

66.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ

Μναμοσύναν ἔλε θάμβος, ὅτ' ἔκλυε τᾶς μελιφώνου
Σαπφοῦς, μὴ δεκάταν Μοῦσαν ἔχουσι βροτοί.

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[1] The mistress of Antimachus, one of whose most celebrated poems was an elegy on her.

[2] *i.e.* than those of the most noble lineage.

63.—ASCLEPIADES

Lyde[1] is my name and I am of Lydian race, and Antimachus has made me more noble than any descendant of Codrus.[2] For who has not sung me, who has not read Lyde, the joint work of the Muses and Antimachus?

64.—ASCLEPIADES or ARCHIAS

The Muses themselves saw thee, Hesiod, feeding thy sheep at mid-day in the rugged hills, and all drawing[3] round thee proffered thee a branch of holy laurel with lovely leaves. They gave thee also the inspiring water of the Heliconian spring, that the hoof of the winged horse[4] once struck, and having drunk thy fill of it thou didst write in verse the Birth of the gods and the Works, and the race of the ancient demigods.

65.—Anonymous

Leafy spring adorns the earth, the stars adorn the heavens, this land adorns Hellas, and these men their country.

66.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

Mnemosyne was smitten with astonishment when she heard honey-voiced Sappho, wondering if men possess a tenth Muse.

[3] I venture to render so: it is exceedingly improbable that ἐρυσσάμεναι is corrupt.

[4] Pegasus.

67.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Στήλην μητρυιῆς, μακρὰν λίθον, ἔστεφε κοῦρος,
ὡς βίον ἠλλάχθαι καὶ τρόπον οἰόμενος·
ἡ δὲ τάφῳ κλινθεῖσα κατέκτανε παῖδα πεσοῦσα.
φεύγετε μητρυιῆς καὶ τάφον οἱ πρόγονοι.

68.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Μητρυιαὶ προγόνοισιν ἀεὶ κακόν· οὐδὲ φιλοῦσαι
σώζουσιν· Φαίδρην γνῶθι καὶ Ἱππόλυτον.

69.—ΠΑΡΜΕΝΙΩΝΟΣ ΜΑΚΕΔΟΝΟΣ

Μητρυιῆς δύσμηνις ἀεὶ χόλος, οὐδ' ἐν ἔρωτι
ἤπιος· οἶδα πάθη σώφρονος Ἱππολύτου.

70.—ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΥ

Τραυλὰ μινυρομένα, Παυδιονὶ παρθένε, φωνᾷ,
Τηρέος οὐ θεμιτῶν ἁψαμένα λεχέων,
τίπτε παναμέριος γοάεις ἀνὰ δῶμα, χελιδόν;
παύε', ἐπεί σε μένει καὶ κατόπιν δάκρυα.

71.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ ΒΥΖΑΝΤΙΟΥ

Κλῶνες ἀπηόριοι ταναῆς δρυός, εὔσκιον ὕψος
ἀνδράσιν ἄκρητον καῦμα φυλασσομένοις,
εὐπέταλοι, κεράμων στεγανώτεροι, οἰκία φαττῶν,
οἰκία τεττίγων, ἔνδιοι ἀκρεμόνες,
κἠμὲ τὸν ὑμετέραισιν ὑποκλινθέντα κόμαισιν
ῥύσασθ', ἀκτίνων ἠελίου φυγάδα.

67.—Anonymous

The boy was crowning his stepmother's funeral stele, a tall column, thinking that in changing life for death she had changed her character. But it came down on the tomb and killed him. Stepsons, avoid even the tomb of your stepmother.

68.—Anonymous

Stepmothers are always a curse to their stepchildren, and do not keep them safe even when they love them. Remember Phaedra and Hippolytus.

69.—PARMENION OF MACEDONIA

A stepmother's spite is ever mordant, and not gentle even in love. I know what befel chaste Hippolytus.

70.—MNASALCAS

O daughter of Pandion with the plaintive twittering voice, thou who didst submit to the unlawful embraces of Tereus, why dost thou complain, swallow, all day in the house? Cease, for tears await thee hereafter too.

71.—ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM

Overhanging branches of the spreading oak, that from on high shade well men seeking shelter from the untempered heat, leafy boughs roofing closer than tiles, the home of wood-pigeons, the home of cicadas, O noontide branches, guard me, too, who lie beneath your foliage, taking refuge from the rays of the sun.

72.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Εὔκολος Ἑρμείας, ὦ ποιμένες, ἐν δὲ γάλακτι
χαίρων καὶ δρυΐνῳ σπενδομένοις μέλιτι·
ἀλλ' οὐχ Ἡρακλέης· ἕνα δὲ κτίλον ἢ παχὺν ἄρνα
αἰτεῖ, καὶ πάντως ἓν θύος ἐκλέγεται.
ἀλλὰ λύκους εἴργει. τί δὲ τὸ πλέον, εἰ τὸ φυλαχθὲν
ὄλλυται εἴτε λυκοις, εἴθ' ὑπὸ τοῦ φύλακος;

73.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ ΒΥΖΑΝΤΙΟΥ

Εὐβοϊκοῦ κόλποιο παλινδίνητε θάλασσα,
πλαγκτὸν ὕδωρ, ἰδίοις ῥεύμασιν ἀντίπαλον,
ἠελίῳ κἠν νυκτὶ τεταγμενον ἐς τρις, ἄπιστον
ναυσὶν ὅσον πέμπεις χεῦμα δανειζόμενον·
θαῦμα βίου, θαμβῶ σε τὸ μυρίον, οὐ δὲ ματεύω
σὴν στάσιν· ἀρρήτῳ ταῦτα μέμηλε φύσει.

74.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἀγρὸς Ἀχαιμενίδου γενόμην ποτέ, νῦν δὲ Μενίππου·
καὶ πάλιν ἐξ ἑτέρου βήσομαι εἰς ἕτερον.
καὶ γὰρ ἐκεῖνος ἔχειν μέ ποτ' ᾤετο, καὶ πάλιν οὗτος
οἴεται· εἰμὶ δ' ὅλως οὐδενός, ἀλλὰ Τύχης.

75.—ΕΥΗΝΟΥ ΑΣΚΑΛΩΝΙΤΟΥ

Κἤν με φάγῃς ἐπὶ ῥίζαν, ὅμως ἔτι καρποφορήσω
ὅσσον ἐπισπεῖσαι σοί, τράγε, θυομένῳ.

72.—ANTIPATER

Hermes, ye shepherds, is easily contented, rejoicing in libations of milk and honey from the oak-tree, but not so Heracles. He demands a ram or fat lamb, or in any case a whole victim. But he keeps off the wolves. What profits that, when the sheep he protects if not slain by the wolf is slain by its protector?

73.—ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM

O alternating flood of the Euboean gulf, vagabond water, running contrary to thy own current, how strong but inconstant a stream thou lendest to the ships, changing its direction regularly thrice by day and thrice by night! Thou art one of the marvels of life, and I am filled with infinite wonder at thee, but do not seek the reason of thy factious course. It is the business and the secret of Nature.

74.—Anonymous

I was once the field of Achaemenides and am now Menippus', and I shall continue to pass from one man to another. For Achaemenides once thought he possessed me, and Menippus again thinks he does; but I belong to no man, only to Fortune.

75.—EVENUS OF ASCALON

(*The Vine speaks*)

Though thou eatest me to the root, billy-goat, I will yet bear fruit enough to provide a libation for thee when thou art sacrificed.

76.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Δισσᾶν ἐκ βροχίδων ἁ μὲν μία πίονα κίχλαν.
ἁ μία δ' ἱππείᾳ κόσσυφον εἷλε πάγᾳ·
ἀλλ' ἁ μὲν κίχλας θαλερὸν δέμας ἐς φάος Ἠοῦς
οὐκέτ' ἀπὸ πλεκτᾶς ἦκε δεραιοπέδας,
ἁ δ' αὖθις μεθέηκε τὸν ἱερόν. ἦν ἄρ' ἀοιδῶν
φειδὼ κἠν κωφαῖς, ξεῖνε, λινοστασίαις.

77.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Πριομένα κάλλει Γανυμήδεος εἶπέ ποθ' Ἥρα,
θυμοβόρον ζάλου κέντρον ἔχουσα νόῳ·
"Ἄρσεν πῦρ ἔτεκεν Τροία Διΐ· τοιγὰρ ἐγὼ πῦρ
πέμψω ἐπὶ Τροίᾳ, πῆμα φέροντα Πάριν·
ἥξει δ' Ἰλιάδαις οὐκ ἀετός, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ θοίναν
γῦπες, ὅταν Δαναοὶ σκῦλα φέρωσι πόνων."

78.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ [ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΥ]

Μὴ μέμψῃ μ' ἀπέπειρον ἀεὶ θάλλουσαν ὀπώρην
ἀχράδα, τὴν καρποῖς πάντοτε βριθομένην.
ὁππόσα γὰρ κλαδεῶσι πεπαίνομεν, ἄλλος ἐφέλκει·
ὁππόσα δ' ὠμὰ μένει, μητρὶ περικρέμαται.

79.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Αὐτοθελὴς καρποὺς ἀποτέμνομαι, ἀλλὰ πεπείρους·
πάντοτε μὴ σκληροῖς τύπτε με χερμαδίοις.
μηνίσει καὶ Βάκχος ἐνυβρίζοντι τὰ κείνου
ἔργα· Λυκούργειος μὴ λαθέτω σε τύχη.

76.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

Of two snares one caught a fat thrush, and the other, in its horsehair fetters, a blackbird. Now while the thrush did not free its plump body from the twisted noose round its neck, to enjoy again the light of day, the other snare let free the holy blackbird. Even deaf bird-snares, then, feel compassion for singers.

77.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

Hera, tortured by the beauty of Ganymede, and with the soul-consuming sting of jealousy in her heart, once spoke thus: "Troy gave birth to a male flame for Zeus; therefore I will send a flame to fall on Troy, Paris the bringer of woe. No eagle shall come again to the Trojans, but vultures to the feast, the day that the Danai gather the spoils of their labour."

78.—LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA

(*This and the two following are Isopsepha*)

Do not, master, find fault with me, the wild pear-tree, ever loaded with unripe fruit. For the pears which I ripen on my branches are pilfered by another than yourself, but the unripe ones remain hanging round their mother.

79.—By the Same

Of my own will I let my fruits be plucked, but when they are ripe. Stop throwing hard stones at me. Bacchus too will wax wrath with thee for doing injury to his gift. Bear in mind the fate of Lycurgus.

80.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μάντιες ἀστερόεσσαν ὅσοι ζητεῖτε κέλευθον,
ἔρροιτ', εἰκαίης ψευδολόγοι σοφίης.
ὑμέας ἀφροσύνη μαιώσατο, τόλμα δ' ἔτικτεν,
τλήμονας, οὐδ' ἰδίην εἰδότας ἀκλείην.

81.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΥ

Μὴ εἴπῃς θάνατον βιοτῆς ὅρον· εἰσὶ καμοῦσιν,
ὡς ζωοῖς, ἀρχαὶ συμφορέων ἕτεραι.
ἄθρει Νικίεω Κῴου μόρον· ἤδη ἔκειτο
εἰν ἀΐδῃ, νεκρὸς δ' ἦλθεν ὑπ' ἠέλιον·
ἀστοὶ γὰρ τύμβοιο μετοχλίσσαντες ὀχῆας,
εἴρυσαν ἐς ποινὰς τλήμονα δυσθανέα.

82.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Μηδ' ὅτ' ἐπ' ἀγκύρης, ὀλοῇ πίστευε θαλάσσῃ,
ναυτίλε, μηδ' εἴ τοι πείσματα χέρσος ἔχοι.
καὶ γὰρ Ἴων ὅρμῳ ἔνι κάππεσεν· ἐς δὲ κόλυμβον
ναύτου τὰς ταχινὰς οἶνος ἔδησε χέρας.
φεῦγε χοροιτυπίην ἐπινήϊον· ἐχθρὸς Ἰάκχῳ
πόντος· Τυρσηνοὶ τοῦτον ἔθεντο νόμον.

83.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ

Νηὸς ἐπειγομένης ὠκὺν δρόμον ἀμφεχόρευον
δελφῖνες, πελάγους ἰχθυφάγοι σκύλακες.

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[1] Tyrant of Cos late in the first century B.C. We have coins with his head and numerous inscriptions in his honour.
[2] Grotius renders as if it were *δισθανέα* "twice dead," but

80.—By the Same

Ye prophets who explore the paths of the stars, out on you, ye false professors of a futile science! Folly brought you to the birth, and Rashness was your mother, ye poor wretches, who know not even your own disrepute.

81.—CRINAGORAS

Tell me not that death is the end of life. The dead, like the living, have their own causes of suffering. Look at the fate of Nicias of Cos.[1] He had gone to rest in Hades, and now his dead body has come again into the light of day. For his fellow-citizens, forcing the bolts of his tomb, dragged out the poor hard-dying [2] wretch to punishment.

82.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

Trust not, mariner, to the fatal sea, even when thou art at anchor, even when thy hawsers are fast on land. For Ion fell overboard in the harbour, and his active hands, fettered by the wine, were useless for swimming. Shun dances and carousal on board ship. The sea is the enemy of Bacchus. Such is the law established by the Tyrrhene pirates.[3]

83.—PHILIPPUS

The dolphins, the fish-eating dogs of the sea, were sporting round the ship as she moved rapidly on her

the meaning of δυσθανέα is that they, so to speak, prolonged his agony as if he were still alive.

[3] Who captured Dionysus and were turned into dolphins by him as a punishment. See *Homeric Hymn* vii.

καπροφόνος δὲ κύων θηρσὶν κείνους ἰκελώσας
δύσμορος, ὡς ἐπὶ γῆν εἰς βυθὸν ἐξέθορεν.
ὤλετο δ' ἀλλοτρίης θήρης χάριν· οὐ γὰρ ἐλαφρὸς
πάντων ἐστὶ κυνῶν ὁ δρόμος ἐν πελάγει.

84.—ΑΝΤΙΦΑΝΟΥΣ

Νηὸς ἁλιστρέπτου πλαγκτὸν κύτος εἶδεν ἐπ' ἀκτῆς
μηλοβότης, βλοσυροῖς κύμασι συρόμενον,
χεῖρα δ' ἐπέρριψεν· τὸ δ' ἐπεσπάσατ' ἐς βυθὸν ἅλμης
τὸν σώζονθ'· οὕτως πᾶσιν ἀπηχθάνετο·
ναυηγὸν δ' ὁ νομεὺς ἔσχεν μόρον. ὦ δι' ἐκείνην
καὶ δρυμοὶ χῆροι πορθμίδα καὶ λιμένες.

85.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Νῆα μὲν ὤλεσε πόντος, ἐμοὶ δ' ἔπορεν πάλι δαίμων
πλαζομένῳ φύσεως νῆα ποθεινοτέρην·
πατρὸς ἰδὼν γὰρ ἐγὼ δέμας εἰς ἐμὲ καίριον ἐλθόν,
μουνερέτης ἐπέβην, φόρτος ὀφειλόμενος.
ἤγαγεν εἰς λιμένας δὲ καὶ ἔσπειρεν δὶς ὁ πρέσβυς,
νήπιον ἐν γαίῃ, δεύτερον ἐν πελάγει.

86.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ

Παμφάγος ἑρπηστὴς κατὰ δώματα λιχνοβόρος μῦς,
ὄστρεον ἀθρήσας χείλεσι πεπταμένον,
πώγωνος διεροῖο νόθην ὠδάξατο σάρκα·
αὐτίκα δ' ὀστρακόεις ἐπλατάγησε δόμος,
ἁρμόσθη δ' ὀδύναισιν· ὁ δ' ἐν κλείθροισιν ἀφύκτοις
ληφθεὶς αὐτοφόνον τύμβον ἐπεσπάσατο.

course. A boar-hound, taking them for game, dashed, poor fellow, into the sea, as he would have dashed on land. He perished for the sake of a chase that was strange to him; for not all dogs are light of foot in the sea.

84.—ANTIPHANES

A SHEPHERD saw the straying hull of a sea-tost boat carried along shore by the fierce waves. He seized it with his hand, and it dragged its saviour into the deep sea, so bitter was its hatred of all mankind. Thus the shepherd met with the fate of a shipwrecked mariner. Alas! both the woods and the harbour are put in mourning by that boat.

85.—PHILIPPUS OF THESSALONICA

THE sea destroyed my boat, but Heaven bestowed on me, as I was carried hither and thither, a more welcome natural boat. For seeing my father's body coming to me opportunely, I climbed on it, a solitary oarsman, a burden which it was its duty to bear. The old man bore me to the harbour, thus giving life to me twice, on land as a babe and again at sea.

86.—ANTIPHILUS

AN omnivorous, crawling, lickerish mouse, seeing in the house an oyster with its lips open, had a bite at its flesh-like wet beard. Immediately the house of shell closed tightly with a clap owing to the pain, and the mouse, locked in the prison from which there was no escape, compassed for himself death and the tomb.

87.—ΜΑΡΚΟΥ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΥ

Μηκέτι νῦν μινύριζε παρὰ δρυΐ, μηκέτι φώνει
κλωνὸς ἐπ' ἀκροτάτου, κόσσυφε, κεκλιμένος·
ἐχθρόν σοι τόδε δένδρον· ἐπείγεο δ', ἄμπελος ἔνθα
ἀντέλλει γλαυκῶν σύσκιος ἐκ πετάλων·
κείνης ταρσὸν ἔρεισον ἐπὶ κλάδον, ἀμφί τ' ἐκείνῃ
μέλπε, λιγὺν προχέων ἐκ στομάτων κέλαδον.
δρῦς γὰρ ἐπ' ὀρνίθεσσι φέρει τὸν ἀνάρσιον ἰξόν,
ἁ δὲ βότρυν· στέργει δ' ὑμνοπόλους Βρόμιος.

88.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Μεμφομένη Βορέην ἐπεπωτώμην ὑπὲρ ἅλμης·
πνεῖ γὰρ ἐμοὶ Θρῄκης ἤπιος οὐδ' ἄνεμος.
ἀλλά με τὴν μελίγηρυν ἀηδόνα δέξατο νώτοις
δελφίν, καὶ πτηνὴν πόντιος ἠνίοχει.
πιστοτάτῳ δ' ἐρέτῃ πορθμευομένη, τὸν ἄκωπον
ναύτην τῇ στομάτων θέλγον ἐγὼ κιθάρῃ.
εἰρεσίην δελφῖνες ἀεὶ Μούσῃσιν ἄμισθον
ἤνυσαν· οὐ ψεύστης μῦθος Ἀριόνιος.

89.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Λιμὸν ὀϊζυρὴν ἀπαμυνομένη πολύγηρως
Νικὼ σὺν κούραις ἠκρολόγει στάχυας·
ὤλετο δ' ἐκ θάλπους· τῇ δ' ἐκ καλάμης συνέριθοι
νῆσαν πυρκαϊὴν ἄξυλον ἀσταχύων.
μὴ νεμέσα, Δήμητερ, ἀπὸ χθονὸς εἰ βροτὸν οὖσαν
κοῦραι τοῖς γαίης σπέρμασιν ἡμφίεσαν.

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[1] Philomela, before she was changed into a nightingale

87.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

No longer warble, blackbird, by the oak-tree, no longer perch on the highest branch and call. This tree is thy enemy; hie thee to where the vine mounts with shady green leaves. Set thy feet on its branch and sing by it, pouring shrill notes from thy throat. For the oak bears the mistletoe which is the foe of birds, but the vine bears grape-clusters; and Bacchus loves songsters.

88.—PHILIPPUS OF THESSALONICA

I, THE honey-voiced nightingale, was flying over the sea, complaining of Boreas (for not even the wind that blows from Thrace is kind to me),[1] when a dolphin received me on his back, the sea-creature serving as the chariot of the winged one. Borne by this most faithful boatman, I charmed the oarless sailor by the lyre of my lips. The dolphins ever served as oarsmen to the Muses without payment. The tale of Arion is not untrue.

89.—BY THE SAME

ANCIENT Nico, fending off distressful famine, was gleaning the ears of corn with the girls, and perished from the heat. Her fellow-labourers piled up for her a woodless funeral pyre from the straw of the corn. Be not wrathful, Demeter, if the maidens clothed a child of Earth in the fruits of the earth.

[1] had suffered at the hands of her Thracian brother-in-law Tereus.

90.—ΑΛΦΕΙΟΥ ΜΙΤΥΛΗΝΑΙΟΥ

Νηῶν ὠκυπόρων ὃς ἔχεις κράτος, ἵππιε δαῖμον,
καὶ μέγαν Εὐβοίης ἀμφικρεμῆ σκόπελον,
οὔριον εὐχομένοισι δίδου πλόον Ἄρεος ἄχρις
ἐς πόλιν, ἐκ Συρίης πείσματα λυσαμένοις.

91.—ΑΡΧΙΟΥ ΝΕΩΤΕΡΟΥ

Ἑρμῆ Κωρυκίων ναίων πόλιν, ὦ ἄνα, χαίροις,
Ἑρμῆ, καὶ λιτῇ προσγελάσαις ὁσίῃ.

92.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Ἀρκεῖ τέττιγας μεθύσαι δρόσος· ἀλλὰ πιόντες
ἀείδειν κύκνων εἰσὶ γεγωνότεροι.
ὡς καὶ ἀοιδὸς ἀνήρ, ξενίων χάριν, ἀνταποδοῦναι
ὕμνους εὐέρκταις οἶδε, παθὼν ὀλίγα.
τοὔνεκά σοι πρώτως μὲν ἀμείβομαι· ἦν δ' ἐθέλωσιν
Μοῖραι, πολλάκι μοι κείσεαι ἐν σελίσιν.

93.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἀντίπατρος Πείσωνι γενέθλιον ὤπασε βίβλον
μικρήν, ἐν δὲ μιῇ νυκτὶ πονησάμενος.
ἵλαος ἀλλὰ δέχοιτο, καὶ αἰνήσειεν ἀοιδόν,
Ζεὺς μέγας ὡς ὀλίγῳ πειθόμενος λιβάνῳ.

94.—ΙΣΙΔΩΡΟΥ ΑΙΓΕΑΤΟΥ

Πούλυπον ἀγρεύσας ποτὲ Τύννιχος, ἐξ ἁλὸς εἰς γῆν
ἔρριψεν, δείσας θηρὸς ἱμαντοπέδην.

90.—ALPHEIUS OF MITYLENE

To Poseidon

Lord of horses, who hast dominion over the swift ships and the great precipitous rock of Euboea, grant a fair passage as far as the city of Ares[1] to thy suppliants who loosed their moorings from Syria.

91.—ARCHIAS THE YOUNGER

Hail! Hermes, the Lord, who dwellest in the city of the Corycians, and look kindly on my simple offering.

92.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

A little dew is enough to make the cicadas tipsy, but when they have drunk they sing louder than swans. So can the singer who has received hospitality repay his benefactors with song for their little gifts. Therefore first I send thee these lines of thanks, and if the Fates consent thou shalt be often written in my pages.

93.—By the Same

Antipater sends to Piso for his birthday a little volume, the work of one night. Let Piso receive it favourably and praise the poet, like great Zeus, whose favour is often won by a little frankincense.

94.—ISIDORUS OF AEGAE

Tynnichus once caught an octopus and threw it from the sea on to the land, fearing to be enchained by the creature's tentacles. But it fell on and twined

[1] *i.e.* Rome.

ἀλλ' ὅ γ' ἐφ' ὑπνώοντα πεσὼν συνέδησε λαγωόν,
φεῦ, τάχα θηρευτὰς ἄρτι φυγόντα κύνας.
ἀγρευθεὶς ἤγρευσεν· ὁ δ' εἰς ἅλα Τύννιχος ἰχθὺν
ἧκε πάλιν ζωόν, λύτρα λαγωὸν ἔχων.

95.—ΑΛΦΕΙΟΥ ΜΙΤΥΛΗΝΑΙΟΥ

Χειμεριαις νιφάδεσσι παλυνομένα τιθὰς ὄρνις
τέκνοις εὐναίας ἀμφέχεε πτέρυγας,
μέσφα μιν οὐράνιον κρύος ὤλεσεν· ἦ γὰρ ἔμεινεν
αἴθριος, οὐρανίων ἀντίπαλος νεφέων.
Πρόκνη καὶ Μήδεια, κατ' Ἄϊδος αἰδέσθητε
μητέρες ὀρνίθων ἔργα διδασκόμεναι.

96.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Ἀντιγένης ὁ Γελῷος ἔπος ποτὲ τοῦτο θυγατρὶ
εἶπεν, ὅτ' ἦν ἤδη νεύμενος εἰς Ἀΐδην·
"Παρθένε καλλιπάρῃε, κόρη δ' ἐμή, ἴσχε συνεργὸν
ἠλακάτην, ἀρκεῦν κτῆμα πένητι βίῳ·
ἢν δ' ἵκῃ εἰς ὑμέναιον, Ἀχαιΐδος ἤθεα μητρὸς
χρηστὰ φύλασσε, πόσει προῖκα βεβαιοτάτην."

97.—ΑΛΦΕΙΟΥ ΜΙΤΥΛΗΝΑΙΟΥ

Ἀνδρομάχης ἔτι θρῆνον ἀκούομεν, εἰσέτι Τροίην
δερκόμεθ' ἐκ βάθρων πᾶσαν ἐρειπομένην,
καὶ μόθον Αἰάντειον, ὑπὸ στεφάνῃ τε πόληος
ἔκδετον ἐξ ἵππων Ἕκτορα συρόμενον,
Μαιονίδεω διὰ μοῦσαν, ὃν οὐ μία πατρὶς ἀοιδὸν
κοσμεῖται, γαίης δ' ἀμφοτέρης κλίματα.

itself round a sleeping hare that, poor thing, had just escaped from the hounds. The captive became captor, and Tynnichus threw the octopus back alive into the sea, taking the hare as its ransom.[1]

95.—ALPHEIUS OF MITYLENE

A DOMESTIC hen, the winter snow-flakes falling thick on her, gathered her chickens safely bedded under her wings till the cold shower from the sky killed her; for she remained exposed, fighting against the clouds of heaven. Procne and Medea, blush for yourselves in Hades, learning from a hen what mothers ought to be.

96.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

ANTIGENES of Gela, when he was already on his road to Hades, spoke thus to his daughter: "Maiden with lovely cheeks, daughter mine, let thy spindle ever be thy fellow-worker, a possession sufficient for a life of poverty. But if thou enterest into wedlock, keep with thee the virtues of thy Achaean mother, the safest dowry thy husband can have."

97.—ALPHEIUS OF MITYLENE

WE listen still to the lament of Andromache; still we see Troy laid in ruins from her foundations and the battle-toil of Ajax, and Hector bound to the chariot and dragged under the battlements of the town—all through the verse of Maeonides, the poet whom not one country honours as its own, but all the lands of two continents.

[1] *cp.* No. 14.

98.—ΣΤΑΤΥΛΛΙΟΥ ΦΛΑΚΚΟΥ

Οἰδίποδες δισσοί σε, καὶ Ἠλέκτρη βαρύμηνις,
καὶ δείπνοις ἐλαθεὶς Ἀτρέος Ἥλιος,
ἄλλα τε πουλυπαθέσσι, Σοφόκλεες, ἀμφὶ τυράννοις
ἄξια τῆς Βρομίου βύβλα χοροιτυπίης,
ταγὸν ἐπὶ τραγικοῖο κατήνεσσαν θιάσοιο,
αὐτοῖς ἡρώων φθεγξάμενον στόμασι.

99.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΥ

Ἴξαλος εὐπώγων αἰγὸς πόσις ἔν ποθ' ἁλωῇ
οἴνης τοὺς ἁπαλοὺς πάντας ἔδαψε κλάδους.
τῷ δ' ἔπος ἐκ γαίης τόσον ἄπυε· "Κεῖρε, κάκιστε,
γναθμοῖς ἡμέτερον κλῆμα τὸ καρποφόρον·
ῥίζα γὰρ ἔμπεδος οὖσα πάλιν γλυκὺ νέκταρ ἀνήσει,
ὅσσον ἐπισπεῖσαι σοί, τράγε, θυομένῳ."

100.—ΑΛΦΕΙΟΥ ΜΙΤΥΛΗΝΑΙΟΥ

Λητοῦς ὠδίνων ἱερὴ τροφέ, τὴν ἀσάλευτον
Αἰγαίῳ Κρονίδης ὥρμισατ' ἐν πελάγει,
οὔ νύ σε δειλαίην, μὰ τεούς, δέσποινα, βοήσω,
δαίμονας, οὐδὲ λόγοις ἔψομαι Ἀντιπάτρου·
ὀλβίζω δ', ὅτι Φοῖβον ἐδέξαο, καὶ μετ' Ὄλυμπον
Ἄρτεμις οὐκ ἄλλην ἢ σὲ λέγει πατρίδα.

101.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἡρώων ὀλίγαι μὲν ἐν ὄμμασιν, αἱ δ' ἔτι λοιπαὶ
πατρίδες οὐ πολλῷ γ' αἰπύτεραι πεδίων·

98.—STATYLLIUS FLACCUS

Thy two Oidipodes and the relentless hate of Electra, and the Sun driven from heaven by the feast of Atreus, and thy other writings that picture the many woes of princes in a manner worthy of the chorus of Dionysus, approved thee, Sophocles, as the chief of the company of tragic poets; for thou didst speak with the very lips of the heroes.

99.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

The nanny-goat's nimble, bearded spouse once in a vineyard nibbled all the tender leaves of a vine. The vine spoke thus to him from the ground: "Cut close with thy jaws, accursed beast, my fruitful branches; my stem is entire, and shall again send forth sweet nectar enough to serve as a libation for thee, goat, when thou art sacrificed."[1]

100.—ALPHEIUS OF MITYLENE

To Delos

Holy nurse of Leda's babes, whom Zeus anchored immovably in the Aegean main! I swear, gracious lady, by thy own gods, that I will not call thee wretched or follow the verses of Antipater.[2] I deem thee blessed in that thou didst receive Phoebus, and that Artemis, after Olympus, calls no land her fatherland but thee.

101.—By the Same

Few are the birth-places of the heroes that are still to be seen, and those yet left are not much

[1] *cp.* No. 75. [2] See No. 408 below.

οἵην καὶ σέ, τάλαινα, παρερχόμενός γε Μυκήνην
ἔγνων, αἰπολίου παντὸς ἐρημοτέρην,
αἰπολικὸν μήνυμα· γέρων δέ τις, "Ἡ πολύχρυσος,"
εἶπεν, "Κυκλώπων τῇδ' ἐπέκειτο πόλις."

102.—ΑΝΤΩΝΙΟΥ [ΑΡΓΕΙΟΥ]

Ἡ πρὶν ἐγὼ Περσῆος ἀκρόπτολις αἰθερίοιο,
ἡ πικρὸν Ἰλιάδαις ἀστέρα θρεψαμένη,
αἰπολίοισιν ἔναυλον ἐρημαίοισιν ἀνεῖμαι,
τίσασα Πριάμου δαίμοσιν ὀψὲ δίκας.

103.—ΜΟΥΝΔΟΥ ΜΟΥΝΑΤΙΟΥ

Ἡ πολύχρυσος ἐγὼ τὸ πάλαι πόλις, ἡ τὸν Ἀτρειδῶν
οἶκον ἀπ' οὐρανίου δεξαμένη γενεῆς,
ἡ Τροίην πέρσασα θεόκτιτον, ἡ βασίλειον
ἀσφαλὲς Ἑλλήνων οὖσά ποθ' ἡμιθέων,
μηλόβοτος κεῖμαι καὶ βούνομος ἔνθα Μυκήνη,
τῶν ἐν ἐμοὶ μεγάλων τοὔνομ' ἔχουσα μόνον.
Ἴλιον ἆ Νεμέσει μεμελημένον, εἴ γε, Μυκήνης
μηκέθ' ὁρωμένης, ἐσσί, καὶ ἐσσὶ πόλις.

104.—ΑΛΦΕΙΟΥ ΜΙΤΥΛΗΝΑΙΟΥ

Ἄργος, Ὁμηρικὲ μῦθε, καὶ Ἑλλάδος ἱερὸν οὖδας,
καὶ χρυσέη τὸ πάλαι Περσέος ἀκρόπολι,
ἐσβέσαθ' ἡρώων κείνων κλέος, οἵ ποτε Τροίης
ἤρειψαν κατὰ γῆς θειόδομον στέφανον.
ἀλλ' ἡ μὲν κρείσσων ἐστὶν πόλις· αἱ δὲ πεσοῦσαι
δείκνυσθ' εὐμύκων αὔλια βουκολίων.

higher than the soil. So, as I passed thee by, did I recognise thee, unhappy Mycenae, more waste than any goat-fold. The herds still point thee out, and it was an old man who said to me, "Here stood once the city, rich in gold, that the Cyclopes built."

102.—ANTONIUS

On the Same

I, ONCE the stronghold of sky-mounting Perseus, I, the nurse of the star[1] so cruel to the sons of Ilium, am left deserted now to be a fold for the goat-herds of the wilderness, and at length the spirit of Priam is avenged on me.

103.—MUNDUS MUNATIUS

I, MYCENAE, the city once so rich in gold, I who received into my walls the house of the Atreidae, sons of Heaven, I who sacked Troy that a god built, I who was the secure royal seat of the Greek demi-gods, lie here, the pasture of sheep and oxen, with naught of my greatness left but the name. Well hath Nemesis borne thee in mind, Ilion, since now, when Mycenae is no longer to be seen, thou art, and art a city.

104.—ALPHEIUS OF MITYLENE

ARGOS, thou talk of Homer, and thou holy soil of Hellas, and thou stronghold of Perseus once all golden, ye are perished, and with you the light of those heroes who once levelled the god-built battlements of Troy. Now Troy is a city more powerful than ever and you are fallen and are pointed out as the stalls of lowing cattle.

[1] Of the Atridae.

105.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἐκλάσθην ἀνέμοισι πίτυς. τί με τεύχετε νῆα,
ναυηγῶν ἀνέμων χερσόθι γευσαμέναν;[1]

106.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ [ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΥ]

Ὁλκάδα πῦρ μ' ἔφλεξε, τόσην ἅλα μετρήσασαν,
ἐν χθονί, τῇ πεύκας εἰς ἐμὲ κειραμένῃ,
ἣν πέλαγος διέσωσεν, ἐπ' ἠόνος· ἀλλὰ θαλάσσης
τὴν ἐμὲ γειναμένην εὗρον ἀπιστοτέρην.

107.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τὴν μικρήν με λέγουσι, καὶ οὐκ ἴσα ποντοπορεύσαις
ναυσὶ διϊθύνειν ἅτρομον εὐπλοΐην·
οὐκ ἀπόφημι δ' ἐγώ· βραχὺ μὲν σκάφος, ἀλλὰ θαλάσσῃ
πᾶν ἴσον· οὐ μέτρων ἡ κρίσις, ἀλλὰ τύχης.
ἔστω πηδαλίοις ἑτέρῃ πλέον· ἄλλο γὰρ ἄλλῃ
θάρσος· ἐγὼ δ' εἴην δαίμοσι σωζομένη.

C. Merivale, in *Collections from the Greek Anthology*, 1833, p. 134.

108.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ὁ Ζεὺς πρὸς τὸν Ἔρωτα· "Βέλη τὰ σὰ πάντ' ἀφελοῦμαι·"
χὠ πτανός· "Βρόντα, καὶ πάλι κύκνος ἔσῃ."

109.—ΙΟΥΛΙΟΥ ΔΙΟΚΛΕΟΥΣ

Οὐκ οἶδ' εἴτε σάκος λέξαιμί σε, τὴν ἐπὶ πολλοὺς
ἀντιπάλους πιστὴν σύμμαχον ὡπλισάμην,

[1] *cp.* No. 30 above.

105.—Anonymous

I am a pine tree broken by the wind. Why make a ship of me who tasted on land the ship-wrecking gales?

106.—LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA

I am a ship that, after I had traversed so many leagues of sea, the fire burnt on the land that had stripped herself of her pine-trees to build me. I, whom the sea spared, perished on the shore. I found her who bore me more faithless than the sea.[1]

107.—By the Same (?)

They call me the little skiff, and say that I do not sail so well and fearlessly as the ocean ships. I do not deny it; I am a little boat, but small and great are all the same to the sea; it is not a matter of size, but of luck. Let another ship have more rudders[2]; one puts his trust in this and another in that, but may I be saved by the grace of God.

108.—Anonymous

Said Zeus to Love: "I will take away all your darts." Said the winged boy: "Thunder at me if you dare and I will make a swan of you again."

109.—JULIUS DIOCLES

I know not whether to call thee a shield, thee, the faithful ally with whom I armed myself against many

[1] For imitations of this see Nos. 34, 36, 398.
[2] Large ships had several.

εἴτε σε βαιὸν ἐμοὶ πόντου σκάφος, ἤ μ' ἀπὸ νηὸς
ὀλλυμένης κόμισας νηκτὸν ἐπ' ἠϊόνας.
Ἄρεος ἐν πολέμοις ἔφυγον χόλον, ἔν τε θαλάσσῃ
Νηρῆος· σὺ δ' ἄρ' ἧς ὅπλον ἐν ἀμφοτέροις.

110.—ΑΛΦΕΙΟΥ ΜΙΤΥΛΗΝΑΙΟΥ

Οὐ στέργω βαθυληΐους ἀρούρας,
οὐκ ὄλβον πολύχρυσον, οἷα Γύγης.
αὐτάρκους ἔραμαι βίου, Μακρῖνε·
τὸ Μηθὲν γὰρ ἄγαν ἄγαν με τέρπει.

111.—ΑΡΧΙΟΥ ΜΙΤΥΛΗΝΑΙΟΥ

Θρήϊκας αἰνείτω τις, ὅτι στοναχεῦσι μὲν υἷας
μητέρος ἐκ κόλπων πρὸς φάος ἐρχομένους,
ἔμπαλι δ' ὀλβίζουσιν ὅσους αἰῶνα λιπόντας
ἀπροϊδὴς Κηρῶν λάτρις ἔμαρψε Μόρος.
οἱ μὲν γὰρ ζώοντες ἀεὶ παντοῖα περῶσιν
ἐς κακά, τοὶ δὲ κακῶν εὗρον ἄκος φθίμενοι.

112.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Τρὶς δέκα με πνεύσειν καὶ δὶς τρία μάντιες ἄστρων
φασίν· ἐμοὶ δ' ἀρκεῖ καὶ δεκὰς ἡ τριτάτη·
τοῦτο γὰρ ἀνθρώποις βιοτῆς ὅρος· ἡ δ' ἐπὶ τούτοις
Νέστορι· καὶ Νέστωρ δ' ἤλυθεν εἰς ἀΐδην.

113.—ΠΑΡΜΕΝΙΩΝΟΣ

Οἱ κόρις ἄχρι κόρου κορέσαντό μου· ἀλλ' ἐκορέσθην
ἄχρι κόρου καὐτὸς τοὺς κόρις ἐκκορίσας.

foes, or rather my little sea boat, since thou didst support me swimming from the doomed ship to the shore. In war I escaped the wrath of Ares, and on the sea that of Nereus, and in each case thou wast my defence.

110.—ALPHEIUS OF MITYLENE

I CRAVE not for deep-soiled fields nor wealth of gold such as was Gyges'.[1] I love a self-sufficient life, Macrinus. The saying "naught in excess" pleaseth me exceedingly.

111.—ARCHIAS OF MITYLENE

WE should praise the Thracians because they mourn for their children when they issue from their mothers' wombs to the light, while on the other hand they bless those on whom Death, the unforeseen servant of the Fates, lays his hand. For the living ever pass through every kind of evil, but the dead have found the medicine of all.

112.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

THE astrologers foretold that I would live thrice ten and twice three years, but I am satisfied with the three decades. For this is the right limit of men's life. Longer life is for Nestor, and even Nestor went to Hades.[2]

113.—PARMENION

THE bugs fed on me with gusto till they were disgusted, but I myself laboured till I was disgusted, dislodging the bugs.[3]

[1] King of Lydia. [2] *cp.* vii. 157, an imitation of this.
[3] The play on words cannot be reproduced.

114.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Παιδὸς ἀφ' ὑψηλῶν κεράμων ὑπὲρ ἄκρα μέτωπα
κύπτοντος (Μοίρα νηπιάχοις ἄφοβον),
μήτηρ ἐξόπιθεν μαζῷ μετέτρεψε νόημα·
δὶς δὲ τέκνῳ ζωὴν ἓν κεχάριστο γάλα.

115.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἀσπίδ' Ἀχιλλῆος, τὴν Ἕκτορος αἷμα πιοῦσαν,
Λαρτιάδης Δαναῶν ἦρε κακοκρισίῃ·
ναυηγοῦ δὲ θάλασσα κατέσπασε, καὶ παρὰ τύμβον
Αἴαντος νηκτὴν ὥρμισεν, οὐκ Ἰθάκῃ.

115B.—ΑΛΛΟ

Καλὰ Ποσειδάων δίκασεν πολὺ μᾶλλον Ἀθήνης·
* * * * * * *
καὶ κρίσιν Ἑλλήνων στυγερὴν ἀπέδειξε θάλασσα,
καὶ Σαλαμὶς ἀπέχει κῦδος ὀφειλόμενον.

116.—ΑΛΛΟ

Ἀσπὶς ἐν αἰγιαλοῖσι βοᾷ, καὶ σῆμα τινάσσει,
αὐτόν σ' ἐκκαλέουσα, τὸν ἄξιον ἀσπιδιώτην·
"Ἔγρεο, παῖ Τελαμῶνος, ἔχεις σάκος Αἰακίδαο."

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[1] The shield was awarded to Ulysses and this led to Ajax

114.—By the Same

A child was peeping down from the very edge of a high tiled roof (Death has no fears for little children), when its mother from behind turned away its attention by showing it her breast. Thus one fount of milk twice bestowed life on her child.

115.—Anonymous

On the Shield of Achilles[1]

The son of Laertes gained by the unjust judgment of the Greeks the shield of Achilles that had drunk the blood of Hector. But when he suffered shipwreck the sea robbed him of it, and floated it ashore by the tomb of Ajax and not in Ithaca.

15b.—Anonymous

On the Same

Poseidon's judgment was far more admirable than Athena's . . . . The sea proved how hateful was the decision of the Greeks, and Salamis possesses the glory that is her due.

116.—Anonymous

On the Same

The shield cries aloud by the shore and beats against the tomb, summoning thee, its worthy bearer: "Awake, son of Telamon, the shield of Achilles is thine."

killing himself. When Ulysses was shipwrecked the shield is said to have come ashore in Salamis, the home of Ajax.

117.—ΣΤΑΤΥΛΙΟΥ ΦΛΑΚΚΟΥ

Πένθιμον ἡνίκα πατρὶ Πολυξείνης ὑμέναιον
ἤνυσεν ὀγκωτοῦ Πύρρος ὕπερθε τάφου,
ὧδε πολυκλαύτοιο κόμας λακίσασα καρήνου
Κισσηὶς τεκέων κλαῦσε φόνους Ἑκάβη·
"Πρόσθε μὲν ἀξονίοις φθιτὸν εἵρυσας Ἕκτορα δεσμοῖς·
νῦν δὲ Πολυξείνης αἷμα δέχῃ φθίμενος·
Αἰακίδη, τί τοσοῦτον ἐμῇ ὠδύσσαο νηδυΐ;
παισὶν ἔφυς γὰρ ἐμοῖς ἤπιος οὐδὲ νέκυς."

118.—[ΒΗΣΑΝΤΙΝΟΥ]

Ὦ μοι ἐγὼν ἤβης καὶ γήραος οὐλομένοιο·
τοῦ μὲν ἐπερχομένου, τῆς δ' ἀπονισαμένης.

119.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Εἴ τις ἀνὴρ ἄρχων ἐθέλει κολάκων ἀνέχεσθαι,
πολλοὺς ἐκδώσει τοῖς μιαροῖς στόμασιν·
ὥστε χρὴ τὸν ἄριστον, ἀπεχθαίροντα δικαίως,
ὡς κόλακας μισεῖν τοὺς κολακευομένους.

120.—ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ ΣΑΜΩΣΑΤΕΩΣ

Φαῦλος ἀνὴρ πίθος ἐστὶ τετρημένος, εἰς ὃν ἁπάσας
ἀντλῶν τὰς χάριτας, εἰς κενὸν ἐξέχεας.

121.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Σπάρτας καὶ Σαλαμῖνος ἐγὼ φυτὸν ἀμφήριστον·
κλαίω δ' ἠϊθέων ἔξοχον ἢ προμάχων.

117.—STATYLLIUS FLACCUS

When Pyrrhus on his father's high-piled tomb celebrated in his honour the mournful wedding of Polyxena, thus did Cissean Hecuba bewail the murder of her children, tearing the hair from her tear-worn head: "Once thou didst drag dead Hector tied to thy chariot wheels, and now thou art dead thou acceptest the blood of Polyxena. Achilles, why is thy wrath so sore against the fruit of my womb? Not even in death art thou gentle to my children."

118.—Anonymous

Alas for youth and hateful old age! The one approaches and the other is gone.

119.—PALLADAS

If a man who is a ruler choose to put up with flatterers, he will sacrifice many to their vile mouths; so the best men, in righteous hatred, should detest the flattered as much as the flatterer.

120.—LUCIAN

A bad man is like a jar with a hole in it. Pour every kindness into him and you have shed it in vain.

121.—Anonymous

On the Hyacinth

I am a plant for which Sparta and Salamis dispute, and I mourn for either the fairest of youths or the stoutest of warriors.[1]

[1] *i.e.* either for Hyacinthus or for Ajax. The flower was supposed to bear the initials AI or Υ.

122.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ, *οἱ δὲ* ΕΤΗΝΟΥ

Ἀτθὶ κόρα μελίθρεπτε, λάλος λάλον ἁρπάξασα
τέττιγα πτανοῖς δαῖτα φέρεις τέκεσιν,
τὸν λάλον ἁ λαλέσσα, τὸν εὔπτερον ἁ πτερόεσσα,
τὸν ξένον ἁ ξείνα, τὸν θερινὸν θερινά;
κοὐχὶ τάχος ῥίψεις; οὐ γὰρ θέμις, οὐδὲ δίκαιον,
ὄλλυσθ' ὑμνοπόλους ὑμνοπόλοις στόμασιν.

123. <ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΩΣ>

Ἐκ θοίνης φάος ἔσχεν ἐπ' ἀχράδα μηκὰς ἰοῦσα,
ἐκ δ' ἐφάνη τυφλὴν μηκέτ' ἔχουσα κόρην·
δισσῶν τὴν ἑτέρην γὰρ ἐκέντρισεν ὀξὺς ἀκάνθης
ὄζος. ἴδ' ὡς τέχνης δένδρον ἐνεργότερον.

124.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ποῖ Φοῖβος πεπόρευται; Ἄρης ἀναμίγνυται Δάφνῃ.

125.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Θαρσαλέοι Κελτοὶ ποταμῷ ζηλήμονι Ῥήνῳ
τέκνα ταλαντεύουσι, καὶ οὐ πάρος εἰσὶ τοκῆες,
πρὶν πάϊν ἀθρήσωσι λελουμένον ὕδατι σεμνῷ.
αἶψα γὰρ ἡνίκα μητρὸς ὀλισθήσας διὰ κόλπων
νηπίαχος πρῶτον προχέει δάκρυ, τὸν μὲν ἀείρας
αὐτὸς ἐπ' ἀσπίδι θῆκεν ἑὸν πάϊν, οὐδ' ἀλεγίζει,
οὔπω γὰρ γενέταο φέρει νοῦν, πρίν γ' ἐπαθρήσῃ

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[1] We are told by Aelian that goats when suffering from

122.—Anonymous, by some assigned to EVENUS

To a Swallow

Honey-nurtured child of Athens, is it a prattling cicada that thy prattling self has caught and carries for a feast to thy winged brood? Dost thou, the chatterer, prey on the chatterer; thou, the winged, on the winged; thou, the guest of summer, on the guest of summer? Wilt thou not drop it at once; it is neither meet nor just that singers should perish by mouths skilled in song.

123.—LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA

(*Isopsephon*)

A she-goat rushing to browse on a wild pear recovered her sight from the tree, and lo! was no longer blind in one eye. For the sharp thorn pricked the one eye. See how a tree benefited more than the surgeon's skill.[1]

124.—Anonymous

On a Man cutting a Laurel with an Axe

Where has Phoebus gone? Mars is on too close terms with Daphne.

125.—Anonymous

The brave Celts test their children in the jealous Rhine, and none regards himself as being the child's father until he sees it washed by that venerated river. At once, when the babe has glided from its mother's lap and sheds its first tears, the father himself lifts it up and places it on his shield, caring naught for its suffering; for he does not feel for it like a father

[1] dimness of sight caused by suffusion, themselves prick the eye with a thorn.

κεκριμένον λουτροῖσιν ἐλεγξιγάμου ποταμοῖο·
ἡ δὲ μετ' εἰλείθυιαν ἐπ' ἄλγεσιν ἄλγος ἔχουσα
μήτηρ, εἰ καὶ παιδὸς ἀληθέα οἶδε τοκῆα, 10
ἐκδέχεται τρομέουσα, τί μήσεται ἄστατον ὕδωρ.

126.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Τίνας ἂν εἴποι λόγους Κλυταιμνήστρα Ὀρέστου μέλλοντος αὐτὴν σφάξαι.

Πῇ ξίφος ἰθύνεις; κατὰ γαστερος, ἢ κατὰ μαζῶν;
γαστὴρ ἥδ' ἐλόχευσεν, ἀνεθρέψαντο δὲ μαζοί.

127.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἂν περιλειφθῇ μικρὸν ἐν ἄγγεσιν ἡδέος οἴνου,
εἰς ὀξὺ τρέπεται τοῦτο τὸ λειπόμενον·
οὕτω ἀπαυτλήσας τὸν ὅλον βίον, εἰς βαθὺ δ' ἐλθὼν
γῆρας, ὁ πρεσβύτης γίνεται ὀξύχολος.

128.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἶρπε δράκων, καὶ ἔπινεν ὕδωρ· σβέννυντο δὲ πηγαί,
καὶ ποταμὸς κεκόνιστο, καὶ ἦν ἔτι διψαλέος θήρ.

129.—ΝΕΣΤΟΡΟΣ

Εἶρπε τὸ μέν, τὸ δ' ἔμελλε, τὸ δ' ἦν ἔτι νωθρὸν ἐν εὐνῇ·
αὐτὰρ ὃ διψήσας ποταμῷ ὑπέθηκε γένειον.
πᾶς δ' ἄρα Κηφισὸς εἴσω ῥέεν· ἀργαλέον δὲ
ἀνθερεὼν κελάρυζε. κατερχομένου δὲ ῥεέθρου,
Κηφισὸν κώκυον ὀλωλότα πολλάκι Νύμφαι. 5

[1] Nestor of Laranda wrote *Metamorphoses* in verse and we

until he sees it judged by the bath in the river, the test of conjugal fidelity. The mother, suffering new pangs added to those of childbirth, even though she knows him to be the child's true father, awaits in fear and trembling the pronouncement of the inconstant stream.

126.—Anonymous

(*What Clytaemnestra might have said when Orestes was about to kill her*)

Where dost thou direct thy sword, to my belly or my breasts? This belly brought thee forth, these breasts nurtured thee.

127.—Anonymous

If a little sweet wine remains in a vessel, this remnant turns to vinegar. So the old man who has quite emptied life and has reached the depth of eld becomes sour-tempered.

128.—Anonymous (but probably from the same poem as the following)

The dragon crept down and drank water. The sources were exhausted and the river became dry dust, and still the brute was athirst.

129.—NESTOR[1]

Part of it was crawling, part of it was about to crawl, and the rest was still torpid in its lair. But it thirsted and put its jaws in the stream. Then all Cephisus ran into them, and horrid gurgling sounded in its throat. As the water sunk, often did the nymphs lament for Cephisus that was no more.

[1] We have here extracts from this poem. See also Nos. 364 and 537. We do not know what this story of the dragon was.

130.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Παλλάδος εἰμὶ φυτόν· Βρομιου τί με θλίβετε κλῶνες;
ἄρατε τοὺς βότρυας· παρθένος οὐ μεθύω.

131.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Οὔρεσιν ἐν δολιχοῖς βλωθρὴν πίτυν ὑέτιός με
πρόρριζον γαίης ἐξεκύλισε νότος·
ἔνθεν ναῦς γενόμην, ἀνέμοις πάλιν ὄφρα μάχωμαι.
ἄνθρωποι τόλμης οὔ ποτε φειδόμενοι.

132.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Σωφροσύνη καὶ Ἔρως κατεναντίον ἀλλήλοισιν
ἐλθόντες ψυχὰς ὤλεσαν ἀμφότεροι·
Φαίδρην μὲν κτεῖνεν πυρόεις πόθος Ἱπολύτοιο·
Ἱππόλυτον δ' ἁγνὴ πέφνε σαοφροσύνη.

133.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἴ τις ἅπαξ γήμας πάλι δεύτερα λέκτρα διώκει,
ναυηγὸς πλώει δὶς βυθὸν ἀργαλέον.

134, 135.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἐλπίς, καὶ σὺ Τύχη, μέγα χαιρετε· τὴν ὁδὸν εὗρον·
οὐκέτι γὰρ σφετέροις ἐπιτέρπομαι. ἔρρετε ἄμφω,
οὕνεκεν ἐν μερόπεσσι πολυπλανέες μάλα ἐστέ.
ὅσσα γὰρ ἀτρεκέως οὐκ ἔσσεται, ὔμμες ἐν ἡμῖν
φάσματα, ὡς ὕπνῳ, ἐμβάλλετε, οἷάτ' ἐόντα.
ἔρρε κακὴ γλήνη, πολυώδυνε· ἔρρετε ἄμφω.

130.—Anonymous

(*The Olive-tree speaks*)

I am the plant of Pallas. Why do you clasp me, ye branches of Bacchus? Away with the clusters! I am a maiden and drink no wine.

131.—Anonymous

I was a sturdy pine on the mountain ridge, and the rainy south wind tore me up by the roots. Then out of me was built a ship to fight again with the winds. Ye men, ye never flinch from aught.

132.—Anonymous

Chastity and Love, meeting in the lists, both destroyed life. Her burning love for Hippolytus slew Phaedra, and his pure chastity slew Hippolytus.

133.—Anonymous

If one who has once been married seeks another wife, he is like a shipwrecked sailor who sets sail again on the dreadful deep.

134, 135.—Anonymous

Hope and Fortune, a long farewell to you both! I have found the way. I no longer take delight in aught of yours. Away with both of you! for ye lead men far astray. Ye present to our minds, as in visions of sleep, things that never shall really be, as if they were. Away with thee, poor puppet, mother of many woes; away with you both! Make sport,

παίζοιτ', εἴγε θέλοιτε, ὅσους ἐμεῦ ὕστερον ὄντας
εὕροιτ' οὐ νοέοντας ὅπερ θέμις ἐστὶ νοῆσαι.
ἀτρεκέως μάλα πᾶσι πλάνη Τύχη ἐστὶ βροτοῖσιν·
ἐστὶ γὰρ ἀδρανέη, τὸ δ' ἐπιπλέον οὐδὲ πέλουσα.
γράψε τίς; οἶδε θεός· τίνος εἵνεκεν; οἶδε καὶ αὐτός.

136.—ΚΥΡΟΥ

Αἴθε πατήρ μ' ἐδίδαξε δασύτριχα μῆλα νομεύειν,
ὥς κεν ὑπὸ πτελέῃσι καθήμενος, ἢ ὑπὸ πέτρῃς
συρίσδων καλάμοισιν ἐμὰς τέρπεσκον ἀνίας.
Πιερίδες, φεύγωμεν ἐϋκτιμένην πόλιν· ἄλλην
πατρίδα μαστεύσωμεν. ἀπαγγελέω δ' ἄρα πᾶσιν
ὡς ὀλοοὶ κηφῆνες ἐδηλήσαντο μελίσσας.

137.—ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΚΟΥ

τινὸς ἡμιξήρου πρὸς Ἀδριανὸν τὸν βασιλέα

Ἥμισύ μου τέθνηκε, τὸ δ' ἥμισυ λιμὸς ἐλέγχει·
σῶσόν μου, βασιλεῦ, μουσικὸν ἡμίτονον.

Πρὸς ὃν ὁ βασιλεὺς ΑΔΡΙΑΝΟΣ ἀπεκρίνατο

Ἀμφοτέρους ἀδικεῖς καὶ Πλουτέα καὶ Φαέθοντα·
τὸν μὲν ἔτ' εἰσορόων, τοῦ δ' ἀπολειπόμενος.

138.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἦν νέος, ἀλλὰ πένης· νῦν γηρῶν πλούσιός εἰμι,
ὦ μόνος ἐκ πάντων οἰκτρὸς ἐν ἀμφοτέροις·
ὃς τότε μὲν χρῆσθαι δυνάμην, ὁπότ' οὐδὲ ἓν εἶχον,
νῦν δ' ὁπότε χρῆσθαι μὴ δύναμαι, τότ' ἔχω.

[1] This Byzantine poet is said to have written the lines when he was exiled by the Emperor Theodosius.

if you will, of whomever ye find after me, whose mind dwells on things he should not think of. Of a truth Fortune is a delusion for all mortals; for she is without force, and mostly even without being.—Who wrote this, God knows. Why? Himself only knows.

136.—CYRUS

Would that my father had taught me to shepherd fleecy flocks, so that, sitting under the elms or piping under a rock, I might cheer my sorrows with music. Let us fly, ye Muses, from the stately city, and seek another home. I will announce to all that the pestilent drones have done mischief to the bees.[1]

137.—A certain half-starved GRAMMARIAN to the Emperor Hadrian

The half of me is dead, and starvation is subduing the other half. Save, Sire, a musical semitone of me.[2]

The Emperor's Reply thereto

Thou dost wrong both Pluto and the Sun by looking still on the latter and failing to go to the former.

138.—Anonymous

I was once young, but poor; now I am old I am rich. I alone of mortals was miserable both in youth and age. When I was able to use riches I had nothing, and now, when I cannot use them, I have them.

[2] *i.e.* half at least of my learned self.

139.—ΚΛΑΥΔΙΑΝΟΥ

Μαχλὰς ἐϋκροτάλοισιν ἀνευάζουσα χορείαις,
δίζυγα παλλομένοισι τινάγμασι χαλκὸν ἀράσσει·
* * * * * * *
τῆς μὲν ὑποκλέπτων πολιὴν τρίχα, γείτονα μοίρης.
ἠλεμάτοις ἀκτῖσι χαράσσεται ὄμματος αὐγή·
ψευδόμενον δ' ἐρύθημα κατέγραφεν ἄχροος αἰδώς,
ἀγλαΐῃ στέψασα νοθῃ κεκαλυμμένα μῆλα.

140.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἕδρην χαλκεόπεζον ἐπὶ προθύροις Ἑλικῶνος
εἱστήκει θεράπων τις ὑπὲρ νώτοιο μεμαρπώς,
οὐδ' ἔθελεν μογέοντι πορεῖν ἐπίβαθρον ἀοιδῆς·
τοὔνεκά μευ θώρηξε νόον πολύμητις ἀνάγκη.

141.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Κοινῇ πὰρ κλισίῃ ληθαργικὸς ἠδὲ φρενοπλὴξ
κείμενοι, ἀλλήλων νοῦσον ἀπεσκέδασαν.
ἐξέθορε κλίνης γὰρ ὁ τολμήεις ὑπὸ λύσσης,
καὶ τὸν ἀναίσθητον παντὸς ἔτυπτε μέλους.
πληγαὶ δ' ἀμφοτέροις ἐγένοντ' ἄκος, αἷς ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
ἔγρετο, τὸν δ' ὕπνῳ πουλὺς ἔριψε κόπος.

142.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Κρημνοβάταν, δίκερων, Νυμφῶν ἡγήτορα Πᾶνα
ἀζόμεθ', ὃς πετρίνου τοῦδε κέκηδε δόμου,
ἵλαον ἔμμεναι ἄμμιν, ὅσοι λίβα τήνδε μολόντες
ἀενάου πόματος, δίψαν ἀπωσάμεθα.

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[1] Probably a library or hall of a literary institute

139.—CLAUDIANUS

The wanton, accompanying her dance with shrill shrieks and castanets, beats the brazen clappers together with quivering movements. Her grey hair, the harbinger of death, is concealed by . . . She tortures her eyes to dart ineffectual flashes; her false colour is sicklied o'er by the pallor of shame; while a fictitious splendour clothes her hidden breasts.

140.—By the Same

A serving-man stood in the porch of Helicon[1] bearing on his shoulders a brazen-footed stool he had seized, and would not give it to me, tired as I was, to sit on and recite. Therefore ingenious necessity sharpened my wit to deal with the situation.[2]

141.—Anonymous

A man in a lethargy and a maniac lying in one bed ridded each other of their respective maladies. For the one, made daring by his madness, leapt from the bed and belaboured the insensible man all over. The blows cured both, waking up the one, and his great exertion throwing the other into a sleep.

142.—Anonymous

We do worship to horned Pan, the walker on the crags, the leader of the Nymphs, who dwelleth in this house of rock, praying him to look with favour on all us who came to this constant fountain and quenched our thirst.

[2] What he means is a mystery to us. The circumstances must have been known to the public.

143.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Λιτός τοι δόμος οὗτος (ἐπεὶ παρὰ κύματι πηγῷ
ἵδρυμαι νοτερῆς δεσπότις ἠϊόνος),
ἀλλὰ φίλος· πόντῳ γὰρ ἐπὶ πλατὺ δειμαίνοντι
χαίρω, καὶ ναύταις εἰς ἐμὲ σωζομένοις.
ἱλάσκευ τὴν Κύπριν· ἐγὼ δέ σοι ἢ ἐν ἔρωτι
οὔριος, ἢ χαροπῷ πνεύσομαι ἐν πελάγει.

144.—ΑΝΥΤΗΣ

Κύπριδος οὗτος ὁ χῶρος, ἐπεὶ φίλον ἔπλετο τήνᾳ
αἰὲν ἀπ' ἠπείρου λαμπρὸν ὁρῆν πέλαγος,
ὄφρα φίλον ναύτῃσι τελῇ πλόον· ἀμφὶ δὲ πόντος
δειμαίνει, λιπαρὸν δερκόμενος ξόανον.

145.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἐλθὼν εἰς ἀΐδην, ὅτε δὴ σοφὸν ἤνυσε γῆρας,
Διογένης ὁ κύων Κροῖσον ἰδὼν ἐγέλα,
καὶ στρώσας ὁ γέρων τὸ τριβώνιον ἐγγὺς ἐκείνου,
τοῦ πολὺν ἐκ ποταμοῦ χρυσὸν ἀφυσσαμένου,
εἶπεν· "Ἐμοὶ καὶ νῦν πλείων τόπος· ὅσσα γὰρ εἶχον,
πάντα φέρω σὺν ἐμοί· Κροῖσε, σὺ δ' οὐδὲν ἔχεις."

Ausonius, *Epigr.* 54.

146.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἐλπίδα καὶ Νέμεσιν Εὔνους παρὰ βωμὸν ἔτευξα,
τὴν μέν, ἵν' ἐλπίζῃς· τὴν δ', ἵνα μηδὲν ἔχῃς.

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[1] Pactolus.

143.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

Simple is this my dwelling (beside the big waves am I enthroned, the queen of the sea-bathed beach), but dear to me; for I delight in the sea, vast and terrible, and in the sailors who come to me for safety. Pay honour to Cypris, and either in thy love or on the gray sea I shall be a propitious gale to bear thee on.

144.—ANYTE

This is the place of Cypris, for it is sweet to her to look ever from the land on the bright deep, that she may make the voyages of sailors happy; and around the sea trembles, looking on her polished image.

145.—Anonymous

Diogenes the cynic, on his arrival in Hades, after his wise old age was finished, laughed when he saw Croesus. Spreading his cloak on the ground near the king, who once drew great store of gold from the river,[1] he said: "Now, too, I take up more room than you; for all I had I have brought with me, but you, Croesus, have nothing."

146.—Anonymous

I, Eunus, have set up Hope and Nemesis by the altar, the one in order that thou mayst hope, the other that thou mayst get nothing.[2]

[2] The epigram seems to be facetious. The dedicator whose name means "benignant" really had a spite against mankind.

147.—ΑΝΤΑΓΟΡΟΥ ΡΟΔΙΟΥ

Ὦ ἴτε Δήμητρος πρὸς ἀνάκτορον, ὦ ἴτε, μύσται,
μὴ δ' ὕδατος προχοὰς δείδιτε χειμερίους.
τοῖον γὰρ Ξενοκλῆς †ὁ Ξείνιδος ἀσφαλὲς ὕμμιν
ζεῦγμα διὰ πλατέος τοῦδ' ἔβαλεν ποταμοῦ.

148.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Τὸν βίον, Ἡράκλειτε, πολὺ πλέον ἤπερ ὅτ' ἔζης
δάκρυε· νῦν ὁ βίος ἔστ' ἐλεεινότερος.
τὸν βίον ἄρτι γέλα, Δημόκριτε, τὸ πλέον ἢ πρίν·
νῦν ὁ βίος πάντων ἐστὶ γελοιότερος.
εἰς ὑμέας δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς ὁρῶν, τὸ μεταξὺ μεριμνῶ
πῶς ἅμα σοὶ κλαύσω, πῶς ἅμα σοὶ γελάσω.

149.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Εἶχεν Ἀριστείδης ὁ βοκέρριος οὐκ ἀπὸ πολλῶν
πολλά, μιῆς δ' ὄϊος καὶ βοὸς εὐπορίην.
ἀλλὰ γὰρ οὐδ' ὁ πένης ἔφυγε φθόνον· ἤματι δ' αὐτῷ
θῆρες ὄϊν, τὴν βοῦν δ' ὤλεσε δυστοκίη.
μισήσας δ' ἀβληχὲς ἐπαύλιον, ἅμματι πήρης
ἐκ ταύτης βιοτὴν ἀχράδος ἐκρέμασεν.

150.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πλοῦτος Ἀριστείδῃ δάμαλις μία καὶ τριχόμαλλος
ἦν ὄϊς· ἐκ τούτων λιμὸν ἔλαυνε θύρης.
ἤμβροτε δ' ἀμφοτέρων· ἀμνὴν λύκος, ἔκτανε δ' ὠδὶς
τὴν δάμαλιν· πενίης δ' ὤλετο βουκόλιον.
πηροδέτῳ δ' ὅ γ' ἰμάντι κατ' αὐχένος ἅμμα λυγώσας,
οἰκτρὸς ἀμυκήτῳ κάτθανε παρ καλύβῃ.

147.—ANTAGORAS OF RHODES

Hie ye, hie ye, ye initiated, to the temple of Demeter, fearing not the winter floods. So safe a bridge for you hath Xenocles, the son of Xeinis, thrown across this broad river.[1]

148.—Anonymous

Weep for life, Heraclitus, much more than when thou didst live, for life is now more pitiable. Laugh now, Democritus, at life far more than before; the life of all is now more laughable. And I, too, looking at you, am puzzled as to how I am to weep with the one and laugh with the other.

149.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

Aristides the . . . had not much from many sources, but his fortune was one ewe and one cow. Yet, notwithstanding his poverty, he escaped not Envy, and in one and the same day wild beasts killed the sheep and a difficult birth the cow. Hating the sight of his yard, in which the sound of bleating was silent, he hanged himself by the strap of his wallet from this wild pear-tree.

150.—By the Same

All the wealth of Aristides was one heifer and one fleecy sheep. By their means he kept famine from the door. But he lost both; a wolf killed the sheep and the cow perished in labour. His poor stock was gone, and noosing his neck in the strap of his wallet, the wretched man died close to his cabin, which no longer echoed to the sound of lowing.

[1] The bridge was over the Cephisus on the road to Eleusis. Xenocles' services in building it are mentioned in an inscription.

151.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ποῦ τὸ περίβλεπτον κάλλος σέο, Δωρὶ Κόρινθε;
ποῦ στεφάναι πύργων, ποῦ τὰ πάλαι κτέανα,
ποῦ νηοὶ μακάρων, ποῦ δώματα, ποῦ δὲ δάμαρτες
Σισύφιαι, λαῶν θ' αἱ ποτὲ μυριάδες;
οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδ' ἴχνος, πολυκάμμορε, σεῖο λέλειπται,
πάντα δὲ συμμάρψας ἐξέφαγεν πόλεμος.
μοῦναι ἀπόρθητοι Νηρηΐδες, Ὠκεανοῖο
κοῦραι, σῶν ἀχέων μίμνομεν ἀλκυόνες.

152.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Ἄδε ποθ' ἁ κλεινὰ Πριάμου πόλις, ἂν ἀλαπάξαι
Ἑλλάνων δεκέτης οὐκ ἐτάλασσεν ἄρης
ἀμφαδόν, ἀλλ' ἵπποιο κακὸν ξύλον. αἴθε δ' Ἐπειὸς
κάτθανε πρὶν τεῦξαι δουρατέαν παγίδα.
οὐ γὰρ ἄν, Ἀτρειδᾶν ὀροφηφάγον ἁψαμένων πῦρ,
οὕτω ἐφ' ἁμετέροις λάεσιν ἠριπόμαν.

153.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ὦ πόλι, πῆ σέο κεῖνα τὰ τείχεα, πῆ πολύολβοι
νηοί; πῆ δὲ βοῶν κράατα τεμνομένων;
πῆ Παφίης ἀλάβαστρα, καὶ ἡ πάγχρυσος ἐφεστρίς;
πῆ δὲ Τριτογενοῦς δείκελον ἐνδαπίης;
πάντα μόθος χρονίη τε χύσις καὶ Μοῖρα κραταιὴ
ἥρπασεν, ἀλλοίην ἀμφιβαλοῦσα τύχην.
καί σε τόσον νίκησε βαρὺς φθόνος· ἀλλ' ἄρα μοῦνον
οὔνομα σὸν κρύψαι καὶ κλέος οὐ δύναται.

151.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

Where is thy celebrated beauty, Doric Corinth? Where are the battlements of thy towers and thy ancient possessions? Where are the temples of the immortals, the houses and the matrons of the town of Sisyphus, and her myriads of people? Not even a trace is left of thee, most unhappy of towns, but war has seized on and devoured everything. We alone, the Nereids, Ocean's daughters, remain inviolate, and lament, like halcyons, thy sorrows.

152.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

On Troy

I am the once famous city of Priam, which not the ten years' war of the Greeks succeeded in sacking by open force, but the cursed wooden horse. Would that Epeius had died ere he had wrought that wooden trap. For never then had the Greeks lit the fire that licked my roofs, never had I sunk down on my foundations.

153.—By the Same

On the Same

Where are those walls of thine, O city, where thy temples full of treasure, where the heads of the oxen thou wast wont to slay? Where are Aphrodite's caskets of ointment and her mantle all of gold? Where is the image of thy own Athena? Thou hast been robbed of all by war and the decay of ages, and the strong hand of Fate, which reversed thy fortunes. So far did bitter Envy subdue thee; but thy name and glory alone she cannot hide.

154.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἰλήκοις, πολιοῦχε. σὲ μὲν χρυσαυγέϊ νηῷ,
ὡς θέμις, ἁ τλάμων Ἴλιος ἠγασάμην·
ἀλλὰ σύ με προλέλοιπας ἐλώριον· ἀντὶ δὲ μήλου
πᾶσαν ἀπεδρέψω τείχεος ἀγλαΐην.
ἄρκιον ἦν θνάσκειν τὸν βουκόλον· εἰ γὰρ ἄθεσμος
ἔπλετο, τᾶς πάτρας οὐκ ἀλίτημα τόδε.

155.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰ μὲν ἀπὸ Σπάρτης τις ἔφυς, ξένε, μή με γελάσσῃς·
οὐ γὰρ ἐμοὶ μούνῃ ταῦτα τέλεσσε Τύχη.
εἰ δέ τις ἐξ Ἀσίης, μὴ πένθεε· Δαρδανικοῖς γὰρ
σκήπτροις Αἰνεαδῶν πᾶσα νένευκε πόλις.
εἰ δὲ θεῶν τεμένη καὶ τείχεα καὶ ναετῆρας
ζηλήμων δηΐων ἐξεκένωσεν ἄρης,
εἰμὶ πάλιν βασίλεια. σὺ δ', ὦ τέκος, ἄτρομε Ῥώμη,
βάλλε καθ' Ἑλλήνων σῆς ζυγόδεσμα δίκης.

156.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ ΒΥΖΑΝΤΙΟΥ

Δέρκεο τὸν Τροίας †δεκέτη λόχον· εἴσιδε πῶλον
εὐόπλου Δαναῶν ἔγκυον ἡσυχίης.
τεκταίνει μὲν Ἐπειός, Ἀθηναίη δὲ κελεύει
ἔργον· ὑπὲκ νώτου δ' Ἕλλας ὅλα δύεται.
ἦ ῥα μάταν ἀπόλοντο τόσος στρατός, εἰ πρὸς ἄρηα
ἦν δόλος Ἀτρείδαις ἐσθλότερος πολέμου.

154.—By the Same

On the Same

Have mercy on me, Athena, protectress of the city. I, wretched Ilion, as was meet, worshipped thee in thy temple resplendent with gold. But thou hast abandoned me to the spoilers, and all for the sake of an apple hast stripped all the glory from my walls. Better had it been for the cowherd, Paris, to perish, for if he broke the law, it was not his country's crime.

155.—By the Same

On the Same

If thou art a native of Sparta, stranger, mock me not; for I am not the only one that Fortune hath used thus. But if thou art from Asia, mourn me not; for every city now bows beneath the Trojan sceptre of the house of Aeneas. If the envious sword of thy enemies hath emptied the temples of my gods, and my walls, and my streets, yet am I again a queen, and do thou, undaunted Rome, my child, set on the Greeks the yoke of thy just rule!

156.—ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM

Look on the ambush that took Troy after ten years; look on the horse whose belly was big with the armed and silent Greeks. Epeius is building it and Athena is ordering the work, and all Hellas is emerging from beneath its back. Of a truth in vain did so great a host perish, if stratagem was more helpful to the Atreidae in the war than open battle.

157.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Τίς θεὸν εἶπεν Ἔρωτα; θεοῦ κακὸν οὐδὲν ὁρῶμεν
ἔργον· ὁ δ' ἀνθρώπων αἵματι μειδιάει.
οὐ θοὸν ἐν παλάμαις κατέχει ξίφος; ἠνίδ' ἄπιστα
τῆς θειοδμήτου σκῦλα μιαιφονίης.
μήτηρ μὲν σὺν παιδὶ κατέφθιτο· αὐτὰρ ἐπ' αὐτοῖς
ποίνιμος ἔκτεινεν φῶτα λιθοκτονίη.
καὶ ταῦτ' οὔτ' Ἄϊδος, οὔτ' Ἄρεος, ἔργα δ' Ἔρωτος
λεύσσομεν, οἷς παίζει κεῖνος ὁ νηπίαχος.

158.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Αἱ τρισσαί ποτε παῖδες ἐν ἀλλήλαισιν ἔπαιζον
κλήρῳ, τίς προτέρη βήσεται εἰς ἀΐδην·
καὶ τρὶς μὲν χειρῶν ἔβαλον κύβον, ἦλθε δὲ πασῶν
ἐς μίαν· ἡ δ' ἐγέλα κλῆρον ὀφειλόμενον.
ἐκ τέγεος γὰρ ἄελπτον ἔπειτ' ὤλισθε πέσημα
δύσμορος, ἐς δ' ἀΐδην ἤλυθεν, ὡς ἔλαχεν.
ἀψευδὴς ὁ κλῆρος, ὅτῳ κακόν· ἐς δὲ τὸ λῷον
οὔτ' εὐχαὶ θνητοῖς εὔστοχοι, οὔτε χέρες.

159.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Κρανίον ἐν τριόδοισι κατοιχομένου τις ἐσαθρῶν
εἰκόνα τὴν κοινὴν οὐκ ἐδάκρυσε βίου·
δεξιτερὴν δ' ἔρριψεν ἐπὶ χθόνα, καὶ λίθον ἧκεν,
κωφὸν μὲν δοκέοντ', ἀλλὰ πνέοντα δίκης.
ὀστέον ὡς γὰρ ἔπληξεν, ἀφήλατο, καὶ τὸν ἀφέντα
πήρωσεν, γλυκεροῦ βλέμματος ὀρφανίσας.
καὶ πάλιν εἰς ἀΐδην ἐκολάζετο, τὴν ἰδίην δὲ
ἔκλαυσεν χειρῶν εὔστοχον ἀφροσύνην.

157.—Anonymous

Who said Love was a god? We see that no work of the gods is evil, but he smiles at the blood of men. Does he not bear in his hand a sword swift to slay? Look at the incredible trophies of this deed of blood prompted by a god. The mother, with her child, lies slain, and on their bodies the man stoned by sentence of the law. This that we see is not the work of Hades or of Ares, but the work of Love. This is how the boy plays.[1]

158.—Anonymous

Three girls once drew lots for fun, who first should go to Hades. Thrice they threw the die, and the cast of all fell on one. She made mockery of the lot, which nevertheless was her true destiny. For, unhappy girl, she slipped and fell from the house-top afterwards, as none could have foreseen, and went to Hades even as the lot had lighted on her. A lot tells no falsehood when it is an evil one; but as for better chance neither the prayers of mortals nor their hands can attain it.

159.—Anonymous

One, seeing at the cross-roads the skull of a dead man, wept not at the presentation of the fate common to all men, but stooping, picked up in his right hand a stone and threw it at the skull. The stone, a dumb thing in appearance, yet breathed vengeance; for, hitting the bone, it bounded off and blinded the thrower, robbing him of his sweet sight. Until his death he was punished, and bewept his foolish excellence of aim.

[1] Jealousy would appear to have been the motive of the crime.

160.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἡρόδοτος Μούσας ὑπεδέξατο· τῷ δ' ἄρ' ἑκάστη
ἀντὶ φιλοξενίης βίβλον ἔδωκε μίαν.

161.—ΜΑΡΚΟΥ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΥ

Ἡσιόδου ποτὲ βίβλον ἐμαῖς ὑπὸ χερσὶν ἑλίσσων
Πύρρην ἐξαπίνης εἶδον ἐπερχομένην·
βίβλον δὲ ῥίψας ἐπὶ γῆν χερί, τοῦτ' ἐβόησα·
"Ἔργα τί μοι παρέχεις, ὦ γέρον Ἡσίοδε;"

J. A. Pott, *Greek Love Songs and Epigrams*, i. p. 96.

162.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἤμην ἀχρεῖον κάλαμος φυτόν· ἐκ γὰρ ἐμεῖο
οὐ σῦκ', οὐ μῆλον φύεται, οὐ σταφυλή·
ἀλλά μ' ἀνὴρ ἐμύησ' ἑλικωνίδα, λεπτὰ τορήσας
χείλεα, καὶ στεινὸν ῥοῦν ὀχετευσάμενος.
ἐκ δὲ τοῦ εὖτε πίοιμι μέλαν ποτόν, ἔνθεος οἷα,
πᾶν ἔπος ἀφθέγκτῳ τῷδε λαλῶ στόματι.

163.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἐκ πυρὸς Ἰλιακοῦ δοράτων μέσον ἥρπασεν ἥρως
Αἰνείας, ὅσιον παιδὶ βάρος, πατέρα·
ἔκλαγε δ' Ἀργείοις· "Μὴ ψαύετε· μικρὸν ἐς ἄρη
κέρδος ὁ γηραλέος, τῷ δὲ φέροντι μέγα."

164.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τίς σε, Δικαιοσύνη, βροτὸς ἤκαχεν;—Οὗτος ὁ κλέπτη
ἐνθάδε με στήσας, οὐδὲν ἔχων πρὸς ἐμέ.

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[1] His history is in nine books.

160.—Anonymous

Herodotus entertained the Muses, and each, in return for his hospitality, gave him a book.[1]

161.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

As I was turning over the pages of a volume of Hesiod, I suddenly saw Pyrrhe approaching. Throwing the book on the ground I exclaimed: "Why should I be bothered by your works,[2] old Hesiod?"

162.—Anonymous

On a Pen

I was a reed, a useless plant, bearing neither figs, nor apples, nor grapes; but a man initiated me into the mysteries of Helicon, fashioning thin lips for me and excavating in me a narrow channel. Ever since, when I sip black liquor, I become inspired, and utter every variety of words with this dumb mouth of mine.

163.—Anonymous

Through the hail of spears from the flames of Troy the hero Aeneas bore off his father, a holy burden for a son, calling to the Argives: "Hands off! The old man is no great gain in war, but a great gain to his bearer."

164.—Anonymous

"Justice, who hath vexed thee?"—"This thief who set me up here, but had nothing to do with me."

[2] There is a play on the title *Works and Days* of one of Hesiod's poems.

165.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΩΣ

Ὀργὴ τοῦ Διός ἐστι γυνή, πυρὸς ἀντιδοθεῖσα
δῶρον, ἀνιηρὸν τοῦ πυρὸς ἀντίδοτον.
ἄνδρα γὰρ ἐκκαίει ταῖς φροντίσιν ἠδὲ μαραίνει,
καὶ γῆρας προπετὲς τῇ νεότητι φέρει.
οὐδ' ὁ Ζεὺς ἀμέριμνος ἔχει χρυσόθρονον Ἥρην·
πολλάκι γοῦν αὐτὴν ῥίψεν ἀπ' ἀθανάτων,
ἠέρι καὶ νεφέλῃσι μετήορον· οἶδεν Ὅμηρος,
καὶ Δία συγγράψας τῇ γαμετῇ χόλιον.
οὕτως οὐδέποτ' ἐστὶ γυνὴ σύμφωνος ἀκοίτῃ,
οὐδὲ καὶ ἐν χρυσέῳ μιγνυμένη δαπέδῳ.

166.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πᾶσαν Ὅμηρος ἔδειξε κακὴν σφαλερήν τε γυναῖκα,
σώφρονα καὶ πόρνην, ἀμφοτέρας ὄλεθρον.
ἐκ γὰρ τῆς Ἑλένης μοιχευσαμένης φόνος ἀνδρῶν,
καὶ διὰ σωφροσύνην Πηνελόπης θάνατοι.
Ἰλιὰς οὖν τὸ πόνημα μιᾶς χάριν ἐστὶ γυναικός·
αὐτὰρ Ὀδυσσείῃ Πηνελόπη πρόφασις.

167.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ὁ Ζεὺς ἀντὶ πυρὸς πῦρ ὤπασεν ἄλλο, γυναῖκας.
εἴθε δὲ μήτε γυνή, μήτε τὸ πῦρ ἐφάνη·
πῦρ μὲν δὴ ταχέως καὶ σβέννυται· ἡ δὲ γυνὴ πῦρ
ἄσβεστον, φλογερόν, πάντοτ' ἀναπτόμενον.

168.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μῆνιν οὐλομένην γαμετὴν ὁ τάλας γεγάμηκα,
καὶ παρὰ τῆς τέχνης μήνιδος ἀρξάμενος.

[1] He refers to the story told by Hesiod how Zeus punished Prometheus for stealing fire by prompting him to create woman.

165.—PALLADAS OF ALEXANDRIA

Woman is the wrath of Zeus, given to men in the place of fire, a grievous exchange.[1] For she burns up and withers man with care, and brings hasty old age on youth. Even Zeus does not possess Hera of the golden throne unvexed; indeed he hath often cast her out from the immortals to hang in the mist and clouds; Homer knew this, and hath described even Zeus as being wrath with his wife. Thus never is a woman at concord with her husband, not even when she lies beside him on a floor of gold.

166.—By the Same

Homer shows us that every woman is wicked and treacherous; be she chaste or a whore, in either case she is perdition. Helen's adultery caused the murder of men, and Penelope's chastity caused death. All the woes of the Iliad were for the sake of one woman, and Penelope was the cause of the Odyssey.

167.—By the Same

Zeus, in place of fire, bestowed another fire, woman. Would that neither woman nor fire had come into being! Fire, it is true, is soon put out, but woman is a fire unquenchable, flaming, ever alight.

168.—By the Same

I, unhappy man, have married a wife who is "pernicious wrath," and my profession, too, obliges me to begin with "wrath."[2] Oh, man of much wrath,

[2] "Wrath" being the first word of the *Iliad*, which as a grammarian he had to read.

ὤμοι ἐγὼ πολύμηνις, ἔχων διχόλωτον ἀνάγκην,
τέχνης γραμματικῆς καὶ γαμετῆς μαχίμης.

169.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μῆνις Ἀχιλλῆος καὶ ἐμοὶ πρόφασις γεγένηται
οὐλομένης πενίης γραμματικευσαμένῳ.
εἴθε δὲ σὺν Δαναοῖς με κατέκτανε μῆνις ἐκείνη,
πρὶν χαλεπὸς λιμὸς γραμματικῆς ὀλέσει.
ἀλλ' ἵν' ἀφαρπάξῃ Βρισηΐδα πρὶν Ἀγαμέμνων,
τὴν Ἑλένην δ' ὁ Πάρις, πτωχὸς ἐγὼ γενόμην.

170.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Νηδὺν ἀναίσχυντον στιβαροῖς ᾔσχυνα λογισμοῖς,
σωφροσύνῃ κολάσας ἔντερον ἀργαλέον·
εἰ γὰρ ἔχω τὸν νοῦν ἐπικείμενον ὑψόθι γαστρός,
πῶς μὴ νικήσω τὴν ὑποτασσομένην;

171.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ὄργανα Μουσάων, τὰ πολύστονα βιβλία πωλῶ,
εἰς ἑτέρας τέχνης ἔργα μετερχόμενος.
Πιερίδες, σώζοισθε· λόγοι, συντάσσομαι ὑμῖν·
σύνταξις γὰρ ἐμοὶ καὶ θάνατον παρέχει.

172.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἐλπίδος οὐδὲ Τύχης ἔτι μοι μέλει, οὐδ' ἀλεγίζω
λοιπὸν τῆς ἀπάτης· ἤλυθον εἰς λιμένα.
εἰμὶ πένης ἄνθρωπος, ἐλευθερίῃ δὲ συνοικῶ·
ὑβριστὴν πενίης πλοῦτον ἀποστρεφομαι.

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[1] The wrath of Achilles is called "pernicious" by Homer.

forced to consort with wrath in two things, my calling as a grammarian and my combative wife!

169.—By the Same

The wrath of Achilles was the cause of pernicious[1] poverty to me too, since I adopted the profession of a grammarian. Would that that "wrath" had killed me with the Greeks, before the bitter hunger of grammar had put an end to me. But all to let Agamemnon run away with Briseis, and Paris with Helen, I have become poor.

170.—By the Same

I chastened my shameless belly by severe reasoning, correcting the troublesome gut by temperance. Indeed, if my intellect is in a higher place than my belly, how can I fail to subdue the inferior one of the two?

171.—By the Same

I am selling the implements of the Muses, the books that have made me groan so much, now that I am taking to another profession. Farewell, ye Muses. I bid thee good-bye, Learning, for syntax is the death of me.[2]

172.—By the Same

I care no longer for either Hope or Fortune; their deceit is now of no account to me; I have reached the haven. I am a poor man, but freedom is my house-mate, and I turn my back on wealth which insults poverty.

[2] There is a play on "syntassomai," I bid farewell, and "syntax."

173.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἀρχὴ γραμματικῆς πεντάστιχός ἐστι κατάρα·
πρῶτος μῆνιν ἔχει· δεύτερος οὐλομένην,
καὶ μετὰ δ' οὐλομένην, Δαναῶν πάλιν ἄλγεα πολλά·
ὁ τρίτατος ψυχὰς εἰς Ἀΐδην κατάγει·
τοῦ δὲ τεταρταίου τὰ ἑλώρια καὶ κύνες ἀργοί·
πέμπτου δ' οἰωνοί, καὶ χόλος ἐστὶ Διός.
πῶς οὖν γραμματικὸς δύναται μετὰ πέντε κατάρας,
καὶ πέντε πτώσεις, μὴ μέγα πένθος ἔχειν;

174.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἐνθάδε παιδεύουσιν ὅσοις κεχόλωτο Σάραπις,
τοῖσιν ἀπ' οὐλομένης μήνιδος ἀρχομένοις·
ἔνθα τροφὸς κατὰ μῆνα φέρει μισθὸν μετ' ἀνάγκης,
βύβλῳ καὶ χάρτῃ δησαμένη πενίην·
ὡς δὲ κάπνισμα τιθεῖ παρὰ τὸν θρόνον, ὡς παρὰ τύμβον,
τὸν μικρὸν χάρτην, τὸν παραριπτόμενον.
κλέπτει δ' ἐξ ὀλίγου μισθοῦ, καὶ χαλκὸν ἀμείβει,
καὶ μόλιβον μίσγει, καὶ τὸ ἔθος δέχεται.
εἰ δέ τις εἰς ἐνιαυτὸν ἄγοι χρυσοῖο νόμισμα,
ἑνδεκάτῳ μηνί, πρὶν προφέρειν, μετέβη,
ἀγνώμων τε φανείς, καὶ τὸν πρότερον διασύρας
γραμματικὸν στερέσας μισθὸν ὅλου ἔτεος.

175.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Καλλίμαχον πωλῶ καὶ Πίνδαρον, ἠδὲ καὶ αὐτὰς
πτώσεις γραμματικῆς, πτῶσιν ἔχων πενίης.

173.—By the Same

The beginning of grammar[1] is a curse in five lines. The first has the word "wrath," the second "pernicious," and after that "many woes" of the Greeks; the third "leads down souls to Hades"; to the fourth belong "spoil" and "dogs"; to the fifth "birds" of ill-omen and the "anger of Zeus." How, then, can a grammarian avoid having many sorrows after five curses and five cases (falls)?

174.—By the Same

The teachers here are those men with whom Sarapis is angry; they start from "pernicious wrath." Here the nurse brings, perforce, the fee once a month, tying up the wretched pittance in byblus and paper, and puts the contemptible little paper, like a pinch of incense, by the master's seat, as if by a tomb. She steals some of the small fee and changes the coins, substituting leaden ones, and she receives her commission. If any one agrees to pay a gold coin for a whole year, he changes his teacher in the eleventh month before paying up, and is so ungrateful as to make fun, too, of his former master after robbing him of a whole year's fee.

175.—By the Same

I sell Callimachus and Pindar, and all the cases in the grammar, being myself a sore case of poverty.

[1] *i.e.* the first five lines of the *Iliad*, which was the regular text-book.

Δωροθεος γὰρ ἐμὴν τροφίμην σύνταξιν ἔλυσε,
πρεσβείην κατ' ἐμοῦ τὴν ἀσεβῆ τελέσας.
ἀλλὰ σύ μου πρόστηθι, Θέων φίλε, μηδέ μ' ἐάσῃς
συνδέσμῳ πενίης τὸν βίον ἐξανύσαι.

176.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἐκλήθην παρὰ σοῦ τοῦ ῥήτορος· εἰ δ' ἀπελείφθην,
τὴν τιμὴν ἀπέχω, καὶ πλέον εἰμὶ φίλος.
οὐδὲ γὰρ ἡ ψυχὴ τὸ φαγεῖν κρίνουσα γέγηθεν,
ἀλλὰ μόνον τιμῆς αἰσθομένη τρέφεται.

177.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Αἴαντος παρὰ τύμβον ἀταρβήτοιο παραστὰς
Φρὺξ ἤρωι κακῆς ἤρχεν ἐπεσβολίης·
"Αἴας δ' οὐκέτ' ἔμιμνεν" ὁ δ' ἀντεγέγωνεν ἐνερθε·
"Μίμνεν·" ὁ δ' οὐκέτ' ἔτλη ζωὸς ἀποφθίμενον.

178.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ ΒΥΖΑΝΤΙΟΥ

Ὡς πάρος Ἀελίου, νῦν Καίσαρος ἁ Ῥόδος εἰμὶ
νᾶσος, ἴσον δ' αὐχῶ φέγγος ἀπ' ἀμφοτέρων.
ἤδη σβεννυμέναν με νέα κατεφώτισεν ἀκτίς,
Ἄλιε, καὶ παρὰ σὸν φέγγος ἔλαμψε Νέρων.
πῶς εἴπω τίνι μᾶλλον ὀφείλομαι; ὃς μὲν ἔδειξεν
ἐξ ἁλός, ὃς δ' ἤδη ῥύσατο δυομέναν.

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[1] Dorotheus appears to have been his former employer. He appeals to his friend Theo, the celebrated grammarian. In "syntaxis" (=salary) he plays on the grammatical sense of the word (=syntax).

For Dorotheus has cut off the salary that supported me, sending this impious message of complaint against me. But, dear Theo, protect me, and do not let me end my days in conjunction with poverty.[1]

176.—By the Same

I was invited to dinner by you, the orator, and if I failed to come I have the honour you paid me, and am still more your friend. For my heart does not rejoice in appreciation of viands, but is nourished only by the honour it tastes.

177.—Anonymous

A Phrygian, standing by the tomb of dauntless Ajax, began thus to insult the hero: "But Ajax no longer stood firm."[2] Then he from underground cried: "He stood firm." At which the living man fled in terror from the dead.

178.—ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM

I, Rhodes, who once was the Sun's island, am now Caesar's, and I boast of equal light from each. Then when I was near extinguished, O Sun, a new ray illuminated me, and Nero's[3] light shone beside thine. How shall I say to which I owe most? The one brought me to the light from the depths, and the other saved me as I was sinking.

[2] *Iliad*, xv. 717.

[3] The epigram probably refers to the stay of Tiberius at Rhodes, like No. 287 below.

179.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ [ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΥ]

Τοξοβόλον τὸν Ἔρωτα τίς ἔξεσεν ἐκ λιβανωτοῦ,
τόν ποτε μηδ' αὐτοῦ Ζηνὸς ἀποσχόμενον;
ὀψέ ποθ' Ἡφαίστῳ κεῖται σκοπός, ὃν καθορᾶσθαι
ἔπρεπεν οὐκ ἄλλως ἢ πυρὶ τυφόμενον.

180.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Τύχη καπηλεύουσα πάντα τὸν βίον,
ἀσυγκέραστον τὴν φύσιν κεκτημένη,
καὶ συγκυκῶσα καὶ μεταντλοῦσ' αὖ πάλιν,
καὐτὴ κάπηλός ἐστι νῦν τις, οὐ θεά,
τέχνην λαχοῦσα τὴν τρόπων ἐπαξίαν.

181.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἀνεστράφησαν, ὡς ὁρῶ, τὰ πράγματα,
καὶ τὴν Τύχην νῦν δυστυχοῦσαν εἴδομεν.

182.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Καὶ σὺ Τύχη δέσποινα, τύχην ἀτυχῆ πόθεν ἔσχες;
ἡ παρέχουσα τύχας πῶς ἀτυχὴς γέγονας;
μάνθανε καὶ σὺ φέρειν τὰ σὰ ῥεύματα, καὶ σὺ διδάσκου
τὰς ἀτυχεῖς πτώσεις, ἃς παρέχεις ἑτέροις.

183.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Καὶ σὺ Τύχη λοιπὸν μεταβαλλομένη καταπαίζου,
μηδὲ τύχης τῆς σῆς ὕστατα φεισαμένη·

179.—LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA

Who carved of frankincense the bowman Love, him who of old spared not Zeus himself? At length he stands a mark for Hephaestus,[1] Love who ne'er deserved to be seen suffering aught else but consumption in the flames.

180.—PALLADAS

(*This and the three following are written on the subject of a Temple of Fortune converted into a Tavern.*)

Fortune, who pliest thy trade through all our life, whose nature is like untempered wine, thou who art ever mixing and pouring from vessel to vessel, now hast thou too become a tavern-keeper instead of a goddess, a calling suitable to thy character.

181.—By the Same

Things are turned topsy-turvy as I see, and we now see Fortune in misfortune.

182.—By the Same

And thou, Lady Fortune, how has evil fortune befallen thee? How hast thou, who givest us good fortune, become unfortunate? Learn thou, too, to support thy own changes of tide, learn to suffer the unhappy falls which thou sendest to others.

183.—By the Same

And of thee too, Fortune, they make mockery now thou art changed, and at the end thou hast not even

[1] *i.e.* he runs the risk of being burnt as frankincense.

ἢ πρὶν νηὸν ἔχουσα, καπηλεύεις μετὰ γῆρας,
θερμοδότις μερόπων νῦν ἀναφαινομένη.
νῦν ὁσίως στένε καὶ σὺ τεὸν πάθος, ἄστατε δαῖμον,
τὴν σήν, ὡς μερόπων, νῦν μετάγουσα τύχην.

184.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Πίνδαρε, Μουσάων ἱερὸν στόμα, καὶ λάλε Σειρήν,
Βακχυλίδη, Σαπφοῦς τ' Αἰολίδες χάριτες,
γράμμα τ' Ἀνακρείοντος, Ὁμηρικὸν ὅς τ' ἀπὸ ῥεῦμα
ἔσπασας οἰκείοις, Στησίχορ', ἐν καμάτοις,
ἥ τε Σιμωνίδεω γλυκερὴ σελίς, ἡδύ τε Πειθοῦς
Ἴβυκε, καὶ παίδων ἄνθος ἀμησάμενε,
καὶ ξίφος Ἀλκαίοιο, τὸ πολλάκις αἷμα τυράννων
ἔσπεισεν, πάτρης θέσμια ῥυόμενον,
θηλυμελεῖς τ' Ἀλκμᾶνος ἀηδόνες, ἴλατε, πάσης
ἀρχὴν οἳ λυρικῆς καὶ πέρας ἐστάσατε.

185.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἀρχιλόχου τάδε μέτρα καὶ ἠχήεντες ἴαμβοι,
θυμοῦ καὶ φοβερῆς ἰὸς ἐπεσβολίης.

186.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Βίβλοι Ἀριστοφάνευς, θεῖος πόνος, αἷσιν Ἀχαρνεὺς
κισσὸς ἐπὶ χλοερὴν πουλὺς ἔσεισε κόμην.
ἠνίδ' ὅσον Διόνυσον ἔχει σελίς, οἷα δὲ μῦθοι
ἠχεῦσιν, φοβερῶν πληθόμενοι χαρίτων.
ὦ καὶ θυμὸν ἄριστε, καὶ Ἑλλάδος ἤθεσιν ἶσα,
κωμικέ, καὶ στύξας ἄξια καὶ γελάσας.

spared thy own fortune. Thou who hadst once a temple, keepest a tavern in thy old age, and we see thee now serving hot drinks to mortals. Justly bewail thine own mischance, fickle goddess, now that thou reversest thine own fortune like that of mortals.

184.—Anonymous

Pindar, holy mouth of the Muses, and thou, Bacchylides, garrulous Siren, and ye, Aeolian graces of Sappho; pen of Anacreon, and thou, Stesichorus, who in thy works didst draw off Homer's stream; honeyed page of Simonides, and thou, Ibycus, who didst cull the sweet bloom of Persuasion and of the love of lads; sword of Alcaeus, that didst often shed the blood of tyrants, defending his country's laws, and ye nightingales of Alcman, singing ever of maidens; look kindly on me, ye authors and finishers of all lyric song.

185.—Anonymous

These be the verses and sonorous iambics of Archilochus, the venom of wrath and terrible invective.

186.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

These are the volumes of Aristophanes, a divine work, over which the ivy of Acharnae shook in profusion its green locks. Look how the pages are steeped in Dionysus, how deep-voiced are the dramas full of terrible grace. O comic poet, high of heart, and worthy interpreter of the spirit of Hellas, hating what deserved hate, and mocking where mockery was due!

187.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Λῦταί σοι στομάτεσσιν ἀνηρείψαντο μέλισσαι
ποικίλα Μουσάων ἄνθεα δρεψάμεναι·
αὐταὶ καὶ Χάριτές σοι δωρήσαντο, Μένανδρε,
στωμύλον εὐτυχίην δράμασιν ἐνθέμεναι.
ζώεις εἰς αἰῶνα· τὸ δὲ κλέος ἐστὶν Ἀθήναις
ἐκ σέθεν οὐρανίων ἁπτόμενον νεφέων.

188.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἀτθίδος εὐγλώσσου στόμα φέρτατον, οὐ σέο μεῖζον
φθέγμα Πανελλήνων πᾶσα κέκευθε σελίς·
πρῶτος δ' εἴς τε θεὸν καὶ ἐς οὐρανὸν ὄμμα τανύσσας,
θεῖε Πλάτων, ἤθη καὶ βίον ηὐγάσαο,
Σωκρατικῷ Σάμιον κεράσας μυκτῆρι φρόνημα,
κάλλιστον σεμνῆς σῆμα διχοστασίης.

189.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἔλθετε πρὸς τέμενος ταυρώπιδος ἀγλαὸν Ἥρης,
Λεσβίδες, ἁβρὰ ποδῶν βήματ' ἐλισσόμεναι,
ἔνθα καλὸν στήσασθε θεῇ χορόν· ὕμμι δ' ἀπάρξει
Σαπφὼ χρυσείην χερσὶν ἔχουσα λύρην.
ὄλβιαι ὀρχηθμοῦ πολυγηθέος· ἦ γλυκὺν ὕμνον
εἰσαΐειν αὐτῆς δόξετε Καλλιόπης.

190.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Λέσβιον Ἡρίννης τόδε κηρίον· εἰ δέ τι μικρόν,
ἀλλ' ὅλον ἐκ Μουσέων κιρνάμενον μέλιτι.
οἱ δὲ τριηκόσιοι ταύτης στίχοι ἶσοι Ὁμήρῳ,
τῆς καὶ παρθενικῆς ἐννεακαιδεκέτευς·

187.—Anonymous

The bees themselves, culling the varied flowers of the Muses, bore off the honey to thy lips; the Graces themselves bestowed their gift on thee, Menander, endowing thy dramas with fluent felicity. Thou livest for ever, and Athens from thee derives glory that reacheth to the clouds of heaven.

188.—Anonymous

Most exquisite utterer of the eloquent Attic tongue, the whole volume of Greek letters contains no voice greater than thine. Thou first, divine Plato, didst contemplate morals and life, directing thy gaze to God and Heaven. Mingling the loftiness of Pythagoras with the irony of Socrates, thou wast the loveliest monument of their solemn strife.

189.—Anonymous

Ye ladies of Lesbos, hie ye, whirling as ye foot it delicately, to the splendid sanctuary of bull-faced Hera, there to dance a lovely measure to the goddess; and for you Sappho, holding her golden lyre, shall strike up the tune. Ye are blessed, indeed, in that dance's delight; verily ye shall deem that ye listen to the sweet hymning of Calliope herself.

190.—Anonymous

On Erinna's poem "The Spindle" [1]

This is the Lesbian honeycomb of Erinna, and though it be small, it is all infused with honey by the Muses. Her three hundred lines are equal to Homer, though she was but a child of nineteen

[1] Only four lines are preserved, sufficient to show that it was not a narrative poem but a poem of sentiment.

ἢ καὶ ἐπ' ἠλακάτῃ μητρὸς φόβῳ, ἢ καὶ ἐφ' ἱστῷ
ἑστήκει Μουσέων λάτρις ἐφαπτομένη.
Σαπφὼ δ' Ἠρίννης ὅσσον μελέεσσιν ἀμείνων,
Ἤρινναν Σαπφοῦς τόσσον ἐν ἑξαμέτροις.

191.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Οὐκ ἂν ἐν ἡμετέροισι πολυγναμπτοις λαβυρίνθοις
ῥηϊδίως προμόλοις ἐς φάος, αἴκε τύχῃς·
τοίους γὰρ Πριαμὶς Κασσάνδρη φοίβασε μύθους,
ἄγγελος οὓς βασιλεῖ ἔφρασε λοξοτρόχις.
εἰ δέ σε φίλατο Καλλιόπη, λάβε μ' ἐς χέρας· εἰ δὲ
νῆϊς ἔφυς Μουσέων, χερσὶ βάρος φορέεις.

192.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ ΒΥΖΑΝΤΙΟΥ

α. Λί βίβλοι, τίνες ἐστέ; τί κεύθετε; *β.* Θυγατέρες μὲν
Μαιονίδου, μύθων δ' ἵστορες Ἰλιακῶν·
ἁ μία μὲν μηνιθμὸν Ἀχιλλέος, ἔργα τε χειρὸς
Ἑκτορέας, δεκέτους τ' ἆθλα λέγει πολέμου·
ἁ δ' ἑτέρα μόχθον τὸν Ὀδυσσέος, ἀμφί τε λέκτροις
χηρείοις ἀγαθᾶς δάκρυα Πηνελόπας.
α. Ἴλατε σὺν Μούσαισι· μεθ' ὑμετέρας γὰρ ἀοιδὰς
εἶπεν ἔχειν αἰὼν ἕνδεκα Πιερίδας.

193.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς τὴν ἱστορίαν Φιλοστοργίου

Ἱστορίην ἐτέλεσσα θεοῦ χαρίτεσσι σοφῇσι,
πράγματ' ἀληθείης ποικίλ' ὑφηνάμενος.

[1] We possess this long iambic monologue, a store of the most recondite learning.

years. Either plying her spindle in fear of her mother, or at the loom, she stood occupied in the service of the Muses. As much as Sappho excels Erinna in lyrics, so much does Erinna excel Sappho in hexameters.

191.—Anonymous

On Lycophron's "Cassandra" [1]

Not easily, being in my labyrinth of many turnings, shalt thou find thy way to the light, if at all. So ill to read is the prophetic message that Cassandra, Priam's daughter, tells here to the King in crooked speech. Yet, if Calliope love thee, take me up; but if thou art ignorant of the Muses, I am a weight in thy hands.

192.—ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM

A. "Ye books, who are ye, what do ye contain?" *B.* "Daughters of Maeonides, and we tell the tales of Troy; one, the wrath of Achilles and the deeds of Hector's hands, and all the struggles of the ten years' war; the other, the labours of Ulysses and the tears of good Penelope by her widowed couch." *A.* "I worship you and the Muses; for after your song the world could say it possessed eleven Pierian sisters."

193.—Anonymous

On the History of Philostorgius [2]

By the grace and wisdom of God I completed my History, weaving into it the varied facts of truth.

[2] An Arian ecclesiastical historian, whose work being heretical is of course lost.

194.—ΑΛΛΟ

Γράμματα δώδεκ' ἔχει ΦΙΛΟΣΤΟΡΓΙΟΣ, οὔνομα καλόν.
Τοὔνεκα δὴ κατὰ γράμμα λόγους ἀνεγράψατο τούτους,
ἀρξάμενος πρώτου ἀπὸ γράμματος, εἶτεν ἐφεξῆς·
καὶ διὰ τῆς αὐτῶν ἀρχῆς ἐὸν οὔνομα γράψας.

195.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Κωνσταντινιάδης Ἀσκληπιὸς ἄστυ γεραίρων
γράψεν Ἀναζαρβοῦ πάτρια κυδαλίμης.

196.—ΜΑΡΙΝΟΥ ΝΕΑΠΟΛΙΤΟΥ

Εἰς τὸν βίον Πρόκλου

Ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖς κεχαρισμένα πάντοτε ῥέζων
καὶ τάδ' ἐπ' εὐσεβέοντι νόῳ συνέγραψε Μαρῖνος.

197.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Καὶ τόδε σῆς ζαθέης κεφαλῆς περιώσιον ἔργον,
Πρόκλε μάκαρ, πάντων βρέτας ἔμπνοον ὅττι Μαρῖνον
ἀθανάτων, μερόπεσσι βοηθόον εὐσεβέεσσιν,
ἀντὶ τεῆς ἱερῆς κεφαλῆς ψυχοσσόον ἄλκαρ
κάλλιπες, ὃς βιοτὴν θεοτερπέα σεῖο λιγαίνων
γράψε τάδ' ἐσσομένοις μνημήϊα σῶν ἀρετάων.

198.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Νόννος ἐγώ· Πανὸς μὲν ἐμὴ πόλις· ἐν Φαρίῃ δὲ
ἔγχεϊ φωνήεντι γονὰς ἤμησα Γιγάντων.

194.—Anonymous

On the Same

The fair name Philostorgius contains twelve letters, and therefore I wrote as many books, the first beginning with the first letter, and so on, thus by the initial letter of each writing my name.

195.—Anonymous

Asclepius, the son of Constantinus, celebrating his city, wrote the ancient history of famous Anazarba.

196.—MARINUS OF NEAPOLIS

On the "Life of Proclus"

Marinus, who ever doth works pleasing to the gods, wrote this, too, with pious intent.

197.—By the Same

Proclus of blessed memory, this, too, is an excellent deed on the part of thy divine self, that as a saviour and protector of souls in place of thy divine self thou hast left Marinus, the living image of all the immortals, the help of pious men. He, proclaiming the story of thy life, with which God was well pleased, wrote this book as a record of thy virtues for posterity.

198.—Anonymous

I am Nonnus; my native city was Panopolis, but in Alexandria I mowed down by my vocal sword the children of the giants.[1]

[1] *i.e.* in that part of his *Dionysiaca* which describes the battle between Dionysus and Typhoeus.

199.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Δίου 'Ορειβασίοιο, τὸν ἀθανάτην διὰ τέχνην
πολλάκι δειμαίνουσα μίτους ἀνεβάλλετο Μοίρη.

200.—ΛΕΟΝΤΟΣ ΦΙΛΟΣΟΦΟΥ

Βίβλος μηχανική· Κυρίνος δέ μιν ἐξεπόνησε,
Μαρκέλλου γνωτοῖο συνερχομένου κατὰ μόχθον.

201.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Θέσφατα μαντῷης Φοιβηΐδος ὄργια τέχνης
ἀστρολόγων Παῦλός μ' ἐδιδάξατο κύδιμος ἀνήρ.

202.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Βίβλος Θέωνος καὶ Πρόκλου, τῶν πανσόφων·
βίβλος πόλου τε καὶ χθονὸς φέρει μέτρα.
Θέων πόλον μέν, καὶ Πρόκλος μετρεῖ χθόνα·
Πρόκλος μὲν οὖν γῆν, καὶ Θέων μετρεῖ πόλον.
ἄμφω δ' ἐπίσης τῶν ἐπαίνων ἄξιοι,
ἄμφω δ' ἀμοιβὴν τῶν λόγων τετεύχατον.
Θέων Πρόκλου γὰρ λαμβάνων σοφὰς θέσεις,
δείκνυσι ταύταις τοὺς δρόμους τῶν ἀστέρων·
Πρόκλος δὲ δείξεις τοῦ Θέωνος λαμβάνων,
ταύταις ἀναλύει καὶ προβάλλει τὰς θέσεις.
ἀλλ', ὦ σοφὴ ξυνωρί, χαῖρέ μοι λίαν·
χαίροις Θέων ἄριστε, πάνσοφον κάρα,
ὁ νῦν πυκάζων τὴν 'Αλεξάνδρου πόλιν·
χαίροις δὲ καὶ σύ, Πρόκλε, τοῦ Σαρπηδόνος
ἄριστον αἷμα τοῖς ὅλοις βοώμενον.

199.—Anonymous

This is the work of divine Oribasius,[1] whom Fate feared owing to his immortal art, and oft deferred cutting his life-thread.

200.—LEO THE PHILOSOPHER

The book of mechanics, the work of Cyrinus, his friend Marcellus participating in the task.

201.—By the Same

Paulus, famous among the astrologers, instructed me in the divine mysteries of Phoebus' prophetic art.

202.—By the Same

The book of Theo and Proclus the all-wise. The book exhibits the measurements of the Heavens and the Earth. Theo measures the Heavens and Proclus the Earth, or rather Proclus measures the Earth and Theo the Heavens. Both are worthy of equal praise, and both of them gave and took their respective arguments; for Theo, assuming the learned propositions of Proclus, demonstrates by these the courses of the stars; while Proclus, assuming the demonstrations of Theo, resolves and propounds his positions by their aid. All hail, learned pair! Hail, most excellent Theo, learned in every science, now adorning the city of Alexandria! And thou too, Proclus, hail, best scion of the race of Sarpedon[2] and universally acclaimed!

[1] The celebrated physician.
[2] Because he was Lycian.

203.—ΦΩΤΙΟΥ, *οἱ δὲ* ΛΕΟΝΤΟΣ

Ἔρωτα πικρόν, ἀλλὰ σώφρονα βίον
ὁ Κλειτοφῶντος ὥσπερ ἐμφαίνει λόγος·
ὁ Λευκίππης δὲ σωφρονέστατος βίος
ἅπαντας ἐξίστησι· πῶς τετυμμένη,
κεκαρμένη τε καὶ κατηχρειωμένη,
τὸ δὴ μέγιστον, τρὶς θανοῦσ' ἐκαρτέρει.
εἴπερ δὲ καὶ σὺ σωφρονεῖν θέλεις, φίλος,
μὴ τὴν πάρεργον τῆς γραφῆς σκόπει θέαν,
τὴν τοῦ λόγου δὲ πρῶτα συνδρομὴν μάθε·
νυμφοστολεῖ γὰρ τοὺς ποθοῦντας ἐμφρόνως.

204.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Μή με τὸν Αἰάντειον ἀνοχμάσσειας, ὁδῖτα,
πέτρον, ἀκοντιστὴν στήθεος Ἑκτορέου.
εἰμὶ μέλας τρηχύς τε· σὺ δ' εἴρεο θεῖον Ὅμηρον,
πῶς τὸν Πριαμίδην ἐξεκύλισα πέδῳ.
νῦν δὲ μόλις βαιόν με παροχλίζουσιν ἀρούρης
ἄνθρωποι, γενεῆς αἴσχεα λευγαλέης.
ἀλλά μέ τις κρύψειεν ὑπὸ χθονός· αἰδέομαι γὰρ
παίγνιον οὐτιδανοῖς ἀνδράσι γινόμενος.

205.—ΑΡΤΕΜΙΔΩΡΟΥ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΚΟΥ

Βωκολικαὶ Μοῖσαι σποράδες ποκά, νῦν δ' ἅμα πᾶσαι
ἐντὶ μιᾶς μάνδρας, ἐντὶ μιᾶς ἀγέλας.

206.—ΕΥΠΙΘΙΟΥ ΑΘΗΝΑΙΟΥ

Στίξαντος τὴν Καθόλου

Ταυτολόγων κανόνων φεῦ πληθύος, ἠδ' ἀϊδήλων
ξυσμάων, λεπτὸς τὰς ἐχάραξε δόναξ.

203.—PHOTIUS OR LEO THE PHILOSOPHER

On the Romance "Clitophon and Leucippe" [1]

THE story of Clitophon almost brings before our eyes a bitter passion but a moral life, and the most chaste conduct of Leucippe astonishes everyone. Beaten, her head shorn, vilely used, and, above all, thrice done to death, she still bore all. If, my friend, you wish to live morally, do not pay attention to the adventitious beauty of the style, but first learn the conclusion of the discourse; for it joins in wedlock lovers who loved wisely.

204.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

Do not heave me up, traveller; I am Ajax's stone with which he smote Hector's breast. Black am I and rough, but ask divine Homer how I sent Priam's son rolling in the dust. Now with difficulty men, the degenerate sons of a wretched age, lever me up a little from the field. But let someone hide me in the ground; I am ashamed to be made the toy of worthless men.

205.—ARTEMIDORUS THE GRAMMARIAN

THE bucolic poems were once scattered, but are now all in one fold, in one flock.

206.—EUPITHIUS OF ATHENS

On finishing the Punctuation and Accentuation of Herodian's "Universal Prosody"

OH for the number of rules all saying the same thing, and scarcely visible scratches, the work of my

[1] The romance by Achilles Tatius which we possess.

ὄμματά μευ κέκμηκε, τένων, ῥάχις, ἰνίον, ὦμοι·
τῆς Καθόλου δὲ φέρω τὴν ὀδύνην καθόλου.

207.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Μῆτιν Ἐπικτήτοιο τεῷ ἐνικάτθεο θυμῷ,
ὄφρα κεν εἰσαφίκηαι ἐς οὐρανίους κενεῶνας,
ψυχὴν ὑψικέλευθον ἐλαφρίζων ἀπὸ γαίης.

208.—ΑΛΛΟ

Ὅς κεν Ἐπικτήτοιο σοφὴν τελέσειε μενοινήν,
μειδιάει, βιότοιο γαληνιόων ἐνὶ πόντῳ,
καὶ μετὰ ναυτιλίην βιοτήσιον εἰσαφικάνει
οὐρανίην ἀψῖδα καὶ ἀστερίην περιωπήν.

209.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἀπὸ ἰξευτοῦ πρὸς στρουθίον

Τίπτε μετοκλάζεις πωτωμένη ὄζον ἀπ' ὄζου;
τοῖα καὶ ἄλλη ἔρεξε, καὶ οὐ φύγεν ἰξοφορῆας
ἡμετέρους δόνακας, περὶ δὲ πτερὰ πυκνὰ βαλοῦσα
ἦλυθε τεχνήεντα, καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλουσα, πρὸς ἄνδρα.

210.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἰς βίβλον Τακτικῶν Ὀρβικίου

Δέρκεό μοι κρατερῶν καμάτων ἐγκύμονα βίβλον,
ἣν παρος Ἀδριανὸς μὲν ἄναξ ἔχεν ἐν πολέμοισι,
κρύψε δ' ἀεργίη χρόνον ἄσπετον ἐγγύθι λήθης.
ἀλλ' ὑπὸ καρτερόχειρος Ἀναστασίου βασιλῆος

fine pen! My eyes ache, my wrist, my back, my neck and shoulders, and I feel universally the pain of the "Universal."

207.—Anonymous

On the "Manual" of Epictetus

Store up in thy heart the counsel of Epictetus, that thou mayest enter into the heavenly recesses, thy soul wafted up from earth to mount to the skies.

208.—Anonymous

On the Same

Whoever puts in practice the wise reflections of Epictetus, smiles, sailing calmly on the sea of life, and after this life's voyage reaches the vault of heaven and the watch-tower amid the stars.

209.—Anonymous

A Fowler to a Bird

Why art thou so restless, skipping from bough to bough? There was another bird who did the same and escaped not my limed reeds, but, though sore against its will, fell fluttering violently into the hand of the crafty fowler.

210.—Anonymous

On the "Tactics" of Orbicius

Look on me, the book pregnant with vigorous toil, the book that the Emperor Hadrian had by him in his wars, but which for ages lay disused and nearly forgotten. But Anastasius, our powerful emperor,

ἤλυθον ἐς φάος αὖθις, ἵνα στρατιῇσιν ἀρήξω.
οἶδα γὰρ ἀνδροφόνου καμάτους πολέμοιο διδάσκειν·
οἶδα δὲ πῶς μετ' ἐμεῖο καὶ ἑσπερίης ἁλὸς ἄνδρας
καὶ Πέρσας ὀλέσεις, καὶ αἰνομόρους Σαρακηνούς,
καὶ θοὸν ἱπποκέλευθον ἀρειμανέων γένος Οὔννων,
πετράων τ' ἐφύπερθεν ἁλυσκάζοντας Ἰσαύρους.
πάντα δ' ὑπὸ σκήπτροισιν Ἀναστασίοιο τελέσσω,
ὃν καὶ Τραϊανοῖο φαάντερον ἤγαγεν αἰών.

211.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Παιήων, Χείρων, Ἀσκληπιός, Ἱπποκράτης τε·
τοῖς δ' ἔπι Νίκανδρος προφερέστερον ἔλλαχεν εὖχος.

212.—ΑΛΛΟ

Φάρμακα πολλὰ μὲν ἐσθλὰ μεμιγμένα, πολλὰ δὲ λυγρὰ
Νίκανδρος κατέλεξεν, ἐπιστάμενος περὶ πάντων
ἀνθρώπων. ἦ γὰρ Παιήονός ἐστι γενέθλης.

213.—ΑΛΛΟ

Καὶ Κολοφὼν ἀρίδηλος ἐνὶ πτολίεσσι τέτυκται,
δοιοὺς θρεψαμένη παῖδας ἀριστονόους,
πρωτότοκον μὲν Ὅμηρον, ἀτὰρ Νίκανδρον ἔπειτα,
ἀμφοτέρους Μούσαις οὐρανίῃσι φίλους.

214.—ΛΕΟΝΤΟΣ ΦΙΛΟΣΟΦΟΥ

Τῇ τῶν λόγων σου κογχύλῃ, Πορφύριε,
βάπτεις τὰ χείλη, καὶ στολίζεις τὰς φρένας,

brought me to light again, that I might help his campaigns. For I can teach the labours of murderous war; and I know how, with me, thou shalt destroy the men of the western sea, and the Persians, and the doomed Saracens, and the swift cavalry of the warlike Huns, and the Isaurians taking refuge on their rocky summits. I will bring all things under the sceptre of Anastasius, whom time brought into the world to outshine even Trajan.

211.—Anonymous

On Nicander

Apollo, Chiron, Asclepius, and Hippocrates. After these Nicander won the highest praise.

212.—Anonymous

On the Same

"Many drugs that are good when compounded and many that are baneful" did Nicander enumerate, "knowing better than all other men. For verily he came of the race of the Healer."[1]

213.—Anonymous

On the Same

Colophon, too, is conspicuous among cities, for she nursed two sons of supreme wisdom, first Homer and afterwards Nicander, both dear to the heavenly Muses.

214.—LEO THE PHILOSOPHER

Porphyry, with the purple[2] of thy discourse thou dyest the lips and clothest the mind in splendour.

[1] Partly made up of verses from *Odyssey*, iv. 299 ff.

[2] There is a play on the name.

215.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΜΑΚΕΔΟΝΟΣ

Αἰεὶ θηλυτέρῃσιν ὕδωρ κακὸν Ἑλλήσποντος,
ξεῖνε· Κλεονίκης πεύθεο Δυρραχίδος.
πλῶε γὰρ ἐς Σηστὸν μετὰ νυμφίον· ἐν δὲ μελαίνῃ
φορτίδι τὴν Ἕλλης μοῖραν ἀπεπλάσατο.
Ἡροῖ δειλαίη, σὺ μὲν ἀνέρα, Δηΐμαχος δὲ
νύμφην, ἐν παύροις ὠλέσατε σταδίοις.

216.—ΟΝΕΣΤΟΥ ΚΟΡΙΝΘΙΟΥ

Ἁρμονίης ἱερὸν φήσεις γάμον· ἀλλ' ἀθέμιστος
Οἰδίποδος. λέξεις Ἀντιγόνην ὁσίην·
ἀλλὰ κασίγνητοι μιαρώτατοι. ἄμβροτος Ἰνώ·
ἀλλ' Ἀθάμας τλήμων. τειχομελὴς κιθάρη·
ἀλλ' αὐλὸς δύσμουσος. ἴδ' ὡς ἐκεράσσατο Θήβῃ
δαίμων, ἐσθλὰ κακοῖς δ' εἰς ἓν ἔμιξεν ἴσα.

217.—ΜΟΥΚΙΟΥ ΣΚΕΥΟΛΑ

Αἱ χίμαροι, τί ποτ' ἆρα τὰ μὲν θύμα καὶ τιθύμαλλα
λείπετε καὶ χλοερὴν αἰγίνομον βοτάνην,
γυρὰ δ' ἐπ' ἀλλήλαις σκιρτήματα γαῦρα τίθεσθε
ἀμφὶ τὸν ὑλιβάτην ἀλλόμεναι Νόμιον;
οὐκ ἀπὸ πυγμαχίης ἀποπαύσετε; μή ποτ' ἀπεχθὴς
ἀντήσῃ κορύνῃ χειρὸς ἀπ' αἰπολικῆς.

218.—ΑΙΜΙΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΝΙΚΑΕΩΣ

Ἀβάλε χειμερίου με κατέκλυσε κύματα πόντου
δειλαίην, νεκύων φόρτον ἀμειψαμένην.

215.—ANTIPATER OF MACEDONIA

Ever, stranger, is the water of Hellespont cruel to women. Ask Cleonike of Dyrrhachium. For she was sailing to Sestos to meet her bridegroom, and in the black ship she met with the same fate as Helle. Poor Hero, thou didst lose a husband, and Deimachus a bride, in the space of a few furlongs.

216.—HONESTUS OF CORINTH

(*cp. Nos.* 250, 253)

You will cite the holy marriage of Harmonia, but that of Oedipus was unlawful. You will tell me of Antigone's piety, but her brothers were most wicked. Ino was made immortal, but Athamas was ill-fated. The lyre built the walls by its music, but the strains of the flute were fatal to them.[1] So did Heaven compound the destiny of Thebes, mixing good and evil in equal portions.

217.—MUCIUS SCAEVOLA

Ye goats, why, deserting the thyme and spurge and all the green pasture that is yours, do ye start leaping round and round, wantonly butting at each other, prancing round shepherd Pan, the denizen of the forest? Give over that boxing, or the crook ye detest may find its way to you from the goat-herd's hand.

218.—AEMILIANUS OF NICAEA

Ah! would that the waves of the wintry sea had engulfed me, wretched ship that I am, my load of living men now changed for one of corpses. I am

[1] Thebes is said to have been destroyed by Alexander to the accompaniment of the flute-player Ismenias.

αἰδέομαι σωθεῖσα. τί μοι πλέον ὅρμον ἱκέσθαι,
δευομένῃ φωτῶν πείσματα δησομένων;
Κωκυτοῦ με λέγοιτε βαρὺ σκάφος· ὤλεσα φῶτας,
ὤλεσα· ναυηγοὶ δ' εἰσὶν ἔσω λιμένος.

219.—ΔΙΟΔΩΡΟΥ ΣΑΡΔΙΑΝΟΥ

Αἰγιβότου Σκύροιο λιπὼν πέδον Ἴλιον ἔπλω
οἷος Ἀχιλλείδης πρόσθε Νεοπτόλεμος,
τοῖος ἐν Αἰνεάδῃσι Νέρων ἀγὸς ἄστυ Ῥέμοιο
νεῖται, ἐπ' ὠκυρόην Θύβριν ἀμειψάμενος,
κοῦρος ἔτ' ἀρτιγένειον ἔχων χνόον. ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἔγχει
θῦεν· ὁ δ' ἀμφοτέροις, καὶ δορὶ καὶ σοφίῃ.

220.—ΘΑΛΛΟΥ ΜΙΛΗΣΙΟΥ

Ἁ χλοερὰ πλατάνιστος ἴδ' ὡς ἔκρυψε φιλεύντων
ὄργια, τὰν ἱερὰν φυλλάδα τεινομένα.
ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ἀκρεμόνεσσιν ἑοῖς κεχαρισμένος ὥραις
ἡμερίδος λαρῆς βότρυς ἀποκρέμαται.
οὕτως, ὦ πλατάνιστε, φύοις· χλοερὰ δ' ἀπὸ σεῖο
φυλλὰς ἀεὶ κεύθοι τοὺς Παφίης ἑτάρους.

221.—ΜΑΡΚΟΥ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΥ

Αὐγάζω τὸν ἄφυκτον ἐπὶ σφραγῖδος Ἔρωτα
χερσὶ λεοντείαν ἀνιοχεῦντα βίαν,
ὡς τᾷ μὲν μάστιγα κατ' αὐχένος, ᾇ δὲ χαλινοὺς
εὐθύνει· πολλὰ δ' ἀμφιτέθηλε χάρις.
φρίσσω τὸν βροτολοιγόν· ὁ γὰρ καὶ θῆρα δαμάζων
ἄγριον, οὐδ' ὀλίγον φείσεται ἀμερίων.

[1] How the whole crew of the ship had perished we are not told.

ashamed of being saved. What doth it profit me to come to harbour with no men in me to tie my hawsers? Call me the dismal hull of Cocytus. I brought death to men—death, and they are shipwrecked inside the harbour.[1]

219.—DIODORUS OF SARDIS

As, in days of old, Neoptolemus, the son of Achilles, sailed to Troy from the goat-pastures of Scyrus, so among the sons of Aeneas doth their leader Nero[2] return to the city of Remus, entering from the sea swift-flowing Tiber, a youth with the first down on his cheeks. The other's force was in his spear alone; this youth is strong both in battle and in the schools.

220.—THALLUS OF MILETUS

See how the green plane-tree hides the mysteries of the lovers, canopying them with its holy foliage, and about its branches hang the clusters of the sweet vine, the season's delight. So, plane tree, mayest thou ever flourish, and may thy green foliage ever hide the comradeship of Aphrodite.

221.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

I see upon the signet-ring Love, whom none can escape, driving a chariot drawn by mighty lions. One hand menaces their necks with the whip, the other guides the reins; about him is shed abundant bloom of grace. I shudder as I look on the destroyer of men, for he who can tame wild beasts will not show the least mercy to mortals.

[2] Probably the son of Germanicus.

222.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ ΒΥΖΑΝΤΙΟΥ

Ἀνέρα θήρ, χερσαῖον ὁ πόντιος, ἄπνοον ἔμπνους,
ἁράμενος λοφιῆς ὑγρὸν ὕπερθε νέκυν,
εἰς ψαμάθους ἐκόμισσα. τί δὲ πλέον; ἐξ ἁλὸς εἰς γῆν
νηξάμενος, φόρτου μισθὸν ἔχω θάνατον·
δαίμονα δ' ἀλλήλων ἠμείψαμεν· ἡ μὲν ἐκείνου
χθὼν ἐμέ, τὸν δ' ἀπὸ γῆς ἔκτανε τοὐμὸν ὕδωρ.

223.—ΒΙΑΝΟΡΟΣ

Ἀγγελίην πὰρ Ζηνὸς ἐπεὶ φέρεν ἠεροδίνης
αἰετός, οἰωνῶν μοῦνος ἐνουράνιος,
οὐκ ἔφθη τὸν Κρῆτα· θοὴν δ' ἐπετείνατο νευρήν,
πτηνὸν δ' ὁ πτερόεις ἰὸς ἐλεηίσατο.
Ζηνὸς δ' οὔτι Δίκην ἔλαθεν μόνος· ἔμπεσε δ' ὄρνις
ἀνδρί, τὰ δ' εὐστοχίης ἀνταπέτισε βέλη.
αὐχένι δ' ἰὸν ἔπηξεν, ὃν ἤπατι κοίμισεν αὐτός·
ἓν δὲ βέλος δισσῶν αἶμ' ἔπιεν θανάτων.

224.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΥ

Αἰγά με τὴν εὔθηλον, ὅσων ἐκένωσεν ἀμολγεὺς
οὔθατα πασάων πουλυγαλακτοτάτην,
γευσάμενος, μελιηδὲς ἐπεί τ' ἐφράσσατο πῖαρ
Καῖσαρ, κὴν νηυσὶν σύμπλοον εἰργάσατο.
ἤξω δ' αὐτίκα που καὶ ἐς ἀστέρας· ᾧ γὰρ ἐπέσχον
μαζὸν ἐμόν, μείων οὐδ' ὅσον Αἰγιόχου.

222.—ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM

(*A Dolphin speaks*)

I took on my back the dripping corpse and bore it to the beach; the beast saved the man, the sea creature that of the land, the living the dead. But what did it avail me? I swam from sea to land, and receive death as payment for my porterage. We interchanged destinies. His land slew me,[1] and my water slew him who belonged to the land.

223.—BIANOR

(*cp. No.* 265)

As the eagle who circles on high, who alone among the birds is an inmate of Heaven, was bearing a message from Zeus, he eluded not the Cretan, but the archer drew his swift-shooting bow, and the winged arrow made the bird its victim. But he did not, alone among men, escape the justice of Zeus. The bird fell on the man, and he paid dear for the sureness of his arrow's aim. The eagle pierced his neck with the arrow which had found a resting-place in its own heart, and one missile drank the life-blood of two.

224.—CRINAGORAS

I am the good milch-goat with udders yielding more than any the milk-pan ever drained, and Caesar, when he had tasted the richness of my milk, sweet as honey, took me with him even on the ship to be his fellow-voyager. Some day I think I shall even reach the stars, for he to whom I gave suck from my breast is by no means inferior to the Aegis-bearer.

[1] The dolphin seems to have been carried on to the beach and left high and dry.

225.—ΟΝΕΣΤΟΥ

Ἀσωπὶς κρήνη καὶ Πηγασίς, ὕδατ' ἀδελφά,
ἵππου καὶ ποταμοῦ δῶρα ποδορραγέα·
χὠ μὲν ἔκοψ' Ἑλικῶνος, ὁ δὲ φλέβας Ἀκροκορίνθου
ἔπληξ'. ὦ πτέρνης εἰς ἴσον εὐστοχίη.

226.—ΖΩΝΑ ΣΑΡΔΙΑΝΟΥ

Αἱ δ' ἄγετε ξουθαὶ συμβληΐδες †ἄκρα μέλισσαι
φέρβεσθ' ἠὲ θύμων ῥικνὰ περικνίδια,
ἢ πετάλας μάκωνος, ἢ ἀσταφιδίτιδα ῥῶγα,
ἢ ἴον, ἢ μάλων χνοῦν ἐπικαρπίδιον·
πάντα περικνίξασθε, καὶ ἄγγεα κηρώσασθε,
ὄφρα μελισσοσόος Πὰν ἐπικυψέλιος
γεύσηται τὸ μὲν αὐτός, ὁ δὲ βλιστηρίδι χειρὶ
καπνώσας βαιὴν κύμμι λίπῃ μερίδα.

227.—ΒΙΑΝΟΡΟΣ

Ἀκταίην παρὰ θῖνα διαυγέος ἔνδοθεν ἅλμας
ἰχθύα πουλυπόδην ἔδρακεν ἰχθυβόλος·
νηχομένῳ δ' ἐπόρουσε καὶ ἐξ ἁλὸς ἧκ' ἐπὶ χέρσον
ἁρπάγδην, ἄγρης δεσμὸν ὑποφθάμενος.
αὐτὰρ ὁ δισκηθεὶς κατακαίριος ἔμπεσε δειλῷ
πτωκὶ ταχύς· σχοίνῳ κεῖτο γὰρ ὑπναλέος.
τὸν δὲ χυθεὶς περὶ πάντα πεδήσατο, φωτὶ δ' ὑπ' ἄγρης
ἐμβυθίης ἄγρη χερσόθεν ἠντίασε.

228.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΔΟΥ

Ἀγγελίης ἤκουσεν ἀνωΐστου Μελίτεια,
υἱέα σὺν φόρτῳ κύματι κρυπτόμενον·

225.—HONESTUS

Asopis fount and Pegasis are sister springs, the one a river-god's[1] gift, the other a horse's, both gushing forth at a blow of the foot. The horse cut the veins of Helicon, the river those of Acrocorinth. How equally happy the heel's aim in each case!

226.—ZONAS OF SARDIS

Hie ye, ye tawny hive-bees, to feed on . . . or the crinkled leaves of the thyme, or the petals of the poppy, or the sun-dried berries of the vine, or violets, or the down that covers the apple. Take a pick at all, and mould your waxen vessels so that Pan, the saviour of the bees and keeper of the hives, may have a taste himself, and the beeman, smoking you out with his skilled hand, may leave a little portion for you also.

227.—BIANOR

(*cp. No.* 14)

A fisherman spied an octopus in the transparent water by the sea-beach, and rushing upon it as it swam, snatched it and threw it on the land to avoid being caught by his prey. Round and round it whirled, and by a happy chance lighted on a timorous hare that was lying half asleep among the rushes. It spread all over her and fettered her, and the man by means of his booty from the sea gained fresh booty from the land.

228.—APOLLONIDES

Melitea received the unlooked for news that her son, with his cargo, had been engulfed in the waves,

[1] Asopus. Pegasis is Castalia, *cp.* No. 230. For this origin of springs, *cp.* Theocr. *Id.* vii. 5.

ἠϊόσιν δ' ἐπικέλσαν ἁλίκλυστον δέμας ἄλλου
δύσμορος οἰκείης σύμβολον εἶδε τύχης,
νίεα δ' ὣς ἔστειλε. Δίων δ' ἐπὶ νηὸς ἀθραύστου
ἤλυθεν εὐκταίης σῶος ἀπ' ἐμπορίης.
μητέρες ὡς ἀνίσου μοίρης λάχον· ἡ μὲν ἄελπτον
ζωὸν ἔχει, κείνη δ' ὄψεται οὐδὲ νέκυν.

229.—ΜΑΡΚΟΥ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΥ

Ἀρχαίη σύνδειπνε, καπηλικὰ μέτρα φιλεῦσα,
εὔλαλε, πρηΰγελως, εὔστομε, μακροφάρυξ,
αἰὲν ἐμῆς πενίης βραχυσύμβολε μύστι, λάγυνε,
ἦλθες ὅμως ὑπ' ἐμὴν χεῖρά ποτε χρόνιος.
αἴθ' ὄφελες καὶ ἄμικτος ἀνύμφευτός τε παρείης,
ἄφθορος ὡς κούρη πρὸς πόσιν ἐρχομένη.

230.—ΟΝΕΣΤΟΥ

Ἀμβαίνων Ἑλικῶνα μέγαν κάμες, ἀλλ' ἐκορέσθης
Πηγασίδος κρήνης νεκταρέων λιβάδων·
οὕτως καὶ σοφίης πόνος ὄρθιος· ἦν δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' ἄκρον
τέρμα μόλῃς, ἀρύσῃ Πιερίδων χάριτας.

231.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ [ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ]

Αὔην με πλατάνιστον ἐφερπύζουσα καλύπτει
ἄμπελος· ὀθνείῃ δ' ἀμφιτέθηλα κόμῃ,
ἡ πρὶν ἐμοῖς θαλέθουσιν ἐνιθρέψασ' ὀροδάμνοις
βότρυας, ἡ ταύτης οὐκ ἀπετηλοτέρη.

and seeing the symbol of her own misfortune in the corpse of another which the sea had washed up on the beach, the unhappy woman gave it burial as if it were her son's. But Dion, his ship undamaged, returned in safety from a voyage that had met all his hopes. What diverse fortune befel the two mothers! The one holds alive the son she never hoped to see, the other shall not even see her son dead.

229.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

(*cp. Book V., No.* 135)

My ancient boon-companion, friend of the vintner's measures, sweet babbler with the gentle laugh, pretty mouth and long neck, my flagon, ever knowing the secret of my poverty but contributing little to relieve it, I have waited for thee long, but I hold thee now. Would I had thee unmixed and unwedded,[1] coming like a maiden undefiled to her husband.

230.—HONESTUS

Thou wert sore tired by the ascent of great Helicon, but didst drink thy fill of the sweet waters of the spring of Pegasus. Even so the labour of study is up-hill, but if thou attainest the summit thou shalt quaff the pleasant gift of the Muses.

231.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

I am a dry plane-tree covered by the vine that climbs over me; and I, who once fed clusters from my own branches, and was no less leafy than this vine, now am clothed in the glory of foliage not my

[1] The Greek word means also "unwatered."

τοιην μέντοι ἔπειτα τιθηνείσθω τις ἑταίρην,
ἥτις ἀμείψασθαι καὶ νέκυν οἶδε μόνη.

232.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Ἀδριακοῖο κύτους λαιμὸς τὸ πάλαι μελίγηρυς,
ἠνίκ' ἐγαστροφόρουν Βακχιακὰς χάριτας,
νῦν κλασθεὶς κεῖμαι νεοθηλέϊ καρτερὸν ἔρκος
κλήματι, πρὸς τρυφερὴν τεινομένῳ καλύβην.
αἰεί τοι Βρομίῳ λατρεύομεν· ἢ γεραὸν γὰρ
φρουροῦμεν πιστῶς, ἢ νέον ἐκτρέφομεν.

233.—ΕΡΥΚΙΟΥ

Αὖά τοι ἐκτάμνοντι γεράνδρυα, κάμμορε Μίνδων,
φωλὰς ἀραχναίη σκαιὸν ἔτυψε πόδα,
νειόθεν ἀντιάσασα· χύδην δ' ἔβρυξε μελαίνῃ
σηπεδόνι χλωρὴν σάρκα κατ' ἀστραγάλους.
ἐτμήθη δ' ἀπὸ τῆς στιβαρὸν γόνυ, καὶ σὲ κομίζει
μουνόποδα βλωθρῆς σκηπάνιον κοτίνου.

234.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΥ

Ἄχρι τεῦ, ἆ δείλαιε, κεναῖσιν ἐπ' ἐλπίσι, θυμέ,
πωτηθεὶς ψυχρῶν ἀσσοτάτω νεφέων,
ἄλλοις ἄλλ' ἐπ' ὄνειρα διαγράψεις ἀφένοιο;
κτητὸν γὰρ θνητοῖς οὐδὲ ἓν αὐτόματον.
Μουσέων ἀλλ' ἐπὶ δῶρα μετέρχεο· ταῦτα δ' ἀμυδρὰ
εἴδωλα ψυχῆς ἠλεμάτοισι μέθες.

235.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἄγχουροι μεγάλαι κόσμου χθόνες, ἃς διὰ Νεῖλος
πιμπλάμενος μελάνων τέμνει ἀπ' Αἰθιόπων,

own. Such a mistress let a man cherish who, unlike her kind, knows how to requite him even when he is dead.

232.—PHILIPPUS OF THESSALONICA

I AM the neck of an Adriatic wine-jar, once honey-voiced when I bore in my belly the gift of Bacchus. But now I am broken I stand here as a strong support for a newly-planted vine which reaches up to climb over this delicate arbour. Ever do I serve Bacchus; either I guard him faithfully in his old age, or rear him in his youth.

233.—ERYCIUS

As thou wast cutting the dry roots of old trees, unhappy Mindon, a spider nesting there attacked thee from beneath and bit thy left foot. The venom, spreading, devoured with black putrefaction the fresh flesh of thy heel, and hence thy sturdy leg was cut off at the knee, and a staff cut from a tall wild olive-tree supports thee now on one leg.

234.—CRINAGORAS

How long, wretched soul, upborne by empty hopes nigh to the cold clouds, shalt thou build thee dream upon dream of wealth? Naught falls of its own accord into the possession of man. Pursue the gifts of the Muses, and leave these dim phantoms of the mind to fools.

235.—BY THE SAME

On the marriage of Cleopatra (daughter of Antony and Cleopatra) with Juba, King of Numidia

GREAT bordering regions of the world which the full stream of Nile separates from the black Aethiopians,

ἀμφότεραι βασιλῆας ἐκοινώσασθε γάμοισιν,
ἓν γένος Αἰγύπτου καὶ Λιβύης θέμεναι.
ἐκ πατέρων εἴη παισὶν πάλι τοῖσιν ἀνάκτων
ἔμπεδον ἠπείροις σκῆπτρον ἐπ' ἀμφοτέραις.

236.—ΒΑΣΣΟΥ ΛΟΛΛΙΟΥ

Ἄρρηκτοι Μοιρῶν πυμάτην ἐσφράγισαν ὅρκοι
τῷ Φρυγὶ παρ βωμῷ τὴν Πριάμου θυσίην.
ἀλλὰ σοί, Αἰνεία, στόλος ἱερὸς Ἰταλὸν ἤδη
ὅρμον ἔχει, πάτρης φροίμιον οὐρανίης.
ἐς καλὸν ὤλετο πύργος ὁ Τρώϊος· ἦ γὰρ ἐν ὅπλοις
ἠγέρθη κόσμου παντὸς ἄνασσα πόλις.

237.—ΕΡΥΚΙΟΥ

α. Βουκόλε, πρὸς τῶ Πανός, ὁ φήγινος, εἰπέ, κολοσσὸς
οὗτος, ὅτῳ σπένδεις τὸ γλάγος, ἔστι τίνος;
β. Τῶ λειοντοπάλα Τιρυνθίω. σὺ δὲ τὰ τόξα,
νήπιε, καὶ σκυτάλην ἀγριέλαιον ὁρῇς;
χαίροις Ἀλκείδα δαμαληφάγε, καὶ τάδε φρούρει
αὔλια, κἠξ ὀλίγων μυριόβοια τίθει.

238.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Βούπαις ὠπόλλων τόδε χάλκεον ἔργον Ὀνατᾶ,
ἀγλαΐης Λητοῖ καὶ Διῒ μαρτυρίη,
οὔθ' ὅτι τῆσδε μάτην Ζεὺς ἤρατο, χὤτι κατ' αἶνον
ὄμματα καὶ κεφαλὴν ἀγλαὸς ὁ Κρονίδης.
οὐδ' Ἥρη νεμεσητὸν ἐχεύατο χαλκὸν Ὀνατᾶς,
ὃν μετ' Ἐλειθυίης τοῖον ἀπεπλάσατο.

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[1] Heracles.

[2] The reference is to Hom. *Il.* ii. 478, a verse which seems to have become proverbial.

ye have by marriage made your sovereigns common to both, turning Egypt and Libya into one country. May the children of these princes ever again rule with unshaken dominion over both lands.

236.—BASSUS LOLLIUS

The inviolable oath of the Fates decreed that final sacrifice of Priam slaughtered on the Phrygian altar. But thy holy fleet, Aeneas, is already safe in an Italian harbour, the prelude of thy heavenly home. It was for the best that the towers of Troy fell; for hence in arms arose the city that is queen of the world.

237.—ERYCIUS

A. "Herdsman, tell me by Pan whose is this colossal statue of beech-wood to which thou art pouring a libation of milk." *B.* "The Tirynthian's[1] who wrestled with the lion. Seest thou not his bow, simpleton, and his club of wild olive? All hail to thee, calf-devouring Heracles, and guard this fold, that, instead of these few, my cattle may be ten thousand."

238.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

Apollo is a big boy here in this bronze work of Onatas which testifies to the beauty of Leto and Zeus, and proclaims that not idly did Zeus love her, and that, even as the saying is, the eyes and head of the son of Cronos are glorious.[2] Not even Hera will be displeased with this bronze which Onatas moulded to such beauty by the help of Ilithyia.[3]

[3] The statue is regarded as the child of the artist. This statue of Apollo was at Pergamus (Paus. viii. 42, 7).

239.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΥ

Βίβλων ἡ γλυκερὴ λυρικῶν ἐν τεύχεϊ τῷδε
πεντὰς ἀμιμήτων ἔργα φέρει Χαρίτων.
δῶρον δ' εἰς ἱερὴν Ἀντωνίῃ ἥκομεν ἠώ,
κάλλευς καὶ παπίδων ἔξοχ' ἐνεγκαμένη.

240.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ

Βαιὸν ἀποπλανίην λιπομήτορα παῖδα Καλύπτρης
κριὸς ἑλιξόκερως θεῖνε θρασυνόμενος.
κάπρος δ' Ἡράκλειος ἀπορρήξας ἀπὸ δεσμῶν,
ἐς νηδὺν κριοῦ πᾶσαν ἔβαψε γένυν·
ζωὴν νηπιάχῳ δ' ἐχαρίσσατο. ἆρ' †ἀπὸ Ἥρης
Ἡρακλέης βρεφέων ᾤκτισεν ἡλικίην;

241.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Βουκόλος ἔπλεο, Φοῖβε, Ποσειδάων δὲ καβάλλης,
κύκνος Ζεύς, Ἄμμων δ' ὠμφιβόητος ὄφις,
χοὶ μὲν ἐπ' ἠϊθέας, σὺ δὲ παιδικός, ὄφρα λάθοιτε·
ἐστὲ γὰρ οὐ πειθοῦς εὐνέται, ἀλλὰ βίης.
Εὐαγόρας δ' ὢν χαλκὸς ἄτερ δόλου αὐτὸς ἐναργὴς
πάντας καὶ πάσας, οὐ μεταβαλλόμενος.

242.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ ΒΥΖΑΝΤΙΟΥ

Γλαῦκος ὁ νησαίοιο διαπλώουσιν ὁδηγὸς
πορθμοῦ, καὶ Θασίων ἔντροφος αἰγιαλῶν,
πόντου ἀροτρευτὴρ ἐπιδέξιος, οὐδ', ὅτ' ἔκνωσσεν,
πλαζομένῃ στρωφῶν πηδάλιον παλάμῃ,

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[1] Probably a boar about to be sacrificed to Heracles.
[2] Apollo became a herd for the sake of Admetus, Poseidon

239.—CRINAGORAS

The sweet company of the five lyric poets united in this volume offer the work of the inimitable Graces. We come on her festal morning to Antonia, supreme in beauty and mind.

240.—PHILIPPUS

A ram with crumpled horns was rushing fiercely to butt Calyptra's little boy, who had strayed from his mother, when the boar of Heracles,[1] breaking his tether, buried his tusks in the ram's belly and gave the child its life. Is it because he remembers Hera's cruelty that Heracles pities children of tender age?

241.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

You were a neat-herd, Phoebus, and Poseidon was a nag, Zeus was a swan, and famous Ammon a snake[2] (they did it for the sake of girls, but you, Apollo, were after a boy), all to conceal your identity; for you all enjoy by force and not by persuasion. Evagoras, however, being made of brass,[3] need practise no deceit, but in his own form, and without any transformation, possesses all and every of either sex.

242.—ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM

Glaucus, brought up on the shores of Thasus, he who conducted those crossing by ferry to the island, skilled ploughman of the sea, who even when he was dozing guided the rudder with no uncertain hand, the

[1] a horse for that of Demeter, Zeus a swan for Leda, Ammon a snake to lie with Olympias and beget Alexander.

[3] *i.e.* having plenty of coin.

μυριέτης, ἁλίοιο βίου ῥάκος, οὐδ', ὅτ' ἔμελλεν
θνήσκειν, ἐκτὸς ἔβη γηραλέης σανίδος·
τοὶ δὲ κέλυφος ἔκαυσαν ἐπ' ἀνέρι, τόφρ' ὁ γεραιὸς
πλώσῃ ἐπ' οἰκείης εἰς ἀΐδην ἀκάτου.

243.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΔΟΥ

Γήθησαν περὶ παιδὸς Ἀριστίπποιο τοκῆες,
καὶ κλαῦσαν· μοίρης δ' ἦμαρ ἓν ἀμφοτέρης.
εὖτε γὰρ αἰθόμενον δόμον ἔκφυγεν, ἰθὺ κεραυνοῦ
Ζεὺς κατά οἱ κεφαλῆς ἄσπετον ἧκε σέλας.
τοῦτο δ' ἔπος τότ' ἔλεξαν ὅσοι νέκυν ὠδύροντο·
"Ὦ πυρὶ δαιμονίῳ τλῆμον ὀφειλόμενε."

244.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Δειματόεις ἐλάφων κεραὸς λόχος, εὖτε κρυώδεις
πλῆσαν ὀρῶν κορυφὰς χιόνεαι νιφάδες,
δείλαιαι ποταμοῖσιν ἐφώρμισαν, ἐλπίδι φροῦδοι
χλιῆναι νοτεροῖς ἄσθμασιν ὠκὺ γόνυ.
τὰς δὲ περιφράξας ἐχθρὸς ῥόος ἀθρόον ἄφνω
χειμερίῃ στυγεροῦ δῆσε πάγοιο πέδῃ.
πληθὺς δ' ἀγροτέρων ἁλίνου θοινήσατο θήρης,
ἣ φύγεν ἁρπεδόνην πολλάκι καὶ στάλικα.

245.—ΑΝΤΙΦΑΝΟΥΣ

Δυσμοίρων θαλάμων ἐπὶ παστάσιν οὐχ Ὑμέναιος,
ἀλλ' Ἀΐδης ἔστη πικρογάμου Πετάλης.
δείματι γὰρ μούνην πρωτόζυγα Κύπριν ἀν' ὄρφνην
φεύγουσαν, ξυνὸν παρθενικαῖσι φόβον,
φρουροδόμοι νηλεῖς κύνες ἔκτανον· ἦν δὲ γυναῖκα
ἐλπὶς ἰδεῖν, ἄφνως ἔσχομεν οὐδὲ νέκυν.

old man of countless years, the battered remnant of a seafarer, not even when he was on the point of death quitted his old tub. They burnt his shell on the top of him, that the old man might sail to Hades in his own boat.

243.—APOLLONIDES

The parents of Aristippus both rejoiced and wept for their son, and one day saw both his good and evil fate. When he had escaped from the burning house, straightway Zeus launched at his head the all-powerful flame of his thunderbolt. Then those who bewailed the dead spoke this word: "Unhappy boy, reserved by Fate for the fire of Heaven!"

244.—By the Same

A timid troop of horned deer, when the frozen mountain tops were covered by the snow clouds, sought refuge, poor creatures, in the river, setting off there in the hope of warming their swift limbs in the moist exhalations of the stream. But the unkind stream, shutting them in all of a sudden, imprisoned them in odious fetters of wintry ice. A crowd of countrymen feasted on the unsnared game that had often escaped the net and its stakes.

245.—ANTIPHANES

By the unhappy marriage-bed of Petale at her bitter bridal stood Hades, not Hymen. For, as she fled alone through the darkness, dreading the first taste of the yoke of Cypris—a terror common to all maidens—the cruel watch-dogs killed her. We had hoped to see her a wife and suddenly we could hardly find her corpse.

246.—ΜΑΡΚΟΥ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΥ

Ἐθραύσθης, ἡδεῖα παρ' οἰνοπόταισι λάγυνε,
νηδύος ἐκ πάσης χευαμένη Βρόμιον.
τηλόθε γὰρ λίθος εἰς σὲ βαρύστονος, οἷα κεραυνός,
οὐ Διὸς ἐκ χειρῶν, ἀλλὰ Δίωνος ἔβη.
ἦν δὲ γέλως ἐπὶ σοὶ καὶ σκώμματα πυκνά, τυπείσης,
καὶ πολὺς ἐξ ἑτάρων γινόμενος θόρυβος.
οὐ θρηνῶ σε, λάγυνε, τὸν εὐαστῆρα τεκοῦσαν
Βάκχον, ἐπεὶ Σεμέλη καὶ σὺ πεπόνθατ' ἴσα.

247.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ

Εὐθηλῆ πλάτανόν με Νότου βαρυλαίλαπες αὖραι
ῥίζης ἐξ αὐτῆς ἐστόρεσαν δαπέδοις·
λουσαμένη Βρομίῳ δ' ἔστην πάλιν, ὄμβρον ἔχουσα
χείματι καὶ θάλπει τοῦ Διὸς ἡδύτερον.
ὀλλυμένη δ' ἔζησα· μόνη δὲ πιοῦσα Λυαῖον,
ἄλλων κλινομένων, ὀρθοτέρη βλέπομαι.

248.—ΒΟΗΘΟΥ ΤΟΥ ΕΛΕΓΕΙΟΓΡΑΦΟΥ

Εἰ τοῖος Διόνυσος ἐς ἱερὸν ἦλθεν Ὄλυμπον,
κωμάζων Λήναις σύν ποτε καὶ Σατύροις,
οἷον ὁ τεχνήεις Πυλάδης ὠρχήσατο κεῖνον,
ὀρθὰ κατὰ τραγικῶν τέθμια μουσοπόλων,
παυσαμένη ζήλου Διὸς ἂν φάτο σύγγαμος Ἥρη·
"Ἐψεύσω, Σεμέλη, Βάκχον· ἐγὼ δ' ἔτεκον."

246.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

Thou art broken, sweet flagon, dear to the wine-bibbers, and hast shed from thy belly all the liquor of Bacchus. For from afar fell on thee, with a dreadful crash, a stone like a thunderbolt hurled by the hand, not of Zeus (Dios), but of Dion. And when it smote thee there was much laughter and many gibes, and a great noise among the company. I do not lament thee, flagon, who didst give birth to Bacchus the crier of Ehoe, for thy fate has been the same as Semele's.[1]

247.—PHILIPPUS

I am a fine plane-tree that the furious blasts of the south wind uprooted and laid low on the ground. But after a bath of wine I stand again erect, vivified both in summer and winter by a rain sweeter than that of heaven. By death I lived, and I alone, after drinking the juice of Bacchus which makes others bend, am seen to stand straighter.

248.—BOETHUS, THE WRITER OF ELEGIES

If Dionysus had come revelling with the Maenads and Satyrs to holy Olympus, looking just as Pylades the great artist played him in the ballet according to the true canons of the servants of the tragic Muse, Hera, the consort of Zeus, would have ceased to be jealous, and exclaimed: "Semele, thou didst pretend that Bacchus was thy son; 'twas I who bore him."

[1] The flagon is said to have given birth to Bacchus by spilling the wine, as Semele when smitten by the thunderbolt spilt the child from her womb.

249.—ΜΑΚΚΙΟΥ

Εὐπέταλον γλαυκὰν ἀναδενδράδα τάνδε παρ' ἄκραις
ἱδρυθεὶς λοφιαῖς Πὰν ὅδ' ἐπισκοπέω.
εἰ δέ σε πορφύροντος ἔχει πόθος, ὦ παροδῖτα,
βότρυος, οὐ φθονέω γαστρὶ χαριζομένῳ·
ἦν δὲ χερὶ ψαύσῃς κλοπίῃ μόνον, αὐτίκα δέξῃ
ὀζαλέην βάκτρου τήνδε καρηβαρίην.

250.—ΟΝΕΣΤΟΥ

Ἔστην ἐν φόρμιγγι, κατηρείφθην δὲ σὺν αὐλῷ
Θήβῃ· φεῦ Μούσης ἔμπαλιν ἁρμονίης·
κωφὰ δέ μοι κεῖται λυροθελγέα λείψανα πύργων,
πέτροι μουσοδόμοις τείχεσιν αὐτόμολοι,
σῆς χερός, Ἀμφίων, ἄπονος χάρις· ἑπτάπυλον γὰρ
πάτρην ἐπταμίτῳ τείχισας ἐν κιθάρῃ.

251.—ΕΥΗΝΟΥ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΚΟΥ

Ἐχθίστη Μούσαις σελιδηφάγε, λωβήτειρα
φωλάς, ἀεὶ σοφίης κλέμματα φερβομένη,
τίπτε, κελαινόχρως, ἱεραῖς ψήφοισι λοχάζῃ,
σίλφη, τὴν φθονερὴν εἰκόνα πλαττομένη;
φεῦγ' ἀπὸ Μουσάων, ἴθι τηλόσε, μηδ' ὅσον ὄψει
βάσκανον †ἐν ψήφῳ δόξαν ἐπεισαγάγῃς.

252.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἐς βαθὺν ἥλατο Νεῖλον ἀπ' ὀφρύος ὀξὺς ὀδίτης,
ἠνίκα λαιμάργων εἶδε λύκων ἀγέλην.

249.—MACCIUS

I am Pan, and established here at the top of the hill I keep watch over this leafy, green, climbing vine. If thou desirest my ripe fruit, traveller, I grudge it not, if it is to gratify thy belly; but if thou layest thy hand on me for the sake of robbery only, thou shalt straightway feel on thy head the weight of this knobbed staff.

250.—HONESTUS

(*cp. Nos.* 216, 253)

I, Thebes, rose at the sound of the lyre, and sunk in ruins at that of the flute. Alas for the Muse that was adverse to harmony! They now lie deaf, the remains of my towers, once charmed by the lyre, the stones that took their places of their own accord in the muse-built walls, a gift that cost thee, Amphion, no labour; for with thy seven-stringed lyre thou didst build thy seven-gated city.

251.—EVENUS

Page-eater, the Muses' bitterest foe, lurking destroyer, ever feeding on thy thefts from learning, why, black bookworm, dost thou lie concealed among the sacred utterances, producing the image of envy? Away from the Muses, far away! Convey not even by the sight of thee the suspicion of how they must suffer from ill-will.

252.—Anonymous

Quickly the traveller, when he saw the pack of greedy wolves, leapt from the bank into the deep Nile.

ἀλλά μιν ἀγρεύσαντο δι' ὕδατος· ἔβρυχε δ' ἄλλος
ἄλλον, ἐπουραίῳ δήγματι δραξάμενος.
μακρὰ γεφυρώθη δὲ λύκοις βυθός, ἔφθανε δ' ἄνδρα
νηχομένων θηρῶν αὐτοδίδακτος ἄρης.

253.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Ἐν Θήβαις Κάδμου κλεινὸς γάμος, ἀλλὰ μυσαχθὴς
Οἰδιποδος· τελετὰς Εὔϊος ἠσπάσατο,
ἃς γελάσας Πενθεὺς ὠδύρατο· τείχεα χορδαῖς
ἔστη, καὶ λωτοῖς ἔστενε λυόμενα·
Ἀντιόπης ὁσίη, χαλεπὴ δ' ὠδὶς Ἰοκάστης·
ἦν Ἰνὼ φιλόπαις, ἀλλ' ἀσεβὴς Ἀθάμας.
†οἰκτρὸν ἀεὶ πτολίεθρον· ἴδ' ὡς ἐσθλῶν περὶ Θήβας
μύθων καὶ στυγνῶν ἤρκεσεν ἱστορίη.

254.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἡ πυρὶ πάντα τεκοῦσα Φιλαίνιον, ἡ βαρυπένθης
μήτηρ, ἡ τέκνων τρισσὸν ἰδοῦσα τάφον,
ἀλλοτρίαις ὠδῖσιν ἐφώρμισα· ἦ γὰρ ἐώλπειν
πάντως μοι ζήσειν τοῦτον ὃν οὐκ ἔτεκον.
ἡ δ' εὔπαις θετὸν υἱὸν ἀνήγαγον· ἀλλά με δαίμων
ἤθελε μηδ' ἄλλης μητρὸς ἔχειν χάριτα.
κληθεὶς ἡμέτερος γὰρ ἀπέφθιτο· νῦν δὲ τεκούσαις
ἤδη καὶ λοιπαῖς πένθος ἐγὼ γέγονα.

255.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἠρίθμει πολὺν ὄλβον Ἀριστείδης ὁ πενιχρὸς
τὴν ὄϊν ὡς ποίμνην, τὴν βόα δ' ὡς ἀγέλην·

But they continued the chase through the water, each holding on by its teeth to another's tail. A long bridge of wolves was formed over the stream, and the self-taught stratagem of the swimming beasts caught the man.

253.—PHILIPPUS OF THESSALONICA

Splendid in Thebes was the marriage of Cadmus, but that of Oedipus was abominable. Bacchus welcomed the orgies which Pentheus, having ridiculed, bewailed. The walls arose to the music of strings, but groaned as they crumbled to the flute's. Holy were the birth-pangs of Antiope, but Iocasta's heavy with doom. Ino loved her child, but Athamas was impious. The city was always famous (?). See how for good or evil History always had plenty to tell of Thebes.

254.—By the Same

I, Philaenis, who bore children but to feed the funeral pyre, the mother weighed down by grief, who had seen the burial of three, sought refuge in the fruit of another womb; for, indeed, I was confident that the son I had not borne myself would live. So, though I had given birth to so many, I brought up an adopted son. But Fate would not allow me to possess even the gift of another mother; for no sooner was he called mine than he died, and now I have become a cause of mourning even to other mothers.

255.—By the Same

(*cp. No.* 150)

Needy Aristides reckoned his possessions as great; his one sheep was a flock, his one cow a herd. But

ἤμβροτε δ' ἀμφοτέρων· ἀμνὴν λύκος, ἔκτανε δ' ὠδὶς
τὴν δάμαλιν, πενίης δ' ὤλετο βουκόλιον·
πηροδέτῳ δ' ὅ γ' ἰμάντι κατ' αὐχένος ἅμμα πεδήσας
οἰκτρὸς ἀμυκήτῳ κάτθανε πὰρ καλύβῃ.

256.—ΑΝΤΙΦΑΝΟΥΣ

Ἥμισύ μευ ζώειν ἐδόκουν ἔτι, κεῖνο δ' ἔφυσεν
ἓν μόνον αἰπυτάτου μῆλον ἐπ' ἀκρέμονος·
ἡ δὲ κύων δένδρων καρποφθόρος, ἡ πτιλόνωτος
κάμπη, καὶ τὸ μόνον βάσκανος ἐξέφαγεν.
ὁ Φθόνος εἰς πολὺν ὄγκον ἀπέβλεπεν· ὃς δὲ τὰ μικρὰ
πορθεῖ, καὶ τούτου χείρονα δεῖ με λέγειν.

257.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΔΟΥ

Ἡ Καθαρή (Νύμφαι γὰρ ἐπώνυμον ἔξοχον ἄλλων
κρήνῃ πασάων δῶκαν ἐμοὶ λιβάδων),
ληϊστὴς ὅτε μοι παρακλίντορας ἔκτανεν ἄνδρας,
καὶ φονίην ἱεροῖς ὕδασι λοῦσε χέρα,
κεῖνον ἀναστρέψασα γλυκὺν ῥόον, οὐκέθ' ὁδίταις
βλύζω· τίς γὰρ ἐρεῖ τὴν Καθαρὴν ἔτι με;

258.—ΑΝΤΙΦΑΝΟΥΣ ΜΕΓΑΛΟΠΟΛΙΤΟΥ

Ἴλ πάρος εὐύδροισι λιβαζομένη προχοαῖσι,
πτωχὴ νῦν νυμφῶν μέχρι καὶ εἰς σταγόνα·
λυθρώδεις γὰρ ἐμοῖσιν ἐνίψατο νάμασι χεῖρας
ἀνδροφόνος, κηλῖδ' ὕδασιν ἐγκεράσας·
ἐξ οὗ μοι κοῦραι φύγον ἤλιον, "Εἰς ἕνα Βάκχον,"
εἰποῦσαι, "νύμφαι μισγόμεθ', οὐκ ἐς Ἄρη."

he lost both; a wolf killed the ewe, and the cow died in calving. So that the stock of his poor farm was gone, and the luckless man, noosing his neck in the strap of his wallet, perished by his shed that no longer echoed to the sound of bleating.

256.—ANTIPHANES

I THOUGHT that half of me was still alive, and that half produced one single apple on the highest branch. But the brute that ravages fruit-trees, the hairy-backed caterpillar, envied me even the one, and ate it up. Envy's eyes are set on great wealth, but the creature who lays waste a little substance I must call worse even than Envy's self.

257.—APOLLONIDES

I, THE Pure Fountain (for that is the name the Nymphs bestowed on me above all other springs), when the robber had slain the men who were reclining beside me, and washed his bloody hands in my sacred water, turned back that sweet stream, and no longer gush for travellers; for who will call me "*The Pure*" any longer?

258.—ANTIPHANES OF MEGALOPOLIS

I WHO once gushed with abundance of sweet water, have now lost my nymphs[1] even to the last drop. For the murderer washed his bloody hands in my water, and tainted it with the stain. Ever since the maidens have retired from the sunlight, exclaiming, "We nymphs mix with Bacchus alone, not with Ares."

[1] My water.

259.—ΒΙΑΝΟΡΟΣ

Ἤριπεν ἐξ ἄκρης δόμος ἀθρόος, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ παιδὶ
νηπιάχῳ Ζεφύρου πολλὸν ἐλαφρότερος·
φείσατο κουροσύνης καὶ ἐρείπιον. ὦ μεγάλαυχοι
μητέρες, ὠδίνων καὶ λίθος αἰσθάνεται.

260.—ΣΕΚΟΥΝΔΟΥ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΥ

Ἡ τὸ πάλαι Λαὶς πάντων βέλος, οὐκέτι Λαὶς
ἀλλ' ἐτέων φανερὴ πᾶσιν ἐγὼ Νέμεσις.
οὐ μὰ Κύπριν (τί δὲ Κύπρις ἐμοί γ' ἔτι, πλὴν ὅσον
ὅρκος;)
γνώριμον οὐδ' αὐτῇ Λαΐδι Λαὶς ἔτι.

261.—ΕΠΙΓΟΝΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Ἡ πάρος εὐπετάλοισιν ἐν οἰνάνθαις νεάσασα,
καὶ τετανῶν βοτρύων ῥᾶγα κομισσαμένη,
νῦν οὕτω γραιοῦμαι. ἴδ' ὁ χρόνος οἷα δαμάζει·
καὶ σταφυλὴ γήρως αἰσθάνεται ῥυτίδων.

262.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Ἠρίθμουν ποτὲ πάντες Ἀριστοδίκην κλυτόπαιδα
ἑξάκις ὠδίνων ἄχθος ἀπωσαμένην·
ἤρισε δ' εἰς αὐτὴν ὕδωρ χθονί· τρεῖς γὰρ ὅλοντο
νούσῳ, λειπόμενοι δ' ἤμυσαν ἐν πελάγει.
αἰεὶ δ' ἡ βαρύδακρυς, ἐπὶ στήλαις μὲν ἀηδών,
μεμφομένη δὲ βυθοῖς ἀλκυονὶς βλέπεται.

263.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ ΒΥΖΑΝΤΙΟΥ

Ἡ γραῦς Εὐβούλη, ὅτε οἱ καταθύμιον ἦν τι,
Φοίβου τὸν πρὸ ποδῶν μάντιν ἄειρε λίθον,

259.—BIANOR

The house fell in from top to bottom, but much more lightly on the infant son of Zephyrus. Even a ruin spared childhood. O ye boastful mothers, see how even stone feels maternal affection.

260.—SECUNDUS OF TARENTUM

I, Lais, who was once the love-dart that smote all, am Lais no longer, but a witness to all of the Nemesis of years. No, by Cypris!—and what is Cypris to me now but an oath?—Lais is no longer recognisable to Lais herself.

261.—EPIGONUS OF THESSALONICA

I, the vine who once was young and clothed in leafy shoots, I who bore bunches of swelling grapes, am now as old as you see. Look how Time overcomes us! Even the vine's clusters know the wrinkles of old age.

262.—PHILIPPUS OF THESSALONICA

All once counted Aristodice to be a proud mother, for six times had she been delivered of her womb's burden. But water vied with earth in afflicting her; for three sons perished by sickness, and the rest closed their eyes in the sea. The tearful woman is ever seen complaining like a nightingale by the grave-stones, and upbraiding the deep like a halcyon.[1]

263.—ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM

Old Eubule, whenever she had set her heart on anything, used to pick up the nearest stone at her

[1] See the story of Ceyx and Alcyone in Ovid (*Metam.* xi.), finely rendered by Dryden.

χείρεσι πειράζουσα· καὶ ἦν βαρύς, ἡνίκα μή τι
ἤθελεν· εἰ δὲ θέλοι, κουφότερος πετάλων.
αὐτὴ δὲ πρήσσουσα τό οἱ φίλον, ἦν ποθ' ἁμάρτῃ,
Φοίβῳ τὰς ἀνίσους χεῖρας ἐπεγράφετο.

264.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΔΟΥ, *οἱ δὲ* ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ

Θάμνου ποτ' ἄκρους ἀμφὶ κλῶνας ἥμενος
τέττιξ πτερῷ, φλέγοντος ἡλίου μέσου,
νηδὺν ῥαπίζων, δαίδαλ' αὐτουργῷ μέλει
ἡδὺς κατωργάνιζε τῆς ἐρημίας.
Κρίτων δ', ὁ πάσης ἰξοεργὸς Πιαλεὺς
θήρης, ἀσάρκου νῶτα δουνακεύσατο.
τίσιν δ' ἔτισεν· εἰς γὰρ ἠθάδας πάγας
σφαλεὶς ἁλᾶται παντὸς ἱμείρων πτεροῦ.

265.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἰοτυπὴς Διὸς ὄρνις ἐτίσατο Κρῆτα φαρέτρης,
οὐρανόθεν τόξῳ τόξον ἀμυνόμενος·
κεῖνον δ' εὐθὺς ἄκοντι παλιν<δρομέοντι κατέκτα>
ἠέριος, πίπτων δ' ἔκτανεν ὡς ἔθανεν.
μηκέτ' ἐφ' ὑμετέροις ἀψευδέσι Κρῆτες ὀΐστοῖς
αὐχεῖθ'· ὑμνείσθω καὶ Διὸς εὐστοχίη.

266.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Ἵμερον αὐλήσαντι πολυτρήτων διὰ λωτῶν
εἶπε λιγυφθόγγῳ Φοῖβος ἐπὶ Γλαφύρῳ·

feet, as being Apollo's prophet, and try it in her hand. Whenever she did not want a thing, it was heavy; but if she wanted it, it was lighter than a feather. But she acted as it pleased her best, and if she came to grief she set down the unfairness of her hand's judgment to Phoebus.[1]

264.—APOLLONIDES or PHILIPPUS

The cicada used to sit on the highest boughs of the shrubs, and in the burning noon-tide sun, beating its belly with its wings, by the sweet variations of its self-wrought strains filled all the wilderness with music. But Criton of Pialia, the fowler who disdains no kind of game, caught this fleshless thing by its back with his limed twig. But he suffered punishment; for his daily craft now plays him false, and he wanders about not catching even a feather.

265.—By the Same

(*cp. No.* 223)

The bird of Zeus, pierced by an arrow, avenged himself on the Cretan for his archery, returning arrow for arrow from heaven. With the returning shaft it slew the slayer at once from the sky, and falling, killed as it died. No longer boast, ye Cretans, of your unerring arrows; let the deadly aim of Zeus, too, be celebrated.

266.—ANTIPATER

Phoebus spoke thus of the sweet musician Glaphyrus when he breathed the spirit of love from his

[1] This mode of seeking the counsel of the gods as to contemplated actions is mentioned also by Dio Chrysostom (*Or.* xiii. p. 419).

"Μαρσύη, ἐψεύσω τεὸν εὕρεμα, τοὺς γὰρ Ἀθήνης
αὐλοὺς ἐκ Φρυγίης οὗτος ἐληΐσατο·
εἰ δὲ σὺ τοιούτοις τότ' ἐνέπνεες, οὐκ ἂν Ὄλυμπος
τὴν ἐπὶ Μαιάνδρῳ κλαῦσε δύσαυλον ἔριν."

267.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Ἰκαρίην πλώων [πρῴην] ἅλα, νηὸς ὀλισθὼν
Δᾶμις ὁ Νικαρέτου κάππεσεν εἰς πέλαγος.
πολλὰ πατὴρ δ' ἠρᾶτο πρὸς ἀθανάτους, καὶ ἐς ὕδωρ
φθέγγεθ', ὑπὲρ τέκνου κύματα λισσόμενος.
ὤλετο δ' οἰκτίστως βρυχθεὶς ἁλί· κεῖνο δὲ πατρὸς
ἔκλυεν ἀράων οὐδὲ πάλαι πέλαγος.

268.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Κρῆσσα κύων ἐλάφοιο κατ' ἴχνιον ἔδραμε Γοργώ,
ἔγκυος, ἀμφοτέρην Ἄρτεμιν εὐξαμένη·
τίκτε δ' ἀποκτείνουσα· θοὴ δ' ἐπένευσεν Ἐλευθὼ
ἄμφω, εὐαγρίης δῶρα καὶ εὐτοκίης·
καὶ νῦν ἐννέα παισὶ διδοῖ γάλα. φεύγετε, Κρῆσσαι
κεμμάδες, ἐκ τοκάδων τέκνα διδασκόμεναι.

269.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Κλασθείσης ποτὲ νηὸς ἐν ὕδατι δῆριν ἔθεντο
δισσοὶ ὑπὲρ μούνης μαρνάμενοι σανίδος.
τύψε μὲν Ἀνταγόρης Πεισιστρατον· οὐ νεμεσητόν,
ἦν γὰρ ὑπὲρ ψυχῆς· ἀλλ' ἐμέλησε Δίκῃ.

[1] Hyagnis (according to one version at least, but *cp.* No. 340) was the father of Marsyas. Marsyas having found

pierced flute: "Marsyas, thou didst lie concerning thy invention, for this man hath stolen Athena's flute from Phrygia. If thou hadst then breathed into such as this, Hyagnis had never wept for the contest by the Maeander in which the flute was fatal." [1]

267.—PHILIPPUS OF THESSALONICA

Sailing of late on the Icarian sea, Damis, the son of Nicaretus, slipped from the deck and fell into the sea. Sore did his father pray to the immortals, and call on the water, beseeching the waves for his son. But, devoured by the sea, he perished miserably. That is a sea that of old, too, was deaf to a father's prayers.[2]

268.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

Gorgo, the Cretan bitch, being in pup, was on the track of a hind, and had paid her vows to both Dianas. As she killed the deer she littered, and quickly did the Deliveress grant both prayers, that for success in the chase and that for an easy labour. Now Gorgo gives milk to nine children. Fly, ye Cretan deer, learning from the force of mothers in travail what their young are like to be.

269.—By the Same

When the ship was dashed to pieces two men strove with each other in the water, quarrelling for one plank. Antagoras struck Pisistratus. It was not inexcusable, for his life was at stake, but Justice was

[1] the flute which Athena, after inventing it, threw away in disgust, claimed to be its inventor.

[2] *i.e.* to the prayers of Daedalus for his son Icarus.

νῆχε δ' ὁ μεν, τὸν δ' εἶλε κύων ἁλός. ἡ παναλάστωρ
κηρῶν οὐδ' ὑγρῷ παύεται ἐν πελάγει.

270.—ΜΑΡΚΟΥ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΥ

Κωμάζω, χρύσειον ἐς ἑσπερίων χορὸν ἄστρων
λεύσσων, οὐδ' ἄλλων λὰξ ἐβάρυν' ὀάρους·
στρέψας δ' ἀνθόβολον κρατὸς τρίχα, τὴν κελαδεινὴν
πηκτίδα μουσοπόλοις χερσὶν ἐπηρέθισα.
καὶ τάδε δρῶν εὔκοσμον ἔχω βίον· οὐδὲ γὰρ αὐτὸς
κόσμος ἄνευθε λύρης ἔπλετο καὶ στεφάνου.

271.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΔΟΥ

Καὶ πότε δὴ νήεσσ' ἄφοβος πόρος, εἰπέ, θάλασσα,
εἰ καὶ ἐν ἁλκυόνων ἤμασι κλαυσόμεθα,
ἁλκυόνων, αἷς πόντος ἀεὶ στηρίξατο κῦμα
νήνεμον, ὡς κρῖναι χέρσον ἀπιστοτέρην;
ἀλλὰ καὶ ἡνίκα μαῖα καὶ ὠδίνεσσιν ἀπήμων
αὐχεῖς, σὸν φόρτῳ δῦσας Ἀριστομένην.

272.—ΒΙΑΝΟΡΟΣ

Καρφαλέος δίψει Φοίβου λάτρις εὖτε γυναικὸς
εἶδεν ὑπὲρ τύμβου κρωσσίον ὀμβροδόκον,
κλάγξεν ὑπὲρ χείλους, ἀλλ' οὐ γένυς ἥπτετο βυσσοῦ.
Φοῖβε, σὺ δ' εἰς τέχνην ὄρνιν ἐκαιρομάνεις·
χερμάδα δὲ †ψαλμῶν σφαῖρον πότον ἅρπαγι χείλει
ἔφθανε μαιμάσσων λαοτίνακτον ὕδωρ.

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[1] *κόσμος* has the two senses of "order, propriety" and "the Universe." The constellations are Lyra and Corona Borealis.

[2] The halcyon days were fourteen days near the winter

concerned. The one swam on, but the other was seized by a shark. She, the all-avenger, does not cease from vengeance even in the watery deep.

270.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

I KEEP revel, gazing at the golden dance of the stars of evening, nor do I rudely disturb the converse of others. Tossing my hair that scatters flowers, I awake with musical fingers the deep-toned lyre. And in doing so I lead an orderly life, for the order of the universe itself lacks not a Lyre and a Crown.[1]

271.—APOLLONIDES

AND when then, tell me, Sea, shalt thou give safe passage to ships, if we are to weep even in the days of the halcyons, the halcyons for whom the deep has ever lulled the waves to so steady a calm that they deem it more trustworthy than the land?[2] Even now, when thou boastest of being a nurse stilling the pangs of child-birth, thou hast sunk Aristomenes with his cargo.

272.—BIANOR

WHEN a crow, the minister of Phoebus, parched with thirst, saw on a woman's tomb a pitcher containing rain-water, it croaked over the mouth but could not reach the bottom with its beak. But, thou, Phoebus, didst inspire the bird with opportune artfulness, and, by dropping pebbles in, it reached in its eagerness with its greedy lips the water set in motion by the stones.[3]

solstice which were supposed to be always calm and in which the halcyon was supposed to build its nest on the waves.

[3] Though line 5 is hopelessly corrupt there is no doubt of the sense. The anecdote is told by Pliny and Plutarch.

273.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Καύματος ἐν θάμνοισι λαλίστατος ἡνίκα τέττιξ
φθέγξατο διγλώσσῳ μελπόμενος στόματι,
δουνακόεντα Κρίτων συνθεὶς δόλον, εἷλεν ἀοιδὸν
ἠέρος, οὐκ ἰδίην ἰξοβολῶν μελέτην.
ἄξια δ' οὐχ ὁσίης θήρης πάθεν· οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' ἄλλων
πήξατ' ἐπ' ὀρνίθων εὔστοχον ὡς πρὶν ἄγρην.

274.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ

Καὶ τὸν ἀρουραῖον γυρήτομον αὔλακα τεμνει
μηροτυπεῖ κέντρῳ πειθομένη δάμαλις·
καὶ μετ' ἀροτροπόνους ζεύγλας πάλι τῷ νεοθηλεῖ
πινομένη μόσχῳ δεύτερον ἄλγος ἔχει.
μὴ θλίψῃς αὐτὴν ὁ γεωμόρος· οὗτος ὁ βαιὸς
μόσχος, ἐὰν φείσῃ, σοὶ τρέφεται δαμάλης.

275.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΥ

Κάπρον μὲν χέρσῳ Κόδρος ἔκτανε· τὴν δὲ ταχεῖαν
εἶν ἁλὶ καὶ χαροποῖς κύμασιν εἶλ' ἔλαφον.
εἰ δ' ἦν καὶ πτηνὴ θηρῶν φύσις, οὐδ' ἂν ἐν αἴθρῃ
τὴν κείνου κενεὴν Ἄρτεμις εἶδε χέρα.

276.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΥ

Λῶπος ἀποκλύζουσα παρὰ κροκάλαισι θαλάσσης
χερνῆτις, διεροῦ τυτθὸν ὕπερθε πάγου,
χέρσον ἐπεκβαίνοντι κατασπασθεῖσα κλύδωνι,
δειλαίη πικροῦ κῦμ' ἔπιεν θανάτου·
πνεῦμα δ' ὁμοῦ πενίῃ ἀπελύσατο. τίς κ' ἐνὶ νηὶ
θαρσήσαι πεζοῖς τὴν ἀφύλακτον ἄλα;

273.—By the Same
(*cp. No.* 264)

While the never silent cicada was singing on the bushes in the heat with its double-tongued mouth, Crito contrived with his limed reeds to catch the songster of the air, no proper victim of his craft. But he got his deserts for his impious capture, and was no longer successful as before in the snares he set for other birds.

274.—PHILIPPUS

The young cow, obeying the goad that pricks her thighs, cuts the recurring furrows of the field, and again, after her ploughing-labour under the yoke, suffers fresh pain in suckling her newly-born calf. Do not drive her hard, husbandman. This little calf of hers, if you spare the mother, will grow up for you and become a steer.

275.—MACEDONIUS

Codrus killed the boar on land, and the swift deer he took in the blue waves of the sea. Were there beasts with wings too, Artemis would not have seen him empty-handed even in the air.

276.—CRINAGORAS

The serving-woman washing clothes on the sea-beach, a little above the wet rocks, was swept off, poor wretch, by a breaker which flooded the shore, and she drunk the bitter wave of death. She was in one moment released from life and from poverty. Who in a ship shall brave that sea from which even those on land are not protected?

277.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ

Λαβροπόδη λειμαρρε, τί δὴ τόσον ὧδε κορύσσῃ,
πεζὸν ἀποκλείων ἴχνος ὁδοιπορίης;
ἦ μεθύεις ὄμβροισι, καὶ οὐ Νύμφαισι διαυγὲς
νᾶμα φέρεις, θολεραῖς δ' ἠράνισαι νεφέλαις.
ὄψομαι ἠελίῳ σε κεκαυμένον, ὅστις ἐλέγχειν
καὶ γόνιμον ποταμῶν καὶ νόθον οἶδεν ὕδωρ.

278.—ΒΙΑΝΟΡΟΣ

Λάρνακα πατρῴων ἔτι λείψανα κοιμίζουσαν
νεκρῶν χειμάρρῳ παῖς ἴδε συρομένην·
καί μιν ἄχος τόλμης ἐπλήσατο, χεῦμα δ' ἀναιδὲς
εἰσέθορεν, πικρὴν δ' ἦλθ' ἐπὶ συμμαχίην.
ὀστέα μὲν γὰρ ἔσωσεν ἀφ' ὕδατος, ἀντὶ δὲ τούτων
αὐτὸς ὑπὸ βλοσυροῦ χεύματος ἐφθάνετο.

279.—ΒΑΣΣΟΥ

Ληθαίης ἀκάτοιο τριηκοσίους ὅτε ναύτας
δεύτερον ἔσχ' Ἀΐδης, πάντας ἀρῃϊφάτους,
"Σπάρτας ὁ στόλος," εἶπεν· "ἴδ' ὡς πάλι πρόσθια πάντα
τραύματα, καὶ στέρνοις δῆρις ἔνεστι μόνοις·
νῦν γε μόθου κορέσασθε, καὶ εἰς ἐμὸν ἀμπαύσασθε
ὕπνον, ἀνικάτου δῆμος Ἐνυαλίου."

280.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΔΟΥ

Λαίλιος, Αὐσονίων ὑπάτων κλέος, εἶπεν ἀθρήσας
Εὐρώταν· "Σπάρτης χαῖρε φέριστον ὕδωρ."

277.—ANTIPHILUS

Why, torrent, in thy furious march dost thou lift thyself up so high and shut off the progress of travellers on foot? Art thou drunk with the rain, and no more content with a stream the Nymphs make transparent? Hast thou borrowed water from the turbid clouds? One day I shall see thee burnt up by the sun, who knows how to test the water of rivers, distinguishing the true from the bastard.

278.—BIANOR

A boy saw carried away by the torrent a coffin in which rested still the remains of his parents. Sorrow filled him with daring and he rushed into the ruthless stream, but his help cost him sore. For he saved the bones indeed from the water, but in their place was himself overtaken by the fierce current.

279.—BASSUS

When, for the second time,[1] Hades received from the bark of Lethe three hundred dead, all slain in war, he said: "The company is Spartan; see how all their wounds are in front again, and war dwells in their breasts alone. Now, people of unvanquished Ares, hunger no more for battle, but rest in my sleep."

280.—APOLLONIDES

Laelius the distinguished Roman consul said, looking at the Eurotas, "Hail! Sparta's stream, of rivers

[1] The first time was the battle of Thyreae. See Index to vol. ii.

Μουσάων δ' ἐπὶ χεῖρα βαλὼν πολυΐστορι βίβλῳ,
εἶδεν ὑπὲρ κορυφῆς σύμβολον εὐμαθίης·
κίτται, μιμηλὸν βιότου πτερόν, ἐν σκιεροῖσιν
ἄγκεσι παμφώνων μέλπον ἀπὸ στομάτων.
ὡρμήθη δ' ἐπὶ ταῖσι. τί δ' οὐ ζηλωτὸς ὁ μόχθος,
εἰ καὶ πτηνὰ ποθεῖ * * *.

281.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ξυνὸν ὀπηνίκα θαῦμα κατείδομεν Ἀσὶς ἅπασα,
πῶλον ἐπ' ἀνδρομέαν σάρκα φριμασσόμενον,
Θρηϊκίης φάτνης πολιὸς λόγος εἰς ἐμὸν ὄμμα
ἦλυθε· δίζημαι δεύτερον Ἡρακλέα.

282.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΜΑΚΕΔΟΝΟΣ

Ξεῖνοι, παρθένος εἰμὶ τὸ δένδρεον· εἴπατε δάφνης
φείσασθαι δμώων χερσὶν ἑτοιμοτόμοις·
ἀντὶ δ' ἐμεῦ κομάρου τις ὁδοιπόρος ἢ τερεβίνθου
δρεπτέσθω χθαμαλὴν ἐς χύσιν· οὐ γὰρ ἑκάς·
ἀλλ' ἀπ' ἐμεῦ ποταμὸς μὲν ὅσον τρία, τοῦ δ' ἀπὸ πηγῶν
ὕλη πανθηλὴς δοιὰ πέλεθρ' ἀπέχει.

283.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΥ

Οὔρεα Πυρηναῖα καὶ αἱ βαθυάγκεες Ἄλπεις,
αἳ Ῥήνου προχοὰς ἐγγὺς ἀποβλέπετε,

[1] I suppose that by uttering or citing a fragment of Greek verse Laelius gave an indication of his taste for study in which the magpies encouraged him to persevere. But not too much reliance should be placed on this interpretation of the obscure epigram.

noblest far." Having thus set his hand to the erudite book of the Muses, he saw over his head a token of learning. The magpies, birds that imitate human life, were calling from the leafy dells in all their various tongues. By them he was encouraged; and how can the labour not be enviable if even the birds desire (to find expression for their thoughts)?[1]

281.—By the Same

When all Asia witnessed the common marvel the colt furious to feed on flesh of men, the grey-grown legend of the Thracian stable[2] came before my eyes. I am in search of a second Heracles.

282.—ANTIPATER OF MACEDONIA

Strangers, I, whom you take for a tree, am a maiden.[3] Bid the slaves' hands that are prepared to cut me spare the laurel. Instead of me, let travellers cut to strew as a couch boughs of arbutus or terebinth, for they are not far away. The brook is about a hundred yards away from me, and from its springs a wood containing every kind of tree is distant about seventy yards.

283.—CRINAGORAS

Ye Pyrenees and ye deep-valleyed Alps that look down from nigh on the sources of the Rhine, ye are

[2] The horses of Diomede, King of Thrace, which he used to feed on human flesh. They were carried off by Heracles.

[3] Daphne, pursued by Apollo and changed into a laurel to save her chastity.

μάρτυρες ἀκτίνων, Γερμανικὸς ἃς ἀνέτειλεν,
ἀστράπτων Κελτοῖς πουλὺν ἐννάλιον.
οἱ δ' ἄρα δουπήθησαν ἀολλέες· εἶπε δ' Ἐνυὼ
Ἄρεϊ· "Τοιαύταις χερσὶν ὀφειλόμεθα."

284.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οἵους ἀνθ' οἵων οἰκήτορας, ὦ ἐλεεινή,
εὔραο. φεῦ μεγάλης Ἑλλάδος ἀμμορίης.
αὐτίκα καὶ γαίης χθαμαλωτέρη εἴθε, Κόρινθε,
κεῖσθαι, καὶ Λιβυκῆς ψάμμου ἐρημοτέρη,
ἢ τοίοις διὰ πᾶσα παλιμπρήτοισι δοθεῖσα
θλίβειν ἀρχαίων ὀστέα Βακχιαδῶν.

285.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Οὐκέτι πυργωθεὶς ὁ φαλαγγομάχας ἐπὶ δῆριν
ἄσχετος ὁρμαίνει μυριόδους ἐλέφας,
ἀλλὰ φόβῳ στείλας βαθὺν αὐχένα πρὸς ζυγοδέσμους,
ἄντυγα διφρουλκεῖ Καίσαρος οὐρανίου.
ἔγνω δ' εἰρήνης καὶ θὴρ χάριν· ὄργανα ῥίψας
Ἄρεος, εὐνομίης ἀντανάγει πατέρα.

286.—ΜΑΡΚΟΥ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΥ

Ὄρνι, τί μοι φίλον ὕπνον ἀφήρπασας; ἡδὺ δὲ Ἰύρρης
εἴδωλον κοίτης ᾤχετ' ἀποπτάμενον.
ἢ τάδε θρέπτρα τίνεις, ὅτι θῆκά σε, δύσμορε, πάσης
ᾠοτόκου κραίνειν ἐν μεγάροις ἀγέλης;
ναὶ βωμὸν καὶ σκῆπτρα Σαράπιδος, οὐκέτι νυκτὸς
φθέγξεαι, ἀλλ' ἔξεις βωμὸν ὃν ὠμόσαμεν.

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[1] This refers to the re-colonisation of Corinth by Julius Caesar, a measure usually praised. The colonists were

witnesses of the lightning that Germanicus flashes forth as he smites the Celts with the thunderbolts of war. In masses the foe fell, and Enyo said to Ares, "It is to such hands as these that our help is due."

284.—By the Same

What inhabitants, O luckless city, hast thou received, and in place of whom? Alas for the great calamity to Greece! Would, Corinth, thou didst lie lower than the ground and more desert than the Libyan sands, rather than that wholly abandoned to such a crowd of scoundrelly slaves, thou shouldst vex the bones of the ancient Bacchiadae![1]

285.—PHILIPPUS OF THESSALONICA

No longer does the mighty-tusked elephant, with turreted back and ready to fight phalanxes, charge unchecked into the battle; but in fear he hath yielded his thick neck to the yoke, and draws the car of divine Caesar. The wild beast knows the delight of peace; discarding the accoutrement of war, he conducts instead the father of good order.

286.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

Why hast thou, chanticleer, robbed me of beloved sleep, and the sweet image of Pyrrha has flown away from my bed? Is this my recompense for bringing thee up and making thee, ill-starred fowl, the lord of all the egg-laying herd in my house? I swear by the altar and sceptre of Serapis, no more shalt thou call in the night, but shalt lie on that altar by which I have sworn.

freedmen; Crinagoras speaks of them as if they were slaves (παλίμπρητοι = often sold).

287.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΔΟΥ

Ὁ πρὶν ἐγὼ Ῥοδίοισιν ἀνέμβατος ἱερὸς ὄρνις,
ὁ πρὶν Κερκαφίδαις αἰετὸς ἱστορίη,
ὑψιπετῆ τότε ταρσὸν ἀνὰ πλατὺν ἠέρ' ἀερθεὶς
ἤλυθον, Ἠελίου νῆσον ὅτ' εἶχε Νέρων·
κείνου δ' αὐλίσθην ἐνὶ δώμασι, χειρὶ συνήθης
κράντορος, οὐ φεύγων Ζῆνα τὸν ἐσσόμενον.

288.—ΓΕΜΙΝΟΥ

Οὗτος ὁ Κεκροπίδησι βαρὺς λίθος Ἄρειϊ κεῖμαι,
ξεῖνε, Φιλιππείης σύμβολον ἠνορέης,
ὑβρίζων Μαραθῶνα καὶ ἀγχιάλου Σαλαμῖνος
ἔργα, Μακηδονίης ἔγχεσι κεκλιμένα.
ὄμνυε νῦν νέκυας, Δημόσθενες· αὐτὰρ ἔγωγε
καὶ ζωοῖς ἔσομαι καὶ φθιμένοισι βαρύς.

289.—ΒΑΣΣΟΥ

Οὐλόμεναι νήεσσι Καφηρίδες, αἵ ποτε νόστον
ὠλέσαθ' Ἑλλήνων καὶ στόλον Ἰλιόθεν,
πυρσὸς ὅτε ψεύστας χθονίης δνοφερώτερα νυκτὸς
ἧψε σέλα, τυφλὴ δ' ἔδραμε πᾶσα τρόπις
χοιράδας ἐς πέτρας, Δαναοῖς πάλιν Ἴλιος ἄλλη
ἔπλετε, καὶ δεκέτους ἐχθρότεραι πολέμου.
καὶ τὴν μὲν τότ' ἔπερσαν· ἀνίκητος δὲ Καφηρεύς.
Ναύπλιε σοὶ χάρμην[1] Ἑλλὰς ἔκλαυσε δάκρυ.

[1] conj. Eldick : σοὶ γὰρ πᾶν MS.

[1] Son of the Sun and legendary founder of Rhodes.

[2] Just before Tiberius' recall from Rhodes (A.D. 2) an eagle was said to have perched on the roof of his house (Suet. *Tib.* c. 14).

287.—APOLLONIDES

I, THE holy bird, who had never set foot in Rhodes, the eagle who was but a fable to the people of Cercaphus,[1] came borne through the vast heaven by my high-flying wings, then when Tiberius was in the island of the Sun. In his house I rested, at the beck of my master's hand, not shrinking from the future Zeus.[2]

288.—GEMINUS

I, THIS stone, heavy to the Athenians, am dedicated to Ares as a sign of the valour of Philip. Here stand I to insult Marathon and the deeds of sea-girt Salamis, which bow before the Macedonian spear. Swear by the dead now, Demosthenes, but I shall be heavy to living and dead alike.[3]

289.—BASSUS

O ROCKS of Caphereus, fatal to ships, which destroyed the fleet of the Greeks on their home-coming from Troy, then when the lying beacon sent forth a flame darker than the night of hell, and every keel ran blindly on the sunken reefs, ye were another Troy to Greece and more deadly than the ten years' war. Troy indeed they sacked, but Caphereus was invincible. Nauplius, then did Hellas weep tears which were a joy to thee.[4]

[3] Supposed to be on a trophy erected by Philip II. to celebrate his victories over the Athenians. No such trophy ever existed. The reference is to Dem. *De Cor.* 208.

[4] Nauplius, to revenge the death of his son Palamedes, lured the Greek navy by a false beacon on to the rocks of Caphereus in Euboea.

290.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Ὅτ' ἐξ ἀήτου Λίβυος, ἐκ ζαοῦς Νότου
συνεζοφώθη πόντος, ἐκ δὲ νειάτων
μυχῶν βυθῖτις ψάμμος ἐξηρεύγετο,
ἱστὸς δὲ πᾶς ὤλισθεν εἰς ἁλὸς πτύχας,
φορτὶς δ' ἐσύρετ' ἐς ἀΐδαν πλανωμένη,
ἀρωγοναύτας δαίμονας Λυσίστρατος
ἐλιπάρησεν· οἱ δὲ τῷ νεωκόρῳ
μούνῳ θάλασσαν ἀγρίαν ἐκοίμισαν.

291.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΥ

Οὐδ' ἦν Ὠκεανὸς πᾶσαν πλήμμυραν ἐγείρῃ,
οὐδ' ἦν Γερμανίη Ῥῆνον ἅπαντα πίῃ,
Ῥώμης οὐδ' ὅσσον βλάψει σθένος, ἄχρι κε μίμνῃ
δεξιὰ σημαίνειν Καίσαρι θαρσαλέη.
οὕτως χαὶ ἱεραὶ Ζηνὸς δρύες ἔμπεδα ῥίζαις
ἑστᾶσιν, φύλλων δ' αὖα χέουσ' ἄνεμοι.

292.—ΟΝΕΣΤΟΥ

Παίδων ὃν μὲν ἔκαιεν Ἀρίστιον, ὃν δ' ἐσάκουσε
ναυηγόν· δισσὸν δ' ἄλγος ἔτηξε μίαν.
αἰαῖ μητέρα Μοῖρα διείλετο, τὴν ἴσα τέκνα
καὶ πυρὶ καὶ πικρῷ νειμαμένην ὕδατι.

293.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Πουλὺ Λεωνίδεω κατιδὼν δέμας αὐτοδάϊκτον
Ξέρξης ἐχλαίνου φάρεϊ πορφυρέῳ·

290.—PHILIPPUS OF THESSALONICA

When with the blasts of the Libyan wind, the fierce Sirocco, the sea grew dark and belched up the sand from her profoundest depths, when every mast had fallen into the hollow of the deep and the lost merchant ship was drifting to Hades, Lysistratus called on the gods who help mariners, and they, for the sake of the temple ministrant alone, lulled the savage waves.

291.—CRINAGORAS

(Written after a reverse of the Roman arms in Germany)

Not though Ocean arouses all his floods, not though Germany drinks up the whole Rhine,[1] shall the might of Rome be shaken as long as she remains confident in Caesar's auspicious guidance. So the holy oaks of Zeus stand firm on their roots, but the wind strips them of the withered leaves.

292.—HONESTUS

Aristion was burning the corpse of one son when she heard the other was shipwrecked. A double grief consumed a single heart. Alas! Fate divided this mother in two, since she gave one child to fire and the other to cruel water.

293.—PHILIPPUS OF THESSALONICA

Xerxes, looking on the great frame of self-slain Leonidas, clothed it in a purple cloak. Then Sparta's

[1] *i.e.* not though the Germans become so numerous that they drink up the Rhine, as Xerxes' army drunk up whole rivers.

κὴκ νεκύων δ' ἤχησεν ὁ τᾶς Σπάρτας πολὺς ἥρως·
"Οὐ δέχομαι προδόταις μισθὸν ὀφειλόμενον·
ἀσπὶς ἐμοὶ τύμβου κόσμος μέγας· αἶρε τὰ Περσῶν·
χἤξω κεἰς ἀΐδην ὡς Λακεδαιμόνιος."

294.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ ΒΥΖΑΝΤΙΟΥ

α. "Πορφυρέαν τοι τάνδε, Λεωνίδα, ὤπασε χλαῖναν
Ξέρξης, ταρβήσας ἔργα τεᾶς ἀρετᾶς."
β. "Οὐ δέχομαι· προδόταις αὔτα χάρις. ἀσπὶς ἔχοι με
καὶ νέκυν· ὁ πλοῦτος δ' οὐκ ἐμὸν ἐντάφιον."
α. "'Αλλ' ἔθανες· τί τοσόνδε καὶ ἐν νεκύεσσιν ἀπεχθὴς
Πέρσαις;" β. "Οὐ θνάσκει ζᾶλος ἐλευθερίας."

295.—ΒΙΑΝΟΡΟΣ

Πῶλον, τὸν πεδίων ἀλλ' οὐχ ἁλὸς ἱππευτῆρα,
νηῒ διαπλώειν πόντον ἀναινόμενον,
μὴ θάμβει χρεμέθοντα καὶ ἐν ποσὶ λὰξ πατέοντα
τοίχους, καὶ θυμῷ δεσμὰ βιαζόμενον.
ἄχθεται εἰ φόρτου μέρος ἔρχεται· οὐ γὰρ ἐπ' ἄλλοις
κεῖσθαι τὸν πάντων ἔπρεπεν ὠκύτατον.

296.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΔΟΥ

Σκύλλος, ὅτε Ξέρξου δολιχὸς στόλος Ἑλλάδα πᾶσαν
ἤλαυνεν, βυθίην εὕρετο ναυμαχίην,
Νηρῆος λαθρίοισιν ὑποπλεύσας τενάγεσσι,
καὶ τὸν ἀπ' ἀγκύρης ὅρμον ἔκειρε νεῶν.
αὐτανδρος δ' ἐπὶ γῆν ὠλίσθανε Περσὶς ἄναυδος
ὀλλυμένη, πρώτη πεῖρα Θεμιστοκλέους.

[1] Scyllus and his daughter are said to have performed this

great hero called from the dead: "I accept not the reward due to traitors. My shield is the best ornament of my tomb. Away with the Persian frippery, and I shall go even to Hades as a Spartan."

294.— ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM

A. "Xerxes gave thee this purple cloak, Leonidas, reverencing thy valorous deeds." *B.* "I do not accept it; that is the reward of traitors. Let me be clothed in my shield in death too; no wealthy funeral for me!" *A.* "But thou art dead. Why dost thou hate the Persians so bitterly even in death?" *B.* "The passion for freedom dies not."

295.—BIANOR

The horse, accustomed to gallop over the plain and not over the waves, refuses to sail across the sea on the ship. Do not wonder at his neighing and kicking the sides of the vessel, and angrily trying to free himself from his bonds. He is indignant at being part of the cargo; for the swiftest of all creatures should not depend on others for his passage.

296.—APOLLONIDES

Scyllus, when Xerxes' huge fleet was driving all Greece before it, invented submarine warfare. Descending into the hidden depths of the realm of Nereus, he cut the cables of the ships' anchors.[1] The Persian vessels, with all their crews, glided ashore and silently perished — the first achievement of Themistocles.

exploit when the Persian fleet was off Mt. Pelion (Paus. x. 19, 2).

297.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Στέλλευ ἐπ' Εὐφρήτην, Ζηνὸς τέκος· εἰς σὲ γὰρ ἤδη
ἠῷοι Πάρθων αὐτομολοῦσι πόδες.
στέλλευ, ἄναξ· δήεις δὲ φόβῳ κεχαλασμένα τόξα,
Καῖσαρ· πατρῴων δ' ἄρξαι ἀπ' ἐντολέων·
Ῥώμην δ', ὠκεανῷ περιτέρμονα πάντοθεν, αὐτὸς
πρῶτος ἀνερχομένῳ σφράγισαι ἠελίῳ.

298.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ

Σκίπων με πρὸς νηὸν ἀνήγαγεν, ὄντα βέβηλον
οὐ μοῦνον τελετῆς, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἠελίου·
μύστην δ' ἀμφοτέρων με Θεαὶ θέσαν· οἶδα δ' ἐκείνῃ
νυκτὶ καὶ ὀφθαλμῶν νύκτα καθηράμενος.
ἀσκίπων δ' εἰς ἄστυ κατέστιχον, ὄργια Δηοῦς
κηρύσσων γλώσσης ὄμμασι τρανότερον.

299.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Ταῦροι πρηϋτένοντες, ἀροτρευτῆρες ἀρούρης,
εἰν ἁλὶ τοὺς γαίης ἀντέχομεν καμάτους·
αὔλακα τὴν ἀσίδαρον ἐν ὕδασιν ἕλκομεν ἄμφω,
μακροτόνων σχοίνων ἅμμα σαγηνόδετον·
ἰχθύσι δ' ἐκ σταχύων λατρεύομεν. ἆ ταλαεργοί·
ἤδη κἠν πελάγει καρπὸν ἀροῦσι βόες.

300.—ΑΔΔΑΙΟΥ

Ταύρῳ φρικαλέον νάπος ἐκβαίνοντι Δοβήρου
Πευκέστης ἵππῳ καρτερὸς ἠντίασεν.

297.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

(*Probably addressed to Gaius Caesar when sent by Augustus to the East in the year* 1 B.C.)

Hie thee to the Euphrates, son of Zeus; already in the East the feet of the Parthians hasten to desert to thee. Hie thee on thy way, O prince, and thou shalt find, Caesar, their bow-strings relaxed by fear. But base all thou dost on thy father's instructions. The Ocean is Rome's boundary on every side; be thou the first to seal her domination with the rising Sun.

298.—ANTIPHILUS

My staff guided me to the temple uninitiated not only in the mysteries, but in the sunlight. The goddesses initiated me into both, and on that night I knew that my eyes as well as my soul had been purged of night. I went back to Athens without a staff, proclaiming the holiness of the mysteries of Demeter more clearly with my eyes than with my tongue.

299.—PHILIPPUS OF THESSALONICA

We meek-necked oxen, the ploughers of the field, endure in the sea the labour of the land. We both draw in the water a furrow not cut by iron, the long ropes attached to the seine. We toil now for fish, not for corn. Ah, long-suffering creatures! Oxen have begun to plough the sea too for its fruits.

300.—ADDAEUS

Valiant Peucestes encountered on horseback the bull as it issued from the dreadful dell of Doberus.

ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ὡρμήθη πρηὼν ἅτε· τοῦ δ' ἁπαλοῖο
Παιονίδα λόγχην ἧκε διὰ κροτάφου·
συλήσας κεφαλῆς δὲ διπλοῦν κέρας, αἰὲν ἐκείνῳ
ζωροποτῶν ἐχθροῦ κόμπον ἔχει θανάτου.

301.—ΣΕΚΟΥΝΔΟΥ

Τίπτε τὸν ὀγκητὴν βραδύπουν ὄνον ἄμμιγ' ἐν ἵπποις
γυρὸν ἀλωειναῖς ἐξελάατε δρόμον;
οὐχ ἅλις, ὅττι μύλοιο περίδρομον ἄχθος ἀνάγκῃ
σπειρηδὸν σκοτόεις κυκλοδίωκτος ἔχω;
ἀλλ' ἔτι καὶ πώλοισιν ἐρίζομεν. ἦ ῥ' ἔτι λοιπὸν
νῦν μοι τὴν σκολιὴν αὐχένι γαῖαν ἀροῦν.

302.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Τὸ βρέφος Ἑρμώνακτα διεχρήσασθε μέλισσαι
(φεῦ κύνες) ἑρπυστήν, κηρία μαιόμενον·
πολλάκι δ' ἐξ ὑμέων ἐψισμένον ὠλέσατ', αἰαῖ,
κέντροις. εἰ δ' ὀφίων φωλεὰ μεμφόμεθα,
πείθεο Λυσιδίκῃ καὶ Ἀμύντορι μηδὲ μελίσσας
αἰνεῖν· κἀκείναις πικρὸν ἔνεστι μέλι.

303.—ΑΔΔΑΙΟΥ

Τῇ βαιῇ Καλαθίνῃ ὑπὸ σκυλάκων μογεούσῃ
Λητωΐς κούφην εὐτοκίην ἔπορεν.
μούναις οὔ τι γυναιξὶν ἐπήκοος, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὰς
συνθήρους σώζειν Ἄρτεμις οἶδε κύνας.

304.—ΠΑΡΜΕΝΙΩΝΟΣ

Τὸν γαίης καὶ πόντου ἀμειφθείσαισι κελεύθοις
ναύτην ἠπείρου, πεζοπόρον πελάγους,
ἐν τρισσαῖς δοράτων ἑκατοντάσιν ἔστεγεν ἄρης
Σπάρτης. αἰσχύνεσθ', οὖρεα καὶ πελάγη.

Like a mountain it rushed at him, but with his Paeonian spear he pierced its tender temples, and having despoiled its head of the pair of horns, ever as he quaffs the wine from them boasts of his enemy's death.

301.—SECUNDUS

Why do you drive me, the slow-footed braying ass, round and round with the threshing horses? Is it not enough that, driven in a circle and blindfolded, I am forced to turn the heavy millstone? But I must compete with horses too! Is the next task in store for me to plough with my neck's strength the earth that the share curves?

302.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

Bees, ye savage pack, ye killed baby Hermonax as he was creeping to your hive in quest of honey. Often had he been fed by you, and now, alas! ye have stung him to death. If we speak evil of serpents' nests, learn from Lysidice and Amyntor not to praise hives either. They, too, have in them bitter honey.

303.—ADDAEUS

To little Calathina, in labour with her puppies, Leto's daughter gave an easy delivery. Artemis hears not only the prayers of women, but knows how to save also the dogs, her companions in the chase.

304.—PARMENION

On the Battle of Thermopylae

Him who, transforming the paths of land and ocean, sailed over the dry land and marched on the sea, three hundred valiant Spartan spears resisted. Shame on you, mountains and seas!

305.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

"Ὕδατος ἀκρήτου κεκορημένῳ ἄγχι παραστὰς
χθιζὸν ἐμοὶ λεχέων Βάκχος ἔλεξε τάδε·
" Εὔδεις ἄξιον ὕπνον ἀπεχθομένων Ἀφροδίτῃ·
εἰπέ μοι, ὦ νήφων, πεύθεαι Ἱππολύτου;
τάρβει, μή τι πάθῃς ἐναλίγκιον." ὣς ὁ μὲν εἰπὼν
ᾤχετ'· ἐμοὶ δ' ἀπὸ τῆς οὐκέτι τερπνὸν ὕδωρ.

306.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ

Ὑλοτόμοι παύσασθε, νεῶν χάριν. οὐκέτι πεύκη
κύματος, ἀλλ' ἤδη ῥινὸς ἐπιτροχάει·
γόμφος δ' οὐδ' ἔτι χαλκὸς ἐν ὁλκάσιν, οὐδὲ σίδηρος,
ἀλλὰ λίνῳ τοίχων ἁρμονίη δέδεται.
τὰς δ' αὐτὰς ποτὲ πόντος ἔχει νέας, ἄλλοτε γαῖα
πτυκτὸν ἀμαξίτην φόρτον ἀειρομένας.
Ἀργὼ μὲν προτέροισιν ἀοίδιμος· ἀλλὰ Σαβίνῳ
καινοτέρην πῆξαι Παλλὰς ἔνευσε τρόπιν.

307.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ

Φοῖβον ἀνηναμένη Δάφνη ποτέ, νῦν ἀνέτειλεν
Καίσαρος ἐκ βωμοῦ κλῶνα μελαμπέταλον·
ἐκ δὲ θεοῦ θεὸν εὗρεν ἀμείνονα· Λητοΐδην γὰρ
ἐχθήρασα, θέλει Ζῆνα τὸν Αἰνεάδην.
ῥίζαν δ' οὐκ ἀπὸ γῆς μητρὸς βάλεν, ἀλλ' ἀπὸ πέτρης.
Καίσαρι μὴ τίκτειν οὐδὲ λίθος δύναται.

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[1] Boats made of hides, used from primitive times by the natives of Portugal, are stated to have been introduced among the Romans at a somewhat earlier date than this epigram (Cass. Dio, 48, 18).

305.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

I HAD drunk my fill of untempered water, when Bacchus yesterday, standing by my bed, spoke thus: "Thou sleepest a sleep worthy of them whom Aphrodite hates. Tell me, thou temperate man, hast thou heard of Hippolytus? Fear lest thou suffer some fate such as his." Having so spoken he departed, and ever since then water is not agreeable to me.

306.—ANTIPHILUS

CEASE working, ye woodcutters, at least as far as concerns ships. It is no longer pine-trees that glide over the waves but hides. Ships are no longer built with bolts of bronze or iron, but their hulls are held together with flaxen cords, and the same ship now floats on the sea and now travels on land, folded to be mounted on a carriage. Argo was formerly the theme of song, but Pallas has granted to Sabinus to build a still more novel keel.[1]

307.—PHILIPPUS

DAPHNE, who once refused Phoebus, now uprears her dark-leaved bough from the altar of Caesar, having found a better god than that former one. Though she hated the son of Leto, she desires Zeus the son of Aeneas. She struck root not in the Earth, her mother, but in a stone. Not even stone can refuse to bear offspring to Caesar.[2]

[2] The inhabitants of Tarragona announced to Augustus that a palm (not as here a laurel) had sprung from his altar: "That shows how often you light fires on it" said he.

308.—ΒΙΑΝΟΡΟΣ

Φῶρες ὅτ' εἰνάλιοι Τυρσηνίδος ἀγχόθι δίνης
φορμικτὰν ἀκάτου θῆκαν ὑπὲρ βύθιον,
αὐτίκα μιν κιθάρῃ λιγυαχέϊ δέξατο δελφὶν
σύνθροον, ἐκ δὲ βυθοῦ νήχετ' ἐρυσσάμενος,[1]
μέχρις ἐπ' Ἰσθμὸν ἔκελσε Κορίνθιον. ἆρα θάλασσα
ἰχθῦς ἀνθρώπων εἶχε δικαιοτέρους;

309.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Χειμέριον καίουσαν ἐφ' ἑστίῃ ἄνθρακα Γοργὼ
τὴν γρηῢν βροντῆς ἐξεπάταξε φόβος·
πνεύμονα δὲ ψυχθεῖσα κατήμυσεν. ἦν ἄρα μέσση
Γήρως καὶ Θανάτου λειπομένη πρόφασις.

310.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ ΒΥΖΑΝΤΙΟΥ

Ψῆγμ' ἄπυρον χρυσοῖο σιδηρείων ὑπ' ὀδόντων
ῥινηθέν, Λιβυκῆς κουφότερον ψαμάθου,
μῦς ὀλίγος βαρὺ δεῖπνον ἐδαίσατο· πᾶσα δὲ νηδὺς
συρομένη βραδύπους θῆκε τὸν ὠκύτατον.
ληφθεὶς δ' ἐκ μεσάτης ἀνετέμνετο κλέμματα γα-
στρός·
ἦς ἄρα κἠν ἀλόγοις, χρυσέ, κακοῦ πρόφασις.

311.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Ὠκείαις ἐλάφοισι κύων ἰσάμιλλα δραμοῦσα
ἔγκυος ἡλκώθη παιδοπόρον γένεσιν·

[1] I write ἐρυσσάμενος for ἐλισσόμενος.

308.—BIANOR

On Arion

When the sea-robbers near the Tyrrhene surges cast the lyre-player into the sea from the ship, a dolphin straightway received him, together with the sweet-voiced lyre to whose strains he sung, and swum, saving him from the deep, till it landed on the Isthmus of Corinth. Had the sea, then, fish which were juster than men?

309.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

As Gorgo was lighting the coals on her hearth in winter, the fearful noise of the thunder terrified the old woman. Chill seized her lungs and she dropped dead. So then she had been spared with Eld on the one side and Death on the other, either ready to take her on any pretext.

310.—ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM

A little mouse devoured some unfired gold-dust, the scrapings of the file's iron teeth, lighter than the sands of Libya. It proved a heavy meal for him; for his belly, trailing with the weight, made the swift creature slow-footed, and so he was caught and cut open, and the stolen treasure extracted from his inside. Even to brutes, gold, thou art the cause of evil.

311.—PHILIPPUS OF THESSALONICA

A bitch, that vied in swiftness with the deer, was wounded, when heavy with young, in her generative

πᾶσα δὲ συγκατέμυσε κατουλωθεῖσα χρόνοισιν.
ἤδη δ' ἡ τοκετῶν ὥριος ἦν βάσανος·
πολλὰ δ' ἐπωρύουσαν ἀνὴρ ἐσιδηροτόμησεν,
καὶ σκύλακες φίλιοι νηδύος ἐξέθορον.
Ἀρτέμιδος λέλυται λοχίων χάρις· ἔμπαλι δ'" Αρης
ἦρκται μαιοῦσθαι γαστέρα θηλυτέραις.

312.—ΖΩΝΑ ΣΑΡΔΙΑΝΟΥ

Ὤνερ, τὰν βαλάνων τὰν ματέρα φείδεο κόπτειν,
φείδεο· γηραλέαν δ' ἐκκεράϊζε πίτυν,
ἢ πεύκαν, ἢ τάνδε πολυστέλεχον παλίουρον,
ἢ πρῖνον, ἢ τὰν αὐαλέαν κόμαρον·
τηλόθι δ' ἴσχε δρυὸς πέλεκυν· κοκύαι γὰρ ἔλεξαν
ἁμῖν ὡς πρότεραι ματέρες ἐντὶ δρύες.

313.—ΑΝΥΤΗΣ ΜΕΛΟΠΟΙΟΥ

Ἶζευ ἄπας ὑπὸ καλὰ δάφνας εὐθαλέα φύλλα,
ὡραίου τ' ἄρυσαι νάματος ἁδὺ πόμα,
ὄφρα τοι ἀσθμαίνοντα πόνοις θέρεος φίλα γυῖα
ἀμπαύσῃς, πνοιῇ τυπτόμενα Ζεφύρου.

314.—ΤΗΣ ΑΥΤΗΣ

Ἑρμᾶς τᾷδ' ἔστακα παρ' ὄρχατον ἠνεμόεντα
ἐν τριόδοις, πολιᾶς ἐγγύθεν ἀϊόνος,
ἀνδράσι κεκμηῶσιν ἔχων ἄμπαυσιν ὁδοῖο·
ψυχρὸν δ' ἀχραὲς κράνα †ὑποϊάχει.[1]

W. H. D. Rouse, *An Echo of Greek Song*, p. 62.

[1] ὕδωρ προχέει Hermann, which I render.

organs. The scab of the wound in a short time entirely closed the orifice, and the pains of labour were at hand. But a man operated on her, terribly though she howled, and the dear little ones leapt forth from her womb. The gracious aid of Artemis in labour is a thing of the past, and Ares, on the other hand, has begun to practise midwifery.

312.—ZONAS OF SARDIS

Refrain, sirrah, from cutting the oak, the mother of acorns; refrain, and lay low the old stone-pine, or the sea-pine, or this rhamnus with many stems, or the holly-oak, or the dry arbutus. Only keep thy axe far from the oak, for our grannies tell us that oaks were the first mothers.[1]

313.—ANYTE

Sit here, quite shaded by the beautiful luxuriant foliage of the laurel, and draw sweet drink from the lovely spring, that thy limbs, panting with the labours of summer, may take rest beaten by the western breeze.

314.—By the Same

Here stand I, Hermes, in the cross-roads by the wind-swept belt of trees near the grey beach, giving rest to weary travellers, and cold and stainless is the water that the fountain sheds.

[1] Referring to the legend that men were sprung from oaks or rocks. *cp. Odyss.* xix. 163.

315.—ΝΙΚΙΟΥ

Ἶξευ ὑπ' αἰγείροισιν, ἐπεὶ κάμες, ἐνθάδ', ὁδῖτα,
καὶ πῖθ' ἆσσον ἰὼν πίδακος ἀμετέρας·
μνῶσαι δὲ κράναν καὶ ἀπόπροθι, ᾗ[1] ἔπι Γίλλῳ
Σῖμος ἀποφθιμένῳ παιδὶ παριδρύεται.

316.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΥ

Ὦ τάνδε στείχοντες ἀταρπιτόν, αἴτε ποτ' ἀγροὺς
δαμόθεν, αἴτ' ἀπ' ἀγρῶν νεῖσθε ποτ' ἀκρόπολιν,
ἄμμες ὅρων φύλακες, δισσοὶ θεοί, ὧν ὁ μέν, Ἑρμᾶς,
οἷον ὁρῆς μ', οὗτος δ' ἄτερος, Ἡρακλέης·
ἄμφω μὲν θνατοῖς εὐάκοοι, ἀλλὰ ποθ' αὐτούς— 5
αἰ ξύνᾳ[2] παραθῇς ἀχράδας, ἐγκέκαφεν·
ναὶ μὰν ὡσαύτως τοὺς βότρυας, αἴτε πέλονται
ὥριμοι, αἴτε χύδαν ὄμφακες, εὐτρέπικεν.
μισέω τὰν μετοχάν, οὐδ' ἥδομαι· ἀλλ' ὁ φέρων τι,
ἀμφίς, μὴ κοινᾷ, τοῖς δυσὶ παρτιθέτω, 10
καὶ λεγέτω· "Τὶν τοῦθ', Ἡράκλεες·" ἄλλοτε, "Τοῦτο
Ἑρμᾷ·" καὶ λύοι τὰν ἔριν ἀμφοτέρων.

317.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

α. Χαίρω τὸν λακόρυζον ὁρῶν θεὸν εἰς τὸ φάλανθον
βρέγμ' ὑπὸ τᾶν ὀχνᾶν, αἰπόλε, τυπτόμενον.
β. Αἰπόλε, τοῦτον ἐγὼ τρὶς ἐπύγισα· τοὶ δὲ τραγίσκοι
εἰς ἐμὲ δερκόμενοι τὰς χιμάρας ἐβάτευν.

[1] ᾗ Hecker : ἣν MS.
[2] I write ξύνᾳ for τῶμαι.

315.—NICIAS

Sit here under the poplar trees, traveller, for thou art weary, and come near and drink from my fountain. When thou art far away bethink thee of the spring near which stands Simus' statue beside his dead son Gillus.

316.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

O ye who pass along this road, whether ye are going from town to the fields or returning to the city from the country, we two gods here are the guardians of the boundary. I, as you see me, am Hermes, and this other fellow is Heracles.[1] We both are gracious to mortals, but to each other—save the mark! If anyone offers a dish of wild pears to both of us, *he* bolts them. Yes, and indeed, likewise grapes; whether they are ripe ones or any quantity of sour ones, he stows them away. I detest this method of going shares, and get no pleasure from it. Let whoever brings us anything serve it separately to each of us and not to both, saying, "This is for thee, Heracles," and again, "This is for Hermes." So he might make up our quarrel.

317.—Anonymous

Hermaphroditus. "Goatherd, I love seeing this foul-mouthed god struck on his bald pate by the pears." *Silenus.* "Goatherd, hunc ter inivi, and the young billy-goats were looking at me and tupping the young nanny-goats." *Goatherd.* "Is it true,

[1] The "term" set up on the boundary of the city and country (*cp.* Plat. *Hipparch.* 228 d.) had on one side the face of Hermes and on the other that of Heracles.

γ. Ὄντως σ', Ἑρμαφρόδιτε, πεπύγικεν; α. Οὐ μὰ τὸν Ἑρμᾶν,
αἰπόλε. β. Ναὶ τὸν Πᾶν', αἰπόλε, κἀπιγελῶν.

318.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ

Εὐμάραθον πρηῶνα καὶ εὐσκάνδικα λελογχώς,
Ἑρμῆ, καὶ ταύταν, ἃ φίλος, αἰγίβοσιν,
καὶ λαχανηλόγῳ ἔσσο καὶ αἰγινομῆϊ προσηνής·
ἔξεις καὶ λαχάνων καὶ γλάγεος μερίδα.

319.—ΦΙΛΟΞΕΝΟΥ

Τληπόλεμος ὁ Μυρεὺς Ἑρμᾶν ἀφετήριον ἔρμα
ἱροδρόμοις θῆκεν παῖς ὁ Πολυκρίτεω,
δὶς δέκ' ἀπὸ σταδίων ἐναγώνιον· ἀλλὰ πονεῖτε,
μαλθακὸν ἐκ γονάτων ὄκνον ἀπωσάμενοι.

320.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΥ

Εἶπέ ποκ' Εὐρώτας ποτὶ τὰν Κύπριν· "Ἦ λάβε τεύχη
ἦ 'ξιθι τᾶς Σπάρτας· ἃ πόλις ὁπλομανεῖ."
ἁ δ' ἀπαλὸν γελάσασα, "Καὶ ἔσσομαι αἰὲν ἀτευχής,"
εἶπε, "καὶ οἰκήσω τὰν Λακεδαιμονίαν."
χἀμῖν Κύπρις ἄνοπλος· ἀναιδέες οἵδε λέγουσιν
ἵστορες, ὡς ἀμῖν χἀ θεὸς ὁπλοφορεῖ.

321.—ΑΝΤΙΜΑΧΟΥ

Τίπτε, μόθων ἄτλητος, Ἐνυαλίοιο λέλογχας,
Κύπρι; τίς ὁ ψεύστας στυγνὰ καθᾶψε μάτην

Hermaphroditus, that he did so?" *Hermaphroditus* "No, goatherd, I swear by Hermes." *Silenus.* "I swear by Pan I did, and I was laughing all the time"

318.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Dear Hermes, whose are this hillside rich in fennel and chervil, and this goat-pasture, be kind both to the gatherer of herbs and to the goatherd, and thou shalt have thy share of both the herbs and the milk.

319.—PHILOXENUS

Tlepolemus of Myra, the son of Polycrites, set me up here, Hermes, presiding deity of the course, a pillar to mark the starting point in the holy races of twenty stadia. Toil, ye runners, in the race, banishing soft ease from your knees.

320.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Eurotas said once to Cypris, "Either arm thyself or go out of Sparta. The town has a craze for arms." She smiled gently and replied, "I will both remain always unarmed and continue to dwell in the land of Lacedaemon." Our Cypris is unarmed as elsewhere, and these are shameless writers who declare that with us even the goddess bears arms.[1]

321.—ANTIMACHUS

Why, Cypris, hast thou, to whom the toil of war is strange, got thee these accoutrements of Ares? What falsifier fitted on thee, to no purpose, this

[1] There undoubtedly was an armed Aphrodite at Sparta, and it is difficult to see the exact point of this epigram.

ἔντεα; σοὶ γὰρ Ἔρωτες ἐφίμεροι ἅ τε κατ' εὐνὰν
τέρψις, καὶ κροτάλων θηλυμανεῖς ὄτοβοι.
δούρατα δ' αἱματόεντα κάθες· Τριτωνίδι δίᾳ
ταῦτα· σὺ δ' εὐχαίταν εἰς Ὑμέναιον ἴθι.

322.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΥ

Οὐκ ἐμὰ ταῦτα λάφυρα· τίς ὁ θριγκοῖσιν ἀνάψας
Ἄρηος ταύταν τὰν ἄχαριν χάριτα;
ἄθλαστοι μὲν κῶνοι, ἀναίμακτοι δὲ γανῶσαι
ἀσπίδες, ἄκλαστοι δ' αἱ κλαδαραὶ κάμακες.
αἰδοῖ πάντα πρόσωπ' ἐρυθαίνομαι, ἐκ δὲ μετώπου
ἱδρὼς πιδύων στῆθος ἐπισταλάει.
παστάδα τις τοιοῖσδε καὶ ἀνδρειῶνα καὶ αὐλὰν
κοσμείτω καὶ τὸν νυμφίδιον θάλαμον·
Ἄρευς δ' αἱματόεντα διωξίπποιο λάφυρα
νηὸν κοσμοίη· τοῖς γὰρ ἀρεσκόμεθα.

323.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Τίς θέτο μαρμαίροντα βοάγρια; τίς δ' ἀφόρυκτα
δούρατα, καὶ ταύτας ἀρραγέας κόρυθας,
ἀγκρεμάσας Ἀρηϊ μιάστορι κόσμον ἄκοσμον;
οὐκ ἀπ' ἐμῶν ῥίψει ταῦτά τις ὅπλα δόμων;
ἀπτολέμων τάδ' ἔοικεν ἐν οἰνόπληξι τεράμνοις
πλάθειν, οὐ θριγκῶν ἐντὸς Ἐνυαλίου.
σκῦλά μοι ἀμφίδρυπτα, καὶ ὀλλυμένων ἅδε λύθρος
ἀνδρῶν, εἴπερ ἔφυν ὁ βροτολοιγὸς Ἄρης.

324.—ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΥ

Α σῦριγξ, τί μοι ὧδε παρ' Ἀφρογένειαν ὄρουσας;
τίπτ' ἀπὸ ποιμενίου χείλεος ὧδε πάρει;
οὔ τοι πρῶνες ἔθ' ὧδ' οὔτ' ἄγκεα, πάντα δ' Ἔρωτες
καὶ Πόθος· ἁ δ' ἀγρία Μοῦσ' ἐν ὄρει νέμεται.

hateful armour? Thou delightest in the Loves and the joys of the bridal bed, and the girls dancing madly to the castanets. Lay down these bloody spears. They are for divine Athena, but come thou to Hymenaeus with the flowing locks.

322.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

These spoils are not mine. Who hung this unwelcome gift on the walls of Ares? Unbruised are the helmets, unstained by blood the polished shields, and unbroken the frail spears. My whole face reddens with shame, and the sweat, gushing from my forehead, bedews my breast. Such ornaments are for a lady's bower, or a banqueting-hall, or a court, or a bridal chamber. But blood-stained be the cavalier's spoils that deck the temple of Ares; in those I take delight.

323.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

Who hung here these glittering shields, these unstained spears and unbroken helmets, dedicating to murderous Ares ornaments that are no ornaments? Will no one cast these weapons out of my house? Their place is in the wassailing halls of unwarlike men, not within the walls of Enyalius. I delight in hacked trophies and the blood of dying men, if, indeed, I am Ares the Destroyer.

324.—MNASALCAS

Why, O pipe, hast thou hied thee here to the house of the Foam-born? Why art thou here fresh from a shepherd's lips? Here are no more hills and dales, naught but the Loves and Desire. The mountains are the dwelling of the rustic Muse.

325.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Πρὶν μὲν ἁλικλύστου πέτρας ἐνὶ βένθεσιν ἦμαν
εὐαλδὲς πόντου φῦκος ἐπεννυμένα·
νῦν δέ μοι ἱμερόεις κόλπων ἔντοσθεν ἰαύει
λάτρις ἐϋστεφάνου Κύπριδος ἁβρὸς Ἔρως.

326.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΥ

Πέτρης ἐκ δισσῆς ψυχρὸν κατεπάλμενον ὕδωρ,
χαίροις, καὶ Νυμφέων ποιμενικὰ ξόανα,
πίστραι[1] τε κρηνέων, καὶ ἐν ὕδασι κόσμια ταῦτα
ὑμέων, ὦ κοῦραι, μυρία τεγγόμενα,
χαίρετ'· Ἀριστοκλεης δ' ὅδ' ὁδοιπόρος, ᾧπερ ἀπῶσα
δίψαν βαψάμενος τοῦτο δίδωμι γέρας.

327.—ΕΡΜΟΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ

Νύμφαι ἐφυδριάδες, ταῖς Ἑρμοκρέων τάδε δῶρα
εἵσατο, καλλινάου πίδακος ἀντιτυχών,
χαίρετε, καὶ στείβοιτ' ἐρατοῖς ποσὶν ὑδατόεντα
τόνδε δόμον, καθαροῦ πιμπλάμεναι πόματος.

J. A. Pott, *Greek Love Songs and Epigrams*, ii. p. 57.

328.—ΔΑΜΟΣΤΡΑΤΟΥ

Νύμφαι Νηϊάδες, καλλίρροον αἳ τόδε νᾶμα
χεῖτε κατ' οὐρείου πρωνὸς ἀπειρέσιον,
ὔμμιν ταῦτα πόρεν Δαμόστρατος Ἀντίλα υἱὸς
ξέσματα, καὶ δοιῶν ῥινὰ κάπρων λάσια.

[1] So Unger: πέτραι MS.

325.—Anonymous

On a Shell with an image of Love carved inside it

Of old I dwelt in the depths on a sea-washed rock clothed in luxuriant seaweed, but now in my bosom sleeps the delightful child, tender Love, the servant of diademed Cypris.

326.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Hail, thou cold stream that leapest down from the cloven rock, and ye images of the Nymphs carved by a shepherd's hand! Hail, ye drinking troughs and your thousand little dolls,[1] ye Maidens of the spring, that lie drenched in its waters! All hail! And I, Aristocles, the wayfarer, give you this cup which I dipped in your stream to quench my thirst.

327.—HERMOCREON

Ye Nymphs of the water, to whom Hermocreon set up these gifts when he had lighted on your delightful fountain, all hail! And may ye ever, full of pure drink, tread with your lovely feet the floor of this your watery home.

328.—DAMOSTRATUS

Ye Naïad Nymphs, who shed from the mountain cliff this fair stream in inexhaustible volume, Damostratus, the son of Antilas, gave you these wooden images and the two hairy boar-skins.

[1] Otherwise called κορακόσμια, votive images of the Nymphs. *cp.* Plat. *Phaedr.* 230 b.

329.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΥ

Νύμφαι ἐφυδριάδες, Δώρου γένος, ἀρδεύοιτε
τοῦτον Τιμοκλέους κᾶπον ἐπεσσύμεναι·
καὶ γὰρ Τιμοκλέης ὕμμιν, κόραι, αἰὲν ὁ καπεὺς
κάπων ἐκ τούτων ὥρια δωροφορεῖ.

330.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ

α. Κράνας εὐύδρου παρὰ νάμασι καὶ παρὰ Νύμφαις
ἔστασέν με Σίμων, Πᾶνα τὸν αἰγιπόδην.
β. Τεῦ δὲ χάριν; *α.* Λέξω τοι· ὅσον ποθέεις ἀπὸ
κράνας
καὶ πίε, καὶ κοίλαν κάλπιν ἑλὼν ἄρυσαι·
ποσσὶ δὲ μὴ ποτὶ νίπτρα φέρειν κρυστάλλινο
Νυμφᾶν
δῶρα, τὸν ὑβριστὰν εἰς ἐμὲ δερκόμενος.
β. Ὦ σέμν'— *α.* Οὐ λέξεις ἕτερον λόγον, ἀλλὰ παρέ
ξεις
πυγίξαι· τούτοις χρῶμαι ὁ Πὰν νομίμοις.
ἢν δὲ ποιῇς[1] ἐπίτηδες, ἔχων πάθος, ἔστι καὶ ἄλλα
τέχνα· τῷ ῥοπάλῳ τἀν κεφαλὰν λέπομες.

331.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Αἱ Νύμφαι τὸν Βάκχον, ὅτ' ἐκ πυρὸς ἥλαθ' ὁ κοῦρος
νίψαν ὑπὲρ τέφρης ἄρτι κυλιόμενον.
τοὔνεκα σὺν Νύμφαις Βρόμιος φίλος· ἢν δέ νιν εἴργῃ
μίσγεσθαι, δέξῃ πῦρ ἔτι καιόμενον.

[1] So Reiske: πίνης MS.

[1] *i.e.* dost bathe thy feet.

329.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Ye water Nymphs, children of Dorus, water diligently this garden of Timocles, for to you, Maidens, doth the gardener Timocles bring ever in their season gifts from this garden.

330.—NICARCHUS

A. "I am goat-footed Pan, whom Simo put up by the clear waters of the spring." *B.* "And why?" *A.* "I will tell thee. From the fountain drink as much as thou wilt, and take this hollow pitcher, too, and draw. But offer not the crystalline gifts of the Nymphs to thy feet to bathe them. Seest thou not my menacing form?" *B.* "Revered god—" *A.* "Thou shalt not speak another word, but shalt let me take my will of thee. Such is the custom of Pan. But if thou dost it[1] on purpose, having an inclination for the penalty, I know another trick. I will break thy head with my club."

331.—MELEAGER

On Wine and Water

The Nymphs washed Bacchus when he leapt from the fire above the ashes he had just been rolling in.[2] Therefore Bacchus is thy friend when united with the Nymphs, but if thou preventest their union thou shalt take to thee a still burning fire.

[2] He was born when his mother Semele was consumed by the lightning.

332.—ΝΟΣΣΙΔΟΣ [ΛΕΣΒΙΑΣ]

Ἐλθοῖσαι ποτὶ ναὸν ἰδώμεθα τᾶς Ἀφροδίτας
τὸ βρέτας, ὡς χρυσῷ διαδαλόεν τελέθει.
εἵσατό μιν Πολυαρχίς, ἐπαυρομένα μάλα πολλὰν
κτῆσιν ἀπ' οἰκείου σώματος ἀγλαΐας.

333.—ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΥ

Στῶμεν ἁλιρράντοιο παρὰ χθαμαλὰν χθόνα †πόντου,
δερκόμενοι τέμενος Κύπριδος Εἰναλίας,
κράναν τ' αἰγείροιο κατάσκιον, ἃς ἄπο ναῦμα
ξουθαὶ ἀφύσσονται χείλεσιν ἁλκυόνες.

J. H. Merivale, in *Collections from the Greek Anthology*, 1833, p. 112.

334.—ΠΕΡΣΟΥ

Κἀμὲ τὸν ἐν σμικροῖς ὀλίγον θεὸν ἦν ἐπιβώσῃς
εὐκαίρως, τεύξῃ· μὴ μεγάλων δὲ γλίχου.
ὡς ὅ τι δημοτέρων δύναται θεὸς ἀνδρὶ πενέστῃ
δωρεῖσθαι, τούτων κύριός εἰμι Τύχων.

335.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΥ

Ὕλοφόρου τὠγάλμαθ', ὁδοιπόρε, Μικκαλίωνος·
Ἑρμῆς, ἀλλ' ἴδε τὸν κρήγυον ὑλοφόρον,
ὡς ἐξ οἰζυρῆς ἠπίστατο δωροδοκῆσαι
ἐργασίης· αἰὲν δ' ὠ 'γαθός ἐστ' ἀγαθός.

336.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ

Ἥρως Αἰετίωνος ἐπίσταθμος Ἀμφιπολίτεω
ἵδρυμαι μικρῷ μικρὸς ἐπὶ προθύρῳ,

---

[1] He was a god worshipped in company with or in place of Priapus.

332.—NOSSIS

Let us go to the temple to see the statue of Aphrodite, how cunningly wrought it is of gold. Polyarchis erected it, having gained much substance from the glory of her own body.

333.—MNASALCAS

Let us stand on the low beach of the sea-washed promontory, gazing at the sanctuary of Cypris of the Sea, and the spring overshadowed by poplars from which the yellow kingfishers sip with their bills the running water.

334.—PERSES

If at the right season thou callest upon me too, little among the lesser gods, thou shalt get thy wish, but crave not for great things. For I, Tychon,[1] have in my power to grant only such things as the people's god may give to a labouring man.

335.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

The two statues, wayfarer, are the gift of the woodman Miccalion; but look, Hermes, how the excellent woodman from his wretched calling managed to give gifts. The good man is always good.

336.—CALLIMACHUS

I, the hero[2] who guard the stable of Aeetion of Amphipolis, stand here, small myself and in a small porch, carrying nothing but a wriggling snake and a

[2] The name of the hero is not given. He complains that though the guardian of a stable he was not mounted, but the last couplet is corrupt and very obscure.

λοξὸν ὄφιν καὶ μοῦνον ἔχων ξίφος· ἀνδρὶ †ιπειωι
θυμωθεὶς πεζὸν κἀμὲ παρῳκίσατο.

337.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΥ

Εὐάγρει, λαγόθηρα, καὶ εἰ πετεεινὰ ὀιώκων
ἰξευτὴς ἥκεις τοῦθ' ὑπὸ δισσὸν ὄρος,
κἀμὲ τὸν ὑληωρὸν ἀπὸ κρημνοῖο βόασον
Πᾶνα· συναγρεύω καὶ κυσὶ καὶ καλάμοις.

338.—ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΥ ΣΥΡΑΚΟΥΣΙΟΥ

Εὕδεις φυλλοστρῶτι πέδῳ, Δάφνι, σῶμα κεκμακὸς
ἀμπαύων· στάλικες δ' ἀρτιπαγεῖς ἀν' ὄρη.
ἀγρεύει δέ τυ Πάν, καὶ ὁ τὸν κροκόεντα Πρίηπος
κισσὸν ἐφ' ἱμερτῷ κρατὶ καθαπτόμενος,
ἄντρον ἔσω στείχοντες ὁμόρροθοι. ἀλλὰ τὺ φεῦγε, 5
φεῦγε, μεθεὶς ὕπνου κῶμα καταρχόμενον.

339.—ΑΡΧΙΟΥ ΜΥΤΙΛΗΝΑΙΟΥ

Ἕν ποτε παμφαίνοντι μέλαν πτερὸν αἰθέρι νωμῶν
σκορπίον ἐκ γαίης εἶδε θορόντα κόραξ,
ὃν μάρψων ὤρουσεν· ὁ δ' ἀίξαντος ἐπ' οὐδας
οὐ βραδὺς εὐκέντρῳ πέζαν ἔτυψε βέλει,
καὶ ζωῆς μιν ἄμερσεν. ἰδ' ὡς ὃν ἔτευχεν ἐπ' ἄλλῳ, 5
ἐκ κείνου τλήμων αὐτὸς ἔδεκτο μόρον.

340.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΥ

Αὐλοὶ τοῦ Φρυγὸς ἔργον Ὑάγνιδος, ἡνίκα Μήτηρ
ἱερὰ τὰν Κυβέλοις πρῶτ' ἀνέδειξε θεῶν,
καὶ πρὸς ἐμὸν φώνημα καλὴν ἀνελύσατο χαίταν
ἔκφρων Ἰδαίης ἀμφίπολος θαλάμης·

sword. Having lost his temper with . . . . he did not give me a mount either when he put me up beside him.

337.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Good sport! thou who comest to the foot of this two-peaked hill, whether hunting the hare or in pursuit of winged game. Call on me, Pan the ranger of this forest, from the rock, for I help both hounds and limed reeds to capture.

338.—THEOCRITUS

Thou sleepest, Daphnis, resting thy wearied body on a bed of leaves, and thy stake-nets are new set on the hill. But Pan hunts thee, Pan and Priapus, the saffron-coloured ivy twined on his lovely head. Intent on one purpose they are entering the cave. But fly; dispel the gathering drowsiness of sleep and fly.

339.—ARCHIAS OF MYTILENE

A raven plying his black wings in the pellucid sky, saw once a scorpion emerging from the ground, and swooped down to catch it; but the scorpion, as the raven dashed down to the ground, was not slow to strike his foot with its powerful sting, and robbed him of life. See how the luckless bird met with the fate he was preparing for another by means of that other.

340.—DIOSCORIDES

The double flute was the work of Phrygian Hyagnis at the time when the Mother of the gods first revealed her rites on Cybela, and when the frantic servant of the Idaean chamber first loosed his lovely

εἰ δὲ Κελαινίτης ποιμὴν πάρος †ουπερ ἀείσας
ἐγνώσθη, Φοίβου κεινὸν ἔδειρεν[1] ἔρις.

341.—ΓΛΑΥΚΟΥ

α. Νύμφαι, πευθομένῳ φράσατ' ἀτρεκές, εἰ παροδεύων
Δάφνις τὰς λευκὰς ὧδ' ἀνέπαυσ' ἐρίφους.
β. Ναὶ ναί, Πὰν συρικτά, καὶ εἰς αὔγειρον ἐκείναν
σοί τι κατὰ φλοιοῦ γράμμ' ἐκόλαψε λέγειν·
" Πάν, Πάν, πρὸς Μαλέαν, πρὸς ὄρος Ψωφίδιον
ἔρχευ·
ἰξοῦμαι." α. Νύμφαι, χαίρετ'· ἐγὼ δ' ὑπάγω.

342.—ΠΑΡΜΕΝΙΩΝΟΣ

Φημὶ πολυστιχίην ἐπιγράμματος οὐ κατὰ Μούσας
εἶναι. μὴ ζητεῖτ' ἐν σταδίῳ δόλιχον·
πόλλ' ἀνακυκλοῦται δολιχὸς δρόμος· ἐν σταδίῳ δὲ
ὀξὺς ἐλαυνόμενος πνεύματός ἐστι τόνος.

343.—ΑΡΧΙΟΥ

Αὐταῖς σὺν κίχλαισιν ὑπὲρ φραγμοῖο διωχθεὶς
κόσσυφος ἠερίης κόλπον ἔδυ νεφέλης.
καὶ τὰς μὲν συνοχηδὸν ἀνέκδρομος ὤχμασε θώμιγξ,
τὸν δὲ μόνον πλεκτῶν αὖθι μεθῆκε λίνων.
ἱρὸν ἀοιδοπόλων ἔτυμον γένος. ἦ ἄρα πολλὴν
καὶ κωφαὶ πτανῶν φροντίδ' ἔχουσι πάγαι.

[1] I write ἔδειρεν for ἔδειξεν. I cannot restore l. 5 satisfactorily, but it is evident that Dioscorides disputes or does not recognise the story that Marsyas was son of Hyagnis. Marsyas was flayed by Apollo for daring to match his flute with Apollo's lyre.

locks to my notes. But if the shepherd of Celaenae[1] was known earlier as a better player, his strife with Phoebus flayed him.

341.—GLAUCUS

A. "Nymphs answer me truly, if Daphnis on his road rested here his white goats." *B.* "Yes, yes, piper Pan, and on the back of that poplar tree he cut a message for thee: 'Pan, Pan, go to Malea[2]; to the mountain of Psophis. I shall come there.'" *A.* "Farewell, Nymphs, I go."

342.—PARMENION

An epigram of many lines does not, I say, conform to the Muses' law. Seek not the long course in the short stadion. The long race has many rounds, but in the stadion sharp and short is the strain on the wind.

343.—ARCHIAS

(*cp. No.* 76)

A blackbird, driven over the hedge together with field-fares, entered the hollow of the suspended net. The cords from which there is no escape caught and held fast the whole flock of them, but let the blackbird alone go free from the meshes. Of a truth the race of singers is holy. Even deaf traps show fond care for winged songsters.

[1] Marsyas. [2] The Arcadian town of that name.

344.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΩΣ

Ἦν ὁπότε γραμμαῖσιν ἐμὴν φρένα μοῦνον ἔτερπον,
οὐδ' ὄναρ εὐγενέταις γνώριμος Ἰταλίδαις·
ἀλλὰ τανῦν πάντεσσιν ἐράσμιος· ὀψὲ γὰρ ἔγνων
ὁππόσον Οὐρανίην Καλλιόπη προφέρει.

345.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐδὲ τοσόνδ' Ἀθάμας ἐπεμήνατο παιδὶ Λεάρχῳ,
ὅσσον ὁ Μηδείης θυμὸς ἐτεκνοφόνα,
ζῆλος ἐπεὶ μανίης μεῖζον κακόν· εἰ δὲ φονεύῃ
μήτηρ, ἐν τίνι νῦν πίστις ἔτ' ἐστὶ τέκνων;

346.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Αἶαν ὅλην νήσους τε διϊπταμένη σὺ χελιδών,
Μηδείης γραπτῇ πυκτίδι νοσσοτροφεῖς·
ἔλπῃ δ' ὀρταλίχων πίστιν σέο τήνδε φυλάξειν
Κολχίδα, μηδ' ἰδίων φεισαμένην τεκέων;

347.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐ μόνον εὐάροτον βόες οἴδαμεν αὔλακα τέμνειν,
ἀλλ' ἴδε κἠκ πόντου νῆας ἐφελκόμεθα·
ἔργα γὰρ εἰρεσίης δεδιδάγμεθα· καὶ σύ, θάλασσα,
δελφῖνας γαίῃ ζεῦξον ἀροτροφορεῖν.

348.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ὁ σταφυλοκλοπίδας Ἑκατώνυμος εἰς Ἀΐδαο
ἔδραμε, μαστιχθεὶς κλήματι φωριδίῳ.

344.—LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA

(*This and the following ones are Isopsephe.*)

There was a time when I gave pleasure to myself alone by lines, and was not known at all to noble Romans. But now I am beloved by all, for late in life I recognised how far Calliope excels Urania.[1]

345.—By the Same

The fury of Athamas against his son Learchus[2] was not so great as the wrath that made Medea plot her children's death. For jealousy is a greater evil than madness. If a mother kills, in whom are children to place confidence?

346.—By the Same

After flying, swallow, across the whole earth and the islands, thou dost rear thy brood on the picture of Medea. Dost thou believe that the Colchian woman who did not spare even her own children will keep her faith to thy young?

347.—By the Same

We oxen are not only skilled in cutting straight furrows with the plough, but, look, we pull ships out of the sea too. For we have been taught the task of oarsmen. Now, sea, thou too shouldst yoke dolphins to plough on the land.

348.—By the Same

Hecatonymus, the stealer of grapes, ran to Hades whipped with a stolen vine-switch.

[1] By "lines" in l. 1 he means astronomical and geometrical figures. He has abandoned these for lines of verse, the Muse of Astronomy for the Muse of Poesy.

[2] Athamas killed his son in a fit of madness.

349.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ὕδατά σοι Κοτίλεια γενέθλιον ἦμαρ ὁρῶντι,
Καῖσαρ, ἐπιβλύζοι σωρὸν ἀκεσφορίης,
ὄφρα σε κόσμος ἅπας πάππον . . . αὐγάζηται,
ὡς πατέρα τρισσῆς εἴσιδεν εὐτοκίης.

350.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἡτριά μοι βύβλων χιονώδεα[1] σὺν καλάμοισιν
πέμπεις, Νειλορύτου δῶρον ἀπὸ προβολῆς.
μουσοπόλῳ δ' ἀτελῆ, Διονύσιε, μηκέτι πέμπε
ὄργανα· τίς τούτων χρῆσις ἄτερ μέλανος;

351.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Λυσίππης ὁ νεογνὸς ἀπὸ κρημνοῦ πάϊς ἕρπων
Ἀστυανακτείης ἤρχετο δυσμορίης·
ἡ δὲ μεθωδήγησεν ἀπὸ στέρνων προφέρουσα
μαζόν, τὸν λιμοῦ ῥύτορα καὶ θανάτου.

352.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Νεῖλος ἑορτάζει παρὰ Θύμβριδος ἱερὸν ὕδωρ,
εὐξάμενος θύσειν Καίσαρι σωζομένῳ·
οἱ δ' ἑκατὸν βουπλῆγες ἑκούσιον αὐχένα ταύρων
ἤμαξαν βωμοῖς Οὐρανίοιο Διός.

353.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Καὶ λόγον ἱστορίῃ κοσμούμενον ἠκρίβωσας
καὶ βίον ἐν φιλίῃ, Πάππε, βεβαιότατον.

[1] So Toup: ἀτονώδεα MS.

[1] The Caesar is Vespasian, the three children Titus, Domitian, and Domitilla. Cutiliae, now Contigliano, is in the Sabine territory.

349.—By the Same

Caesar,[1] may the baths of Cutiliae on this thy birthday gush for thee in abundance of healing, so that all the world may see thee a grandfather as it has seen thee the father of three fair children.

350.—By the Same

Thou sendest me thin sheets of byblus, snowy white, and reed pens, gifts from the headland that the Nile waters. Do not, Dionysius, send another time imperfect gifts to a poet. What use are these without ink?

351.—By the Same

(*cp. No.* 114)

Lysippe's baby, creeping over the edge of a precipice, was on the point of suffering the fate of Astyanax. But she turned it from its path by holding out to it her breast, that thus was its saviour from death as well as from famine.

352.—By the Same

The Nile[2] keeps festival by the holy wave of Tiber, having vowed a sacrifice for Caesar's deliverance. A hundred axes made the willing necks of as many bulls bleed at the altars of Heavenly Zeus.

353.—By the Same

Pappus, thou hast both strictly composed a work adorned with learning, and hast kept thy life strict in

[2] *i.e.* the Egyptians. If the Emperor was Nero, the sacrifice was to celebrate his deliverance from his mother's plots by her death.

τοῦτο δ' ἑορτάζοντι γενέθλιον ἠριγένειαν
δῶρον ὁ Νειλαιεὺς πέμπει ἀοιδοπόλος.

354.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ὃν πόλεμος δεδιὼς οὐκ ὤλεσε, νῦν ὑπὸ νούσου
θλίβομαι, ἐν δ' ἰδίῳ τήκομ' ὅλος πολέμῳ.
ἀλλὰ διὰ στέρνων ἴθι φάσγανον· ὡς γὰρ ἀριστεὺς
θνήξομ' ἀπωσάμενος καὶ νόσον ὡς πόλεμον.

355.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐράνιον μίμημα γενεθλιακαῖσιν ἐν ὥραις
τοῦτ' ἀπὸ Νειλογενοῦς δέξο Λεωνίδεω,
Ποππαία, Διὸς εὖνι, Σεβαστιάς· εὔαδε γάρ σοι
δῶρα τὰ καὶ λέκτρων ἄξια καὶ σοφίης.

356.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οἴγνυμεν ἐξ ἑτέρης πόμα πίδακος, ὥστ' ἀρύσασθαι
ξεῖνον μουσοπόλου γράμμα Λεωνίδεω·
δίστιχα γὰρ ψήφοισιν ἰσάζεται. ἀλλὰ σύ, Μῶμε,
ἔξιθι, κεῖς ἑτέρους ὀξὺν ὀδόντα βάλε.

357.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Τέσσαρές εἰσιν ἀγῶνες ἀν' Ἑλλάδα, τέσσαρες ἱροί,
οἱ δύο μὲν θνητῶν, οἱ δύο δ' ἀθανάτων·
Ζηνός, Λητοΐδαο, Παλαίμονος, Ἀρχεμόροιο.
ἆθλα δὲ τῶν, κότινος, μῆλα, σέλινα, πίτυς.

Turned into Latin by Ausonius, *Eclog.* vii. 20.

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[1] *i.e.* Nero.

firmity of friendship. The Egyptian poet sends thee this gift to-day when thou dost celebrate thy natal morn.

354.—By the Same

I, whom war dreaded and slew not, am now afflicted by disease, and waste away by intestine warfare. Pierce my heart then, sword, for I will die like a valiant soldier, beating off disease even as I did war.

355.—By the Same

Poppaea Augusta, spouse of Zeus,[1] receive from the Egyptian Leonidas this map of the heavens on thy natal day; for thou takest pleasure in gifts worthy of thy alliance and thy learning.

356.—By the Same

We open another fountain of drink to quaff from it verses of a form hitherto strange to Leonidas. The letters of the couplets give equal numbers. But away with thee, Momus, and set thy sharp teeth in others.

357.—Anonymous

There are four games in Greece, two sacred to mortals and two to immortals: to Zeus, Apollo, Palaemon, and Archemorus, and their prizes are wild-olive, apples, celery, and pine-branches.[2]

[2] The games are the Olympian, Pythian, Isthmian, and Nemean ones. The crown of pine was the Isthmian pine, the celery the Nemean. The Pythian apples (instead of laurel) are mentioned by other late writers.

358.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἴ με Πλάτων οὐ γράψε, δύω ἐγένοντο Πλάτωνες.
Σωκρατικῶν ὀάρων ἄνθεα πάντα φέρω·
ἀλλὰ νόθον μ' ἐτέλεσσε Παναίτιος. ὅς ῥ' ἐτέλεσσε
καὶ ψυχὴν θνητήν, κἀμὲ νόθον τελέσει.

359.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ, *οἱ δὲ* ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ ΤΟΥ ΚΩΜΙΚΟΥ

Ποίην τις βιότοιο τάμῃ τρίβον; εἰν ἀγορῇ μὲν
νείκεα καὶ χαλεπαὶ πρήξιες· ἐν δὲ δόμοις
φροντίδες· ἐν δ' ἀγροῖς καμάτων ἅλις· ἐν δὲ θαλάσσῃ
τάρβος· ἐπὶ ξείνης δ', ἢν μὲν ἔχῃς τι, δέος·
ἢν δ' ἀπορῇς, ἀνιηρόν. ἔχεις γάμον; οὐκ ἀμέριμνος
ἔσσεαι· οὐ γαμέεις; ζῇς ἔτ' ἐρημότερος·
τέκνα πόνοι, πήρωσις ἅπαις βίος· αἱ νεότητες
ἄφρονες, αἱ πολιαὶ δ' ἔμπαλιν ἀδρανέες.
ἦν ἄρα τοῖν δισσοῖν ἑνὸς αἵρεσις, ἢ τὸ γενέσθαι
μηδέποτ', ἢ τὸ θανεῖν αὐτίκα τικτόμενον.

Sir John Beaumont, reprinted in Wellesley's *Anthologia Polyglotta*, p. 133.

360.—ΜΗΤΡΟΔΩΡΟΥ

Παντοίην βιότοιο τάμοις τριβον· εἰν ἀγορῇ μὲν
κύδεα καὶ πινυταὶ πρήξιες· ἐν δὲ δόμοις
ἄμπαυμ'· ἐν δ' ἀγροῖς Φύσιος χάρις· ἐν δὲ θαλάσσῃ
κέρδος. ἐπὶ ξείνης, ἢν μὲν ἔχῃς τι, κλέος·
ἢν δ' ἀπορῇς, μόνος οἶδας. ἔχεις γάμον; οἶκος ἄριστος
ἔσσεται· οὐ γαμέεις; ζῇς ἔτ' ἐλαφρότερος.

358.—Anonymous

On Plato's "Phaedo"

If Plato did not write me there were two Platos, for I have all the flowers of the Socratic dialogues. But Panaetius made me out to be spurious. He who made the soul out to be mortal will make me spurious too.[1]

359.—POSIDIPPUS or PLATO, THE COMIC POET

What path of life should one pursue? In the market-place are broils and business difficulties, and at home are anxieties; in the country there is too much labour, and at sea there is fear. In a foreign land there is apprehension if you possess anything, and if you are ill off, life is a burden. You are married? You won't be without cares. You are unmarried? You live a still more lonely life. Children are a trouble, and a childless life is a crippled one. Youth is foolish, and old age again is feeble. There is then, it seems, a choice between two things, either not to be born or to die at once on being born.

360.—METRODORUS

Pursue every path of life. In the market place are honours and prudent dealings, at home rest; in the country the charm of nature, and at sea profit; in a foreign country, if you have any possessions, there is fame, and if you are in want no one knows it but yourself. Are you married? Your house will be the best of houses. Do you remain unmarried? Your life is

[1] We have Cicero's testimony that Panaetius did not accept the doctrine of the *Phaedo*. He does not, however, say that he pronounced it spurious.

τέκνα πόθος, ἄφροντις ἄπαις βίος· αἱ νεότητες
ῥωμαλέαι, πολιαὶ δ' ἔμπαλιν εὐσεβέες.
οὐκ ἄρα τῶν δισσῶν ἑνὸς αἵρεσις, ἢ τὸ γενέσθαι
μηδέποτ', ἢ τὸ θανεῖν· πάντα γὰρ ἐσθλὰ βίῳ.

361.—ΛΕΟΝΤΟΣ ΦΙΛΟΣΟΦΟΥ

Μῆτερ ἐμὴ δύσμητερ, ἀπηνέα θυμὸν ἔχουσα,
λίην ἄχθομαι ἕλκος, ὅ με βροτὸς οὔτασεν ἀνὴρ
νύκτα δι' ὀρφναίην, ὅτε θ' εὕδουσι βροτοὶ ἄλλοι,
γυμνὸς ἄτερ κόρυθός τε καὶ ἀσπίδος, οὐδ' ἔχεν ἔγχος.
πᾶν δ' ὑπεθερμάνθη ξίφος αἵματι· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
οὖρόν τε προέηκεν ἀπήμονά τε λιαρόν τε.

362.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἰμερόεις Ἀλφειέ, Διὸς στεφανηφόρον ὕδωρ,
ὃς διὰ Πισαίων πεδίων κεκονιμένος ἕρπεις,
ἡσύχιος τὸ πρῶτον, ἐπὴν δ' ἐς πόντον ἵκηαι,
ὀξὺς ἀμετρήτοιο πεσὼν ὑπὸ κῦμα θαλάσσης,
νυμφίος αὐτοκέλευθος ἑῶν ὀχετηγὸς ἐρώτων,
ἐς Σικελὴν Ἀρέθουσαν ἐπείγεαι ὑγρὸς ἀκοίτης.
ἡ δέ σε κεκμηῶτα καὶ ἀσθμαίνοντα λαβοῦσα,
φῦκος ἀποσμήξασα καὶ ἄνθεα πικρὰ θαλάσσης,
χείλεα μὲν στομάτεσσι συνήρμοσεν· οἷα δὲ νύμφη
νυμφίον ἀμφιχυθεῖσα περίπλοκον ἡδεῖ δεσμῷ
κείμενον ἐν κόλποισιν Ὀλύμπιον εὔνασεν ὕδωρ. . . .
καὶ φονίῃ ῥαθάμιγγι λιβὰς κατεκίρνατο πηγή.
οὐδὲ Συρακοσίης ἔτι σοι μέλεν ἵμερος εὐνῆς·

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[1] The wild-olive trees which furnished the crowns for the Olympic festival.

yet lighter. Children are darlings; a childless life is free from care. Youth is strong, and old age again is pious. Therefore there is no choice between two things, either not to be born or to die; for all in life is excellent.

361.—LEO THE PHILOSOPHER

(*A Homeric Cento*)

My cruel-hearted mother, an evil mother to me—it pains me much, the wound that a mortal man inflicted on me—in the dark night when other mortals sleep—naked, without a helmet and shield, nor had he a spear—and all his sword was bathed in hot blood—but afterwards he sent forth a gentle and harmless gale.

362.—Anonymous

Delightful Alpheus, stream that nourishest the crowns of Zeus,[1] winding with thy muddy water through the plain of Pisa, tranquil at first, but when thou reachest the sea plunging eagerly under the waves of the vast main, now made a bridegroom conducting the current of his love in a self-made channel, thou dost hie to Sicilian Arethusa to be her watery bed-fellow. Then she, taking thee to her tired and panting, wipes off the weed and the bitter flowers of the sea, and joining her lips to thine, clasping like a bride thy Olympian stream in the sweet bonds of her embrace, lulls thee to sleep lying in her bosom. . . . and[2] thy limpid fount was defiled by showers of blood, and no longer was thy heart filled with desire for thy Syracusan love, but thou didst

[2] There are evidently some lines missing. The remainder refers to some barbarian invasion of the Peloponnese.

πορφυρέῃ δ' ἀνέκοπτες ὕδωρ πεπιεσμένον αἰδοῖ,
φειδόμενος καὶ πόντον ὁμοῦ καὶ λέκτρα μιῆναι.
πολλάκι δ' εὐναίων ὀάρων βεβιημένος ὁρμῇ,
αὐτὴν ἐς φιλότητα χυτῆς ἀλόχοιο περήσας,
ἑστήκεις ἄχραντον ὁρῶν Ἀρεθούσιον ὕδωρ·
ἡ δέ σε παπταίνουσα Πελωριάδος κατὰ πέτρης
δάκρυσι κυμαίνοντα, κατοικτείρουσα καὶ αὐτὴ
εὐειδὴς Ἀρέθουσα φίλους ἀνεκόπτετο μαζούς,
καὶ δρόσος οἷα ῥόδοισιν ἐτήκετο· μυρομένῳ δὲ
Πισαίῳ ποταμῷ Σικελὴ προσεμύρετο πηγή.
οὐδὲ Δίκην ἔλαθεν πανδερκέα φοίνιος ἀνὴρ
Ἑλλάδος ἀμώων ἄγαμον στάχυν, ᾧ ἔπι πολλαὶ
ἡρώων ἄλοχοι, μινυώρια τέκνα τεκοῦσαι
μαψιδίως ὠδῖνας ἀνεκλαύσαντο γυναῖκες.

363.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Χείματος ἠνεμόεντος ἀπ' αἰθέρος οἰχομένοιο,
πορφυρέη μείδησε φερανθέος εἴαρος ὥρη.
γαῖα δὲ κυανέῃ χλοερὴν ἐστέψατο ποίην,
καὶ φυτὰ θηλήσαντα νέοις ἐκόμησε πετήλοις.
οἱ δ' ἁπαλὴν πίνοντες ἀεξιφύτου δρόσον Ἠοῦς
λειμῶνες γελόωσιν, ἀνοιγομένοιο ῥόδοιο.
χαίρει καὶ σύριγγι νομεὺς ἐν ὄρεσσι λιγαίνων,
καὶ πολιοῖς ἐρίφοις ἐπιτέρπεται αἰπόλος αἰγῶν.
ἤδη δὲ πλώουσιν ἐπ' εὐρέα κύματα ναῦται
πνοιῇ ἀπημάντῳ Ζεφύρου λίνα κολπώσαντος.
ἤδη δ' εὐάζουσι φερεσταφύλῳ Διονύσῳ,
ἄνθεϊ βοτρυόεντος ἐρεψάμενοι τρίχα κισσοῦ.
ἔργα δὲ τεχνήεντα βοηγενέεσσι μελίσσαις
καλὰ μέλει, καὶ σίμβλῳ ἐφήμεναι ἐργάζονται
λευκὰ πολυτρήτοιο νεόρρυτα κάλλεα κηροῦ.

hold back thy waters, repressed by blushing shame, saving from pollution the sea and thy bridal bed; yet, often compelled by thy longing for nuptial intercourse, wouldst thou pass the sea to thy beloved liquid bride and stand gazing at the stainless water of Arethusa. And the lovely Arethusa, looking on thee surging with tears from the Pelorian rock,[1] would pity thee and beat her breasts, and melt like the dew on roses, the Sicilian fount responding to the lament of the river of Pisa. But he did not escape the eye of all-seeing Justice, that man of blood who mowed down the unwedded harvest of Greece, whereat many wives of the heroes wept for the short-lived children to bear whom they had suffered in vain.

363.—MELEAGER

Windy winter has left the skies, and the purple season of flowery spring smiles. The dark earth garlands herself in green herbage, and the plants bursting into leaf wave their new-born tresses. The meadows, drinking the nourishing dew of dawn, laugh as the roses open. The shepherd on the hills delights to play shrilly on the pipes, and the goatherd joys in his white kids. Already the mariners sail over the broad billows, their sails bellied by the kindly Zephyr. Already, crowning their heads with the bloom of berried ivy, men cry *evoe!* to Dionysus the giver of the grape. The bees that the bull's carcase generates[2] bethink them of their artful labours, and seated on the hive they build the fresh white loveliness of their many-celled comb. The races of birds sing

[1] The N.E. cape of Sicily. [2] *cp.* Vergil, *Georg.* iv. 555.

πάντη δ' ὀρνίθων γενεὴ λιγύφωνον ἀείδει,
ἀλκυόνες περὶ κῦμα, χελιδόνες ἀμφὶ μέλαθρα,
κύκνος ἐπ' ὄχθαισιν ποταμοῦ, καὶ ὑπ' ἄλσος ἀηδών.
εἰ δὲ φυτῶν χαίρουσι κόμαι, καὶ γαῖα τέθηλεν,
συρίζει δὲ νομεύς, καὶ τέρπεται εὔκομα μῆλα,
καὶ ναῦται πλώουσι, Διώνυσος δὲ χορεύει,
καὶ μέλπει πετεεινά, καὶ ὠδίνουσι μέλισσαι,
πῶς οὐ χρὴ καὶ ἀοιδὸν ἐν εἴαρι καλὸν ἀεῖσαι;

364.—ΝΕΣΤΟΡΟΣ ΛΑΡΑΝΔΕΩΣ

Σπείσατέ μοι, Μοῦσαι, λιγυρὴν εὐτερπέα φωνήν,
ἡδὺν ἀπὸ στομάτων Ἑλικωνίδος ὄμβρον ἀοιδῆς.
ὅσσοι γὰρ προχέουσιν ἀοιδοτόκου πόμα πηγῆς,
ὑμετέρων ἐπέων λιγυρῇ τέρπονται ἀοιδῇ.

365.—ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΚΑΙΣΑΡΟΣ

Ἀλλοίην ὁρόω δονάκων φύσιν. ἦπου ἀπ' ἄλλης
χαλκείης τάχα μᾶλλον ἀνεβλάστησαν ἀρούρης,
ἄγριοι, οὐδ' ἀνέμοισιν ὑφ' ἡμετέροις δονέονται·
ἀλλ' ἀπὸ ταυρείης προθορὼν σπήλυγγος ἀήτης
νέρθεν ἐϋτρήτων καλάμων ὑπὸ ῥίζαν ὀδεύει·
καί τις ἀνὴρ ἀγέρωχος ἔχων θοὰ δάκτυλα χειρῶν,
ἵσταται ἀμφαφόων κανόνας συμφράδμονας αὐλῶν·
οἳ δ' ἁπαλὸν σκιρτῶντες ἀποθλίβουσιν ἀοιδήν.

366.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἀποφθέγματα τῶν ἑπτὰ σοφῶν

Ἑπτὰ σοφῶν ἐρέω κατ' ἔπος πόλιν, οὔνομα, φωνήν.
Μέτρον μὲν Κλεόβουλος ὁ Λίνδιος εἶπεν ἄριστον·

loud everywhere: the kingfishers by the waves, the swallows round the house, the swan by the river's brink, the nightingale in the grove. If the foliage of plants rejoices, and the earth flourishes, and the shepherd pipes, and the fleecy flocks disport themselves, and sailors sail, and Dionysus dances, and the birds sing, and the bees bring forth, how should a singer too not sing beautifully in the spring?

364.—NESTOR OF LARANDA

Pour for me, Muses, a draught of clear delightful song, the rain of Heliconian melody sweetened by your lips. For all for whom is shed the drink of the fountain that gives birth to poets delight in the clear song of your verses.[1]

365.—THE EMPEROR JULIAN

On an Organ

I see a new kind of reeds. Are they, perchance, the wild product of some strange brazen soil? They are not even moved by our winds, but from a cave of bull's hide issues a blast and passes into these hollow reeds at their root. And a valiant man with swift fingers stands touching the notes which play in concert with the pipes, and they, gently leaping, press the music out of the pipes.

366.—Anonymous

Sayings of the Seven Sages

I will tell you in verse the cities, names, and sayings of the seven sages. Cleobulus of Lindus said that measure was best; Chilon in hollow Lacedaemon

[1] Evidently a fragment.

Χίλων δ' ἐν κοίλῃ Λακεδαίμονι, Γνῶθι σεαυτόν.
ὃς δὲ Κόρινθον ἔναιε Χόλου κρατέειν Περίανδρος.
Πιττακός, Οὐδὲν ἄγαν, ὃς ἔην γένος ἐκ Μυτιλήνης.
Τέρμα δ' ὁρᾷν βιότοιο, Σόλων ἱεραῖς ἐν Ἀθήναις.
Τοὺς πλέονας κακίους δὲ Βίας ἀπέφηνε Πριηνεύς.
Ἐγγύην φεύγειν δὲ Θαλῆς Μιλήσιος ηὔδα.

367.—ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ ΣΑΜΟΣΑΤΕΩΣ

Τὸν πατρικὸν πλοῦτον νέος ὢν Θήρων ὁ Μενίππου
αἰσχρῶς εἰς ἀκρατεῖς ἐξέχεεν δαπάνας·
ἀλλά μιν Εὐκτήμων, πατρικὸς φίλος, ὡς ἐνόησεν
ἤδη καρφαλέῃ τειρόμενον πενίῃ,
καί μιν δακρυχέων ἀνελάμβανε, καὶ πόσιν αὐτὸν
θῆκε θυγατρὸς ἑῆς, πόλλ' ἐπὶ μείλια δούς.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ Θήρωνα περὶ φρένας ἦλυθε πλοῦτος,
αὐτίκα ταῖς αὐταῖς ἐτρέφετ' ἐν δαπάναις,
γαστρὶ χαριζόμενος πᾶσαν χάριν οὐ κατὰ κόσμον,
τῇ θ' ὑπὸ τὴν μιαρὰν γαστέρα μαργοσύνῃ.
οὕτως μὲν Θήρωνα τὸ δεύτερον ἀμφεκάλυψεν
οὐλομένης πενίης κῦμα παλιρρόθιον.
Εὐκτήμων δ' ἐδάκρυσε τὸ δεύτερον, οὐκέτι κεῖνον,
ἀλλὰ θυγατρὸς ἑῆς προϊκά τε καὶ θάλαμον.
ἔγνω δ' ὡς οὐκ ἔστι κακῶς κεχρημένον ἄνδρα
τοῖς ἰδίοις εἶναι πιστὸν ἐν ἀλλοτρίοις.

368.—ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΩΣ

Τίς πόθεν εἰς Διόνυσε; μὰ γὰρ τὸν ἀληθέα Βάκχον,
οὔ σ' ἐπιγιγνώσκω· τὸν Διὸς οἶδα μόνον.
κεῖνος νέκταρ ὄδωδε· σὺ δὲ τράγου. ἦ ῥά σε Κελτοὶ
τῇ πενίῃ βοτρύων τεῦξαν ἀπ' ἀσταχύων.

said "Know thyself;" and Periander, who dwelt in Corinth, "Master anger;" Pittacus, who was from Mytilene, said "Naught in excess;" and Solon, in holy Athens, "Look at the end of life"; Bias of Priene declared that most men are evil, and Thales of Miletus said "Shun suretyship."

367.—LUCIAN

Thero, the son of Menippus, in his youth wasted his inheritance shamefully on prodigal outlay; but Euctemon, his father's friend, when he saw that he was already pressed by parching poverty, strove with tears to cheer him, and gave him his daughter to wife with a large dowry. But when wealth got the better of Thero's wits, he began to live again in the same extravagance, satisfying disgracefully every lust of his vile belly and the parts beneath it. Thus the returning wave of baneful poverty buried Thero the second time, and Euctemon wept a second time, not for Thero, but for his daughter's dowry and bed, and learnt that a man who has made ill use of his own substance will not make honest use of another's.

368.—THE EMPEROR JULIAN

On Beer

Who and whence art thou, Dionysus? For, by the true Bacchus, I know thee not: I know only the son of Zeus. He smells of nectar, but thou of billy-goat. Did the Celts for lack of grapes make

τῷ σε χρὴ καλέειν Δημήτριον, οὐ Διόνυσον,
πυρογενῆ μᾶλλον καὶ Βρόμον, οὐ Βρόμιον.

369.—ΚΥΡΙΛΛΟΥ

Παγκαλόν ἐστ' ἐπίγραμμα τὸ δίστιχον· ἢν δὲ παρέλθῃς
τοὺς τρεῖς, ῥαψῳδεῖς, κοὐκ ἐπίγραμμα λέγεις.

370.—ΤΙΒΕΡΙΟΥ ΙΑΛΟΥΣΤΡΙΟΥ

Οὐ κύνες, οὐ στάλικές με κατήνυσαν, οὐχὶ κυνηγοὶ
δορκάδα· τὸν δ' ἀπὸ γῆς εἰν ἁλὶ πλῆσα μόρον.
ἐξ ὕλης πόντῳ γὰρ ἐνέδραμον· εἶτά με πλεκταὶ
ἕλξαν ἐπ' αἰγιαλοὺς δικτυβόλων παγίδες.
ἤλιτον ἡ χέρσοιο μάτην φυγάς· οὐδ' ἀδίκως με
εἶλε σαγηνευτὴς τἀμὰ λιποῦσαν ὄρη.
οὔποτ' ἄγρης, ἁλιῆες, ἔτ' ἄστοχον οἴσετε χεῖρα,
χέρσῳ καὶ πελάγει κοινὰ πλέκοντες ὕφη.

371.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Δίκτυον ἐκθρώσκοντα πολύπλοκον ἄρτι λαγωὸν
σεῦε κύων θερμοῖς ἴχνεσιν ὠκυπόδην.
τρηχὺν ὁ δ' ἐκνεύσας ταχινῶς πάγον, ἐς βαθὺ πόντου
ἥλατ' ἀλυσκάζων κῦμα παρακτίδιον.
εἰνάλιος τὸν δ' αἶψα κύων βρυχηδὸν ὀδοῦσιν
μάρψε. κυσὶν τλήμων ἦν ἄρ' ὀφειλόμενος.

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[1] "Bromus" is the Greek for oats; Bromius is a common title of Dionysus, derived probably from "bromus" = noise.

thee out of corn? Then thou shouldst be called Demetrius, not Dionysus, being born of corn, rather than of the fire, and Bromus[1] rather than Bromius.

369.—CYRILLUS

An epigram of two lines has every merit, and if you exceed three lines it is rhapsody, not epigram.

370.—TIBERIUS ILLUSTRIS

I am a fawn slain by no dogs, or stake-nets, or huntsmen, but in the sea I suffered the fate that threatened me on land. For I rushed into the sea from the wood, and then the netted snare of the fishermen dragged me up on the beach. I was wrong in flying, and all in vain, from the shore, and deservedly was taken by the fisherman after I had deserted my hills. Never again, fishermen, shall your hands be unsuccessful, since you now knit webs that serve both for sea and land.

371.—Anonymous

(*cp. No.* 17 *ff.*)

A hound was pressing hotly on a swift-footed hare that had just freed itself from the toils of the net. The hare, rapidly turning away from the rough hill, leapt, to avoid the dog's jaws, into the deep water near the shore, where a sea-dog with one snap caught it at once in his teeth. The poor hare was evidently destined to be dog's meat.

[1] In πῡρογενῆ, "wheat-born," there is a play on πῦρογενῆ, "fire-born."

372.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Λεπτὸν ὑφηναμένα ῥαδινοῖς ὑπὸ ποσσὶν ἀράχνα
τέττιγα σκολιαῖς ἔνδετον εἶχε πάγαις.
ἀλλ᾽ οὐ μὰν λεπταῖσιν ἐπαιάζοντα ποδίστραις
τὸν φιλαοιδὸν ἰδὼν παῖδα παρετρόχασα·
λύσας δ᾽ ἐκ βροχίδων ἀπεκούφισα, καὶ τόδ᾽ ἔλεξα·
"Σώζου μουσείῳ φθεγγόμενος κελάδῳ."

373.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τίπτε με τὸν φιλέρημον ἀναιδέϊ ποιμένες ἄγρῃ
τέττιγα δροσερῶν ἕλκετ᾽ ἀπ᾽ ἀκρεμόνων,
τὴν Νυμφῶν παροδῖτιν ἀηδόνα, κἤματι μέσσῳ
οὔρεσι καὶ σκιεραῖς ξουθὰ λαλεῦντα νάπαις;
ἠνίδε καὶ κίχλην καὶ κόσσυφον, ἠνίδε τόσσους
ψαῦρας, ἀρουραίης ἅρπαγας εὐπορίης·
καρπῶν δηλητῆρας ἐλεῖν θέμις· ἄλλυτ᾽ ἐκείνους·
φύλλων καὶ χλοερῆς τίς φθόνος ἐστὶ δρόσου;

374.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἀέναον Καθαρήν με παρερχομένοισιν ὁδίταις
πηγὴν ἀμβλύζει γειτονέουσα νάπη·
πάντη δ᾽ εὖ πλατάνοισι καὶ ἠμεροθηλέσι δάφναις
ἔστεμμαι, σκιερὴν ψυχομένη κλισίην·
τοὔνεκα μή με θέρευς παραμείβεο· δίψαν ἀλαλκὼν
ἄμπαυσον παρ᾽ ἐμοὶ καὶ κόπον ἡσυχίῃ.

J. A. Pott, *Greek Love Songs and Epigrams*, ii. p. 136.

375.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τίς ποτ᾽ ἀκηδέστως οἰνοτρόφον ὄμφακα Βάκχου
ἀνὴρ ἀμπελίνου κλήματος ἐξέταμεν,

372.—Anonymous

The spider, that had woven her fine web with her slender feet, had caught a cicada in her crooked meshes. But when I saw the little songster lamenting in the fine toils I did not pass hastily by, but freeing him from the nooses, I comforted him and said: "Be saved, thou who callest with the musical voice."

373.—Anonymous

Why, shepherds, in wanton sport, do you pull from the dewy branches me, the cicada, the lover of the wilds, the roadside nightingale of the Muses, who at midday chatter shrilly on the hills and in the shady copses? Look at the thrushes and blackbirds! Look at all the starlings, pilferers of the country's wealth! It is lawful to catch the despoilers of the crops. Slay them. Do you grudge me my leaves and fresh dew?

374.—Anonymous

From the neighbouring grove I, ever-flowing Pure Fount, gush forth for passing travellers. On all sides, well canopied by planes and softly blooming laurels, I offer a cool resting-place under the shade. Therefore pass me not by in summer. Dispel thy thirst and rest thee, too, from toil in peace beside me.

375.—Anonymous

What man thus carelessly plucked from the vine-branch the unripe grapes of Bacchus that nurse the

χείλεα δὲ στυφθεὶς ἀπό μιν βάλεν, ὡς ἂν ὀδίταις
εἴη νισσομένοις ἡμιδακὲς σκύβαλον;
εἴη οἱ Διόνυσος ἀνάρσιος, οἷα Λυκοῦργος
ὅττι †μιν αὐξομέναν ἔσβεσεν εὐφροσύναν.
τοῦδε γὰρ ἂν τάχα τις διὰ πώματος ἢ πρὸς ἀοιδὰς
ἤλυθεν, ἢ γεροῦ κάδεος ἔσχε λύσιν.

376.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τίπτε με τὴν ἀνέμοισιν ἁλώσιμον, ἠλεὲ τέκτον,
τήνδε πίτυν τεύχεις νῆα θαλασσοπόρον,
οὐδ' οἰωνὸν ἔδεισας; ὅ τοι Βορέης μ' ἐδίωξεν
ἐν χθονί· πῶς ἀνέμους φεύξομαι ἐν πελάγει;

377.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Τάνταλος οὐδὲν ἔτρωγε· τινασσομένων γὰρ ὕπερθεν
καρπὸς ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς αὐτὸν ἔφευγε φυτῶν,
καὶ διὰ τοῦτο τροφῆς κεχρημένος ἧττον ἐδίψα·
εἰ δὲ καὶ ἔτρωγεν σῦκα πεπαινόμενα,
καὶ βραβύλους καὶ μῆλα, τί τηλίκον ἀνδράσι νεκροῖς
δίψος ἀπὸ χλωρῶν γίνεται ἀκροδρύων;
ἡμεῖς δ' ἐσθίομεν κεκλημένοι ἁλμυρὰ πάντα,
χέννια, καὶ τυρούς, χηνὸς ἁλιστὰ λίπη,
ὄρνια καὶ μόσχεια· μίαν δ' ἐπιπίνομεν αὐτοῖς.
πάσχομεν οὐκοῦν σεῦ, Τάνταλε, πικρότερα.

378.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἀνδροφόνῳ σαθρὸν παρὰ τειχίον ὑπνώοντι
νυκτὸς ἐπιστῆναι φασὶ Σάραπιν ὄναρ,
καὶ χρησμῳδῆσαι· "Κατακείμενος οὗτος, ἀνίστω,
καὶ κοιμῶ μεταβάς, ὦ τάλας. ἀλλαχόθι."

wine, and when his lips were drawn up by the taste threw them away, half-chewed refuse for travellers to tread on? May Dionysus be his foe, because, like Lycurgus, he quenched good cheer in its growth. Haply by that drink had some man been moved to song, or found relief from plaintive grief.

376.—Anonymous

Why, foolish carpenter, dost thou make of me, the pine-tree that am the victim of the winds, a ship to travel over the seas, and dreadest not the omen? Boreas persecuted me on land; so how shall I escape the winds at sea?

377.—PALLADAS

Tantalus ate nothing, for the fruit of the trees that tossed over his head ever eluded him, and owing to this, being in want of food, he was less thirsty; but suppose he had eaten ripe figs, and plums, and apples, do dead men get so very thirsty from eating fresh fruit? But we guests eat all sorts of salted dishes, quails and cheese and goose's fat, poultry and veal, and on the top of all drink only one glass. So we are worse off than you, Tantalus.

378.—By the Same

They say that Sarapis appeared in a dream by night to a murderer who was sleeping under a decayed wall, and thus spoke as in an oracle: "Arise, thou who liest here, and seek, poor wretch, another sleeping place." The man awoke and departed, and

ὃς δὲ διυπνισθεὶς μετέβη. τὸ δὲ σαθρὸν ἐκεῖνο
τειχίον ἐξαίφνης εὐθὺς ἔκειτο χαμαί.
σῶστρα δ' ἔωθεν ἔθυε θεοῖς χαίρων ὁ κακοῦργος,
ἥδεσθαι νομίσας τὸν θεὸν ἀνδροφόνοις.
ἀλλ' ὁ Σάραπις ἔχρησε πάλιν, διὰ νυκτὸς ἐπιστάς·
"Κήδεσθαί με δοκεῖς, ἄθλιε, τῶν ἀδίκων;
εἰ μὴ νῦν σε μεθῆκα θανεῖν, θάνατον μὲν ἄλυπον
νῦν ἔφυγες, σταυρῷ δ' ἴσθι φυλαττόμενος."

379.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Φασὶ παροιμιακῶς· "Κἂν ὗς δάκοι ἄνδρα πονηρόν·"
ἀλλὰ τόδ' οὐχ οὕτω φημὶ προσῆκε λέγειν·
ἀλλὰ "Δάκοι κἂν ὗς ἀγαθοὺς καὶ ἀπράγμονας ἄνδρας,
τὸν δὲ κακὸν δεδιὼς δήξεται οὐδὲ δράκων."

380.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰ κύκνῳ δύναται κόρυδος παραπλήσιον ᾄδειν,
τολμῷεν δ' ἐρίσαι σκῶπες ἀηδονίσιν,
εἰ κόκκυξ τέττιγος ἐρεῖ λιγυρώτερος εἶναι,
ἴσα ποεῖν καὶ ἐγὼ Παλλαδίῳ δύναμαι.

381.—ΟΜΗΡΟΚΕΝΤΡΩΝ

Εἰς Λέανδρον καὶ Ἡρῶ

Ἀκτῇ ἐπὶ προὐχούσῃ, ἐπὶ πλατεῖ Ἑλλησπόντῳ,
παρθένος αἰδοίη ὑπερώϊον εἰσαναβᾶσα
πύργῳ ἐφειστήκει γοόωσά τε μυρομένη τε·
χρύσεον λύχνον ἔχουσα, φάος περικαλλὲς ἐποίει,
κεῖνον ὀϊομένη τὸν κάμμορον, εἴ ποθεν ἔλθοι
νηχόμενος—καὶ λαῖτμα τάχισθ' ἁλὸς ἐκπεράασκε

immediately the rotten wall fell to the ground. The evil-doer rejoiced, and in the morning sacrificed to the gods in thanks for his escape, thinking that Sarapis is pleased with murderers. But Sarapis appeared to him again at night, and prophesied thus to him: "Wretch, dost thou think that I protect criminals? If I did not let thee be killed now, it is that thou now hast escaped a painless death; but know that thou art reserved for the cross."

379.—By the Same

The proverb says, "Even a pig would bite a bad man;" but I say that we should not say that, but "Even a pig would bite simple unmeddlesome men, but even a snake would be afraid to bite a bad man."

380.—Anonymous

If a lark can sing like a swan and if owls dare compete with nightingales, if a cuckoo asserts he is more sweet-voiced than a cicada, then I too can equal Palladius.

381.—A HOMERIC CENTO

On Hero and Leander

On a projecting shore on the broad Hellespont a modest maiden, having mounted to an upper chamber, stood in the tower lamenting and wailing. Holding a golden lamp she gave beautiful light, brooding on that unhappy man, would he come or not swimming. —And he swiftly passed across the depth of the sea,

νύκτα δι' ἀμβροσίην, ὅτε θ' εὕδουσι βροτοὶ ἄλλοι·
ῥόχθει γὰρ μέγα κῦμα ποτὶ ξερὸν ἠπείροιο.
ὅσσαι γὰρ νύκτες τε καὶ ἡμέραι ἐκγεγάασι,
παρθένος ἠΐθεός τ' ἀπαρίζετον ἀλλήλοισιν,
εἰς εὐνὴν φοιτῶντε, φίλους λήθοντε τοκῆας,
οἳ Σηστὸν καὶ Ἄβυδον ἔχον καὶ δῖαν Ἀρίσβην.

382.—ΟΜΗΡΟΚΕΝΤΡΩΝ

Ὁ πρῶτος Ἠχοῦς ἀκούσας

Ὦ φίλοι, ἥρωες Δαναοί, θεράποντες Ἄρηος,
ψεύσομαι, ἢ ἔτυμον ἐρέω; κέλεται δέ με θυμός.
ἀγροῦ ἐπ' ἐσχατιῆς, ὅθι δένδρεα μακρὰ πεφύκει,
ναίει ἐϋπλόκαμος δεινὴ θεὸς αὐδήεσσα,
ἢ θεός, ἠὲ γυνή· τοὶ δὲ φθέγγοντο καλεῦντες.
εἰ δὲ φθεγξαμένου του ἢ αὐδήσαντος ἀκούσῃ,
αὖτις ἀριζήλως εἰρημένα μυθολογεύει.
ἀλλὰ τίη τοι ταῦτα διεξέρχεσθαι ἕκαστα;
τὴν δ' οὔτ' ἀθρῆσαι δύναμ' ἀντίον, οὔτε νοῆσαι.
ὁπποῖόν κ' εἴπῃσθα ἔπος, τοῖόν κ' ἐπακούσαις.

383.—ΜΗΝΕΣ ΑΙΓΥΠΤΙΩΝ

Πρῶτος Θὼθ ἐδάη δρεπάνην ἐπὶ βότρυν ἐγείρειν.
ἰχθυβόλοισι Φαωφὶ φέρει πανδήμιον ἄγρην.
Πληϊάδων φαίνουσαν Ἀθὺρ τεκμαίρεται ὥρην.
Χοιὰκ σπειρομένων σταχύων δείκνυσι γενέθλην.
Τυβὶ δὲ πορφύρεον βουληφόρον εἶμα τιταίνει.
σημαίνει πλωτῆρσι Μεχεὶρ πλόον ἀμφιπολεύειν.
Ἄρεος ὅπλα φέρειν Φαμενὼθ δείκνυσι μαχηταῖς.
εἰαρινὼν Φαρμουθὶ ῥόδων πρωτάγγελός ἐστι·

through the ambrosial night when other mortals sleep, for a great wave surged towards the dry land of the continent. For as many days and nights as pass, the young man and maiden converse with each other, going to bed together without the knowledge of their dear parents, who inhabit Sestos, and Abydus, and divine Arisbe.

382.—Another

On the Theme "He who first heard Echo"

Friends, Danaan heroes, servants of Ares, shall I lie or speak the truth, as my heart bids me? At the utmost border of the land where the tall trees grow lives a fair-haired dreadful goddess gifted with speech, either a goddess or a woman, and they called aloud on her. If she hear one call or speak, she excellently repeats what was spoken. But why narrate all this to thee in detail? Only I cannot look on her face or perceive her. Whatever kind of word thou speakest the like shalt thou hear.

383.—THE EGYPTIAN MONTHS

First Thoth learnt to uplift the hook to prune the grapes; Phaophi brings to fishermen a catch of every variety; Athyr indicates the date of the appearance of the Pleiads; Choiac shows the birth of the sown crops; Tybi displays the purple robe;[1] Mecheir bids sailors prepare for a voyage; Phamenoth trains warriors in the use of arms; Pharmouthi is the first

[1] *i.e.* the consuls are then elected.

λήϊα δ' αὐανθέντα Παχὼν δρεπάνῃσι φυλάσσει·
εὐκάρπου δὲ Παῦνὶ προάγγελός ἐστιν ὀπώρης·
καὶ σταφυλὴν κατέχων εὐάμπελός ἐστιν Ἐπηφί·
καὶ Μεσορὶ Νείλοιο φέρει φυσίζοον ὕδωρ.

384.—ΜΗΝΕΣ ΡΩΜΑΙΩΝ

Ἐξ ἐμέθεν λυκάβαντος ὑπηελίοιο θύρετρα,
Αὐσονίης <θ'>[1] ὕψος δέρκεται Ἡέλιος.
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ θαμινῇσι γύην νιφάδεσσι διαίνω,
τεύχων εἰαρινῆς ἔγκυον ἀγλαΐης.
ἄρχετ' Ἄρης ἀπ' ἐμεῖο, καὶ ἄνθεα καὶ γλάγος ἡδύ·
ἴση δ' εἰκοστῷ ἤματι νὺξ τελέθει.
ἐντύνοι τῆμόσδε φυτοσκάφος, ἔρνεα μάμνων,
ῥίζῃ ἐπ' ἀγροτέρῃ ἦμερον ἀκρεμόνα.
οἴγεται ἄρτι θάλασσα· ἐφοπλίζοιτε δὲ νῆας·
ὥριον ἀκλύστων ἐκτὸς ἄγειν λιμένων.
μεσσάτιος ῥόδου εἰμὶ καὶ ἀργεννοῖο κρίνοιο,
καὶ ξανθῆς κεράσου βρίθομαι ἀκρεμόσιν.
Καρκίνον Ἡέλιος μετανίσσεται· ἀστάχυας δὲ
καρφαλέους κείρει γειοπόνος δρεπανῃ.
κρίνω ἐγὼ Δηὼ καὶ ἀχυρμιάς· ἐν δὲ Λέοντι
ἀτρεκέα τελέθει χεύματα Νηϊάδων.
βρίθω ἐγὼ σταφυλῇ, βρίθω δ' ἐπὶ πάσῃ ὀπώρῃ·
αὖθις δ' ἰσοπαλὴς γίνεται ἤματι νύξ.
τίς δέ κ' ἐμεῖο πέλοι γλυκερώτερος, ὃς μέθυ χεύω,
ληνῷ ἐπεὶ κατάγω Βάκχον ἀπ' οἰνοπέδου;
εἴ τοι Ἀθηναίης πέλει ἔρνεα, ὥριον ἤδη
καρπὸν ἀποθλίβειν, μνῆστιν ἔχειν καμάτων.
παύσασθαι νειοῦ κέλομαι· γλαγόωντι γὰρ ἤδη
σπέρματι ῥιγεδανὴ πηγυλὶς ἀντιάσει.

[1] I insert θ'.

herald of the roses of spring; Pachon keeps for the sickle the ripened corn; Payni is the herald of fruitful autumn; Epephi, who blesses the vine, holds a bunch of grapes; and Mesori brings the vivifying water of Nile.

384.—THE ROMAN MONTHS

January: From me opens the door of the solar year and the sun looks on the supreme magistrates of Italy.[1] *February:* I wet the land with thick snowflakes, making it pregnant with the splendour of spring. *March:* Mars begins from me, and flowers and sweet milk, and on my twentieth day night and day are equal. *April:* Let the gardener now cut shoots and graft tame branches on wild stems. *May:* Now the sea is open; equip the ships; it is time to sail them out of the untroubled harbours. *June:* I am half way between the rose and white lily, and I am heavy with branches of yellow cherries. *July:* The Sun crosses Cancer, and the husbandman with his sickle cuts the ripe ears. *August:* I separate the corn from the straw, and in Leo the fountains of the Naiads are at their purest. *September:* I am heavy with grapes and all kinds of fruit, and again night and day become equal. *October:* Who can be sweeter than me, who pour forth wine when I bring Bacchus from the vineyard to the press? *November:* If thou hast Pallas' olive-trees it is time to press the fruit and remember thee of labour. *December:* I bid thee cease from ploughing the fallow land, for the frosts will injure the milky seeds.

[1] The consuls.

385.—ΣΤΕΦΑΝΟΥ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΚΟΥ

Ἀκρόστιχα εἰς τὴν Ἰλιάδα κατὰ ῥαψῳδίαν

Ἄλφα λιτὰς Χρύσου, λοιμὸν στρατοῦ, ἔχθος ἀνάκτων,
Βῆτα δ' ὄνειρον ἔχει, ἀγορήν, καὶ νῆας ἀριθμεῖ.
Γάμμα δ' ἄρ' ἀμφ' Ἑλένης οἷοις μόθος ἐστὶν ἀκοίταις
Δέλτα θεῶν ἀγορή, ὅρκων χύσις, ἄρεος ἀρχή.
Εἶ, βάλλει Κυθέρειαν Ἀρηΐ τε Τυδέος υἱός· 5
Ζῆτα δ' ἄρ' Ἀνδρομάχης καὶ Ἕκτορός ἐστ' ἀριστύς.
Ἦτα δ', Λἴας πολέμιζε μόνῳ μόνος Ἕκτορι δίῳ.
Θῆτα, θεῶν ἀγορή, Τρώων κράτος, Ἕκτορος εὖχος.
ἐξεσίη δ' Ἀχιλῆος ἀπειθέος ἐστὶν Ἰῶτα·
Κάππα δ' ἄρ' ἀμφοτέρων σκοπιαζέμεν ἤλυθον ἄνδρες. 10
Λάμβδα δ', ἀριστῆας Δαναῶν βάλον Ἕκτορος ἄνδρες.
Μῦ Τρώων παλάμῃσι κατήριπε τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν.
Νῦ δέ, Ποσειδάων Δαναοῖς κράτος ὤπασε λάθρῃ.
Ξῖ, Κρονίδην λεχέεσσι σὺν ὕπνῳ τ' ἤπαφεν Ἥρη.
Οὖ, Κρονίδης κεχόλωτο Ποσειδάωνι καὶ Ἥρῃ. 15
Πῖ, Πάτροκλον ἔπεφνεν ἀρήϊον Ἕκτορος αἰχμή.
Ῥῶ, Δαναοὶ Τρῶές τε νέκυν πέρι χεῖρας ἔμισγον.
Σῖγμα, Θέτις Ἀχιλῆϊ παρ' Ἡφαίστου φέρεν ὅπλα·
Ταῦ δ', ἀπέληγε χόλοιο, καὶ ἔκθορε δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.
Υ̓͂, μακάρων ἔρις ὦρτο, φέρει δ' ἐπὶ κάρτος Ἀχαιοῖς. 20
Φῖ, κρατερῶς κατὰ χεύματ' ἐδάμνατο Τρῶας Ἀχιλλεύς.
Χῖ δ' ἄρα, τρὶς περὶ τεῖχος ἄγων κτάνεν Ἕκτορ' Ἀχιλλεύς·
Ψῖ, Δαναοῖσιν ἀγῶνα διδοὺς ἐτέλεσσεν Ἀχιλλεύς.
Ὦ, Πριάμῳ νέκυν υἷα λαβὼν γέρα δῶκεν Ἀχιλλεύς.

385.—STEPHANUS THE GRAMMARIAN

Contents of the Books of the "Iliad"

Alpha contains the prayers of Chryses, the plague in the army and the quarrel of the kings. Beta has the dream and the Council, and numbers the ships. Gamma is the single combat for Helen between her husbands. Delta the Council of the gods, the breaking of the oaths, and beginning of the fight. In Epsilon the son of Tydeus wounds Cytherea and Ares. Zeta is the converse between Hector and Andromache. In Eta Ajax fights in single combat with divine Hector. Theta is the Council of the gods, the Trojans' victory, and Hector's boast. Iota is the embassy to stubborn Achilles. In Kappa men go out from both sides to reconnoitre. In Lambda Hector's men wound the chiefs of the Greeks. In My the Achaeans' wall falls by the hands of the Trojans. In Ny Poseidon secretly gives victory to the Greeks. In Xi Hera befools Zeus by love and sleep. In Omicron Zeus is enraged with Poseidon and Hera. In Pi the spear of Hector slays warlike Patroclus. In Ro the Greeks and Trojans are engaged round the corpse. In Sigma Thetis brings arms to Achilles from Hephaestus. In Tau divine Achilles leaves off his wrath and dashes forth. In Ypsilon there is strife among the gods, but it brings victory to the Greeks. In Phi Achilles subdues the Trojans at the river by his might. In Chi Achilles slays Hector after chasing him thrice round the wall. In Psi Achilles celebrates the games he gives the Greeks. In Omega Achilles accepts presents and gives up to Priam his son's body.

386.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἁ Κύπρις πρῴαν γυμνάν σ' ἐβόασεν ἰδοῦσα·
" Φεῦ, φεῦ, πῶς σταγόνων ἔκτοθεν Οὐρανίων,
ζαλώσας ὠδῖνα Θαλάσσας, ὁ θρασὺς ἄλλαν
Νεῖλος ἀπὸ γλυκερῶν Κύπριν ἀνῆκε βυθῶν;"

387.—ΑΔΡΙΑΝΟΥ ΚΑΙΣΑΡΟΣ, *οἱ δὲ* ΓΕΡΜΑΝΙΚΟΥ

Ἕκτορ, Ἀρήϊον αἷμα, κατὰ χθονὸς εἴ που ἀκούεις,
χαῖρε, καὶ ἄμπνευσον βαιὸν ὑπὲρ πατρίδος.
Ἴλιον οἰκεῖται κλεινὴ πόλις, ἄνδρας ἔχουσα
σοῦ μὲν ἀφαυροτέρους, ἀλλ' ἔτ' ἀρηϊφίλους·
Μυρμιδόνες δ' ἀπόλοντο. παρίστασο, καὶ λέγ' Ἀχιλλεῖ
Θεσσαλίην κεῖσθαι πᾶσαν ὑπ' Αἰνεάδαις.

388, 389

Πρὸς ταῦτα ὑπέγραψε στρατιώτης· φασὶ δὲ Τραϊανοῦ εἶναι.

Θάρσυνοι· οὐ γὰρ ἐμῆς κόρυθος λεύσσουσι μέτωπον.

Εἶτα τοῦ Βασιλέως ἐπαινέσαντος, καὶ γράψαντος " Δήλωσόν μοι τίς εἶ," ἀντέγραψεν·

Εἰμὶ μὲν εὐθώρηκος Ἐνυαλίου πολεμιστής·
εἰμὶ δὲ καὶ θεράπων Ἑλικωνίου Ἀπόλλωνος,
αὐτοῖς ἐν πρώτοισι λελεγμένος ἀσπιδιώταις.

390.—ΜΕΝΕΚΡΑΤΟΥΣ ΣΜΥΡΝΑΙΟΥ

Παισὶν ἐπὶ προτέροις ἤδη τρίτον ἐν πυρὶ μήτηρ
θεῖσα, καὶ ἀπλήστῳ δαίμονι μεμφομένη,

[1] For the birth of Aphrodite from the blood of Uranus see Hesiod, *Theog.* 188 ff.

386.—Anonymous

Cypris, of late, on seeing thee naked, exclaimed: "Oh! Oh! look how impudent Nile, envying the sea's parentage, has, without the blood of Uranus,[1] sent up another Cypris from his sweet depths."

387.—THE EMPEROR HADRIAN, Or, as others state, GERMANICUS

Hector of the race of Ares, if thou hearest where'er thou art under ground, hail! and stay a little thy sighs for thy country. Ilion is inhabited, and is a famous city containing men inferior to thee, but still lovers of war, while the Myrmidons have perished. Stand by his side and tell Achilles that all Thessaly is subject to the sons of Aeneas.[2]

388, 389

Under the above a soldier (some say Trajan) wrote: "They are bold, for they look not on the face of my helmet."[3] *When the Emperor praised this and wrote "Reveal who you are," he replied:* I am a soldier of cuirassed Mars and also a servant of Heliconian Apollo, chosen among the first men-at-arms.

390.—MENECRATES OF SMYRNA

A mother who had laid on the pyre her third child after losing the others too, reviling insatiate

[2] Troy was restored by Julius and Augustus.
[3] *Il.* xvi. 70. Achilles is the speaker.

τέτρατον ἄλγος ἔτικτε, καὶ οὐκ ἀνέμειναν ἀδήλους
ἐλπίδας, ἐν δὲ πυρὶ ζωὸν ἔθηκε βρέφος,
"Οὐ θρέψω" λέξασα· "τί γὰρ πλέον; Ἄϊδι μαστοὶ
κάμνετε· κερδήσω πένθος ἀμοχθότερον."

391.—ΔΙΟΤΙΜΟΥ

Τὰν ἤβαν ἐς ἄεθλα πάλας ἤσκησε κραταιὰς
ἅδε Ποσειδῶνος καὶ Διὸς ἁ γενεά.
κεῖται δέ σφιν ἀγὼν οὐ χάλκεος ἀμφὶ λέβητος,
ἀλλ' ὅστις ζωὰν οἴσεται ἢ θάνατον.
Ἀνταίου τὸ πτῶμα· πρέπει δ' Ἡρακλέα νικᾶν
τὸν Διός. Ἀργείων ἁ πάλα, οὐ Λιβύων.

392.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἴ τις ἀπάγξασθαι μὲν ὀκνεῖ, θανάτου δ' ἐπιθυμεῖ,
ἐξ Ἱερᾶς Πόλεως ψυχρὸν ὕδωρ πιέτω.

393.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Οὐδεὶς καὶ καθαρὸς καὶ μείλιχος ἤλυθεν ἄρχων·
ἓν γὰρ ἑνὸς δοκέει δόγματος ἀντίπαλον·
τὸ γλυκὺ τοῦ κλέπτοντος, ὑπερφιάλου δὲ τὸ ἀγνόν.
ὄργανα τῆς ἀρχῆς ταῦτα δύ' ἐστὶ πάθη.

394.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Χρυσέ, πάτερ κολάκων, ὀδύνης καὶ φροντίδος υἱέ,
καὶ τὸ ἔχειν σε, φόβος· καὶ μὴ ἔχειν σ', ὀδύνη.

395.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

"Ὡς οὐδὲν γλύκιον ἧς πατρίδος," εἶπεν Ὀδυσσεύς·
ἐν γὰρ τοῖς Κίρκης ἔκχυτον οὐκ ἔφαγεν,

Death, on giving birth to a fourth sorrow would not wait, nourishing uncertain hope, but threw the child alive in the fire. "I will not rear it," she said. "What profits it? My paps, ye toil for Hades. I shall gain mourning with less trouble."

391.—DIOTIMUS

This son of Poseidon and the son of Zeus trained their youthful limbs for stubborn wrestling bouts. The contest is no brazen one for a caldron, but for which shall gain death or life. Antaeus has got the fall, and it was fit that Heracles, the son of Zeus, should win. Wrestling is Argive, not Libyan.[1]

392.—Anonymous

If anyone is afraid of hanging himself, but wants to die, let him drink cold water from Hierapolis.

393.—PALLADAS

No magistrate ever came here who was both clean-handed and mild; for the one principle seems antagonistic to the other. Mildness is a virtue of the thief, and purity a virtue of the proud. These qualities are the two instruments of government.

394.—By the Same

Gold, father of flatterers, son of pain and care, it is fear to have thee and pain not to have thee.

395.—By the Same

Odysseus said "nothing is sweeter than a man's fatherland,"[2] for in Circe's isle he never ate cheese-

[1] Antaeus was Libyan. [2] *Odyss.* i. 34.

οὗ μόνον εἰ καὶ καπνὸν ἀποθρώσκοντ' ἐνόησεν,
εἶπεν ἂν οἰμώζειν καὶ δέκα Πηνελόπαις.

396.—ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ

Ὄρθριος εὐπλέκτοιο λίνου νεφοειδέϊ κόλπῳ
ἔμπεσε σὺν κίχλῃ κόσσυφος ἡδυβόας.
καὶ τὰν μὲν πανάφυκτος ἕλε βρόχος· ὠκὺ δ' ἀπέπτα
ἐξ ὀρνιθοπέδας ᾠδὸς ἐρημοφίλας.
ἦ τάχα που τριμάκαιρα φιλαγρέτις ὄρνιν ἀοιδὸν
Ἄρτεμις εὐμόλπῳ λῦσεν ἄνακτι λύρης.

397.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Φεῦγε Λάκων ποτὲ δῆριν· ὑπαντιάσασα δὲ μήτηρ
εἶπε, κατὰ στέρνων ἆορ ἀνασχομένη·
"Ζώων μὲν σέο μητρὶ διαμπερὲς αἶσχος ἀνάπτεις,
καὶ κρατερῆς Σπάρτης πάτρια θεσμὰ λύεις·
ἢν δὲ θάνῃς παλάμῃσιν ἐμαῖς, μήτηρ μὲν ἀκούσω
δύσμορος, ἀλλ' ἐν ἐμῇ πατρίδι σωζομένη."

398.—ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΠΟ ΥΠΑΤΩΝ ΑΙΓΥΠΤΙΟΥ

Ὁλκὰς ὕδωρ προφυγοῦσα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης
ἐν χθονὸς ἀγκοίναις ὤλετο μητριάσιν.
ἱσταμένην γὰρ πυρσὸς ἐπέφλεγε· καιομένη δὲ
δυσμενέων ὑδάτων συμμαχίην ἐκάλει.

399.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἥλιον νικησε τεὸς νόος ἡδὺ φαείνων,
αἰὲν ἀπαστράπτων βροτοφεγγέα πάνσοφον αἴγλην,
ἡδυφαῆ, χαρίεσσαν, ἀπαστράπτουσαν ἀλύπως.

cake. If he had seen even the smoke curling up from that,[1] he would have sent ten Penelopes to the deuce.

396.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

(*cp. No.* 343)

One morning a sweet-voiced blackbird, together with a field-fare, fell into the cloud-like bag of the well-knit net. The field-fare was caught in the noose from which there is no escape, but the songster of the wilderness flew swiftly away from the trap. It would seem that blessed Artemis, the huntress, released the singing-bird for the sake of the sweet-voiced lord of the lyre.

397.—PALLADAS

A Spartan once was flying from the battle, and his mother, uplifting a sword to smite his breast, exclaimed: "If thou livest, thou dost fix on thy mother eternal disgrace, and dost violate the inherited laws of mighty Sparta. But if thou dost perish by my hand, they will call me an unlucky mother, but saved from disgrace together with my country."

398.—JULIAN, PREFECT OF EGYPT

A ship that had escaped the waters of the boisterous sea, perished in the arms of its mother the earth. For fire consumed it where it lay motionless, and as it burnt it called for the aid of its foe the water.

399.—Anonymous

Thy mind, by its sweet light, conquered the sun, ever flashing forth soft brilliance of wisdom to illuminate mortals, a pleasant and painless splendour.

[1] *cp. Odyss.* i. 58.

400.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Οταν βλέπω σε, προσκυνῶ, καὶ τοὺς λόγους,
τῆς παρθένου τὸν οἶκον ἀστρῷον βλέπων·
εἰς οὐρανὸν γάρ ἐστι σοῦ τὰ πράγματα,
Ὑπατία σεμνή, τῶν λόγων εὐμορφία,
ἄχραντον ἄστρον τῆς σοφῆς παιδεύσεως.

401.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἡ φύσις ἐξεῦρεν, φιλίης θεσμοὺς ἀγαπῶσα,
τῶν ἀποδημούντων ὄργανα συντυχίης,
τὸν κάλαμον, χάρτην, τὸ μέλαν, τὰ χαράγματα χειρός
σύμβολα τῆς ψυχῆς τηλόθεν ἀχνυμένης.

402.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τῷ ναοῖς βρίθοντι πύση σπάνις ἔπλετο τύμβου.

403.—ΜΑΚΚΙΟΥ

Αὐτὸς ἄναξ ἔμβαινε θοῷ πηδήματι, ληνοῦ
λακτιστής, ἔργου δ' ἡγέο νυκτερίου,
λεύκωσαι πόδα γαῦρον, ἐπίρρωσαι δὲ χορείην
λάτριν, ὑπὲρ κούφων ζωσάμενος γονάτων·
εὔγλωσσον δ' ὀχέτευε κενούς, μάκαρ, ἐς πιθεῶνας
οἶνον ἐπὶ ψαιστοῖς καὶ λασίῃ χιμάρῳ.

404.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ

Ἅ καλὸν αὐτοπόνητον ἐν αἰθέρι ῥεῦμα μελισσῶν,
κἄπλαστοι χειρῶν αὐτοπαγεῖς θαλάμαι,

400.—PALLADAS

Revered Hypatia,[1] ornament of learning, stainless star of wise teaching, when I see thee and thy discourse I worship thee, looking on the starry house of the Virgin; for thy business is in heaven.

401.—By the Same

Nature, loving the duties of friendship, invented instruments by which absent friends can converse, pens, paper, ink, handwriting, tokens of the heart that mourns afar off.

402.—Anonymous

On Pompey the Great

In what sore need of a tomb stood he who possessed abundant temples!

403.—MACCIUS

To Dionysus

Enter the vat thyself, my lord, and tread leaping swiftly; lead the labour of the night. Make naked thy proud feet, and give strength to the dance thy servant, girt up above thy active knees, and guide, O blessed one, the sweet-voiced wine into the empty casks. So shalt thou receive cakes and a shaggy goat.

404.—ANTIPHILUS

Ah! lovely is the liquor of the bees, self-wrought in the ether, and the cells self-moulded and not

[1] The celebrated heroine of Kingsley's novel. Palladas compares her to the constellation Virgo.

προίκιος ἀνθρώπων βιότῳ χάρις, οὐχὶ μακέλλας,
οὐ βοός, οὐ γαμψῶν δευομένα δρεπάνων,
γαυλοῦ δὲ σμικροῖο, τόθι γλυκὺ νᾶμα μέλισσα
πηγάζει σκήνευς δαψιλὲς ἐξ ὀλίγου.
χαίροιτ' εὐαγέες, καὶ ἐν ἄνθεσι ποιμαίνεσθε,
αἰθερίου πτηναὶ νέκταρος ἐργάτιδες.

405.—ΔΙΟΔΩΡΟΥ

Ἀδρήστειά σε δῖα, καὶ ἰχναίη σε φυλάσσοι
παρθένος, ἡ πολλοὺς ψευσαμένη, Νέμεσις.
δείδια σόν τε φυῆς ἐρατὸν τύπον, ἠδὲ σά, κοῦρε,
δήνεα, θεσπεσίης καὶ μένος ἠνορέης,
καὶ σοφίην, καὶ μῆτιν ἐπίφρονα. τοιάδε τέκνα,
Δροῦσε, πέλειν μακάρων πευθόμεθ' ἀθανάτων.

406.—ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΟΥ ΚΑΡΥΣΤΙΟΥ

Ἀργυρέη κρηνίς με, τὸν οὐκέτι μακρὰ βοῶντα
βάτραχον, οἰνηραῖς ἔσχεν ὑπὸ σταγόσιν·
κεῖμαι δ' ἐν Νύμφαις, κείναις φίλος, οὐδὲ Λυαίῳ
ἐχθρός, ὑπ' ἀμφοτέρων λουόμενος σταγόσιν.
ὀψέ ποτ' εἰς Διόνυσον ἐκώμασα. φεῦ τίνες ὕδωρ
πίνουσιν, μανίην σώφρονα μαινόμενοι.

407.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ [ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ]

Δμώϊον Ἱπποκράτευς ἔθανε βρέφος, ἐς πλατὺ πόντου
χεῖλος γειτοσύνης ἐρπύσαν ἐκ καλύβης,

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[1] Probably Drusus the son of Germanicus and brother of Nero.

with hands; a gift unrequited to the life of men, needing no mattock, or oxen, or crooked sickle, but only a little vessel into which the bee pours forth the sweet stream in abundance from its tiny body. Hail! ye pure creatures; pasture on the flowers, ye winged makers of ethereal nectar.

405.—DIODORUS

May holy Adrasteia preserve thee, and Nemesis, the maiden who treadeth in our track, she who has cheated many. I fear for thy body's lovely form, O youth; for thy mental gifts and the strength of thy divine courage, for thy learning and thy prudent counsel. Such we are told, Drusus,[1] are the children of the blessed immortals.

406.—ANTIGONUS OF CARYSTUS

On a figure of a Frog placed in a Crater

I am a frog, now no longer croaking continually, placed under the shower of wine from the silver spout.[2] I lie in the water, whose friend I am, but no enemy to Bacchus, and I am washed by the drops of both. Too late in life I went revelling to Dionysus. Alas for those who drink water: they are mad but with a temperate madness![3]

407.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

The slave-child of Hippocrates, having crept from the neighbouring cottage to the broad edge of the

[2] The spout of the silver vessel from which the wine was poured.

[3] Antigonus suggests that he, too, like the frog, had learnt wisdom and become a better poet since he had become a wine-drinker.

πλεῖον ἐπεὶ μαζῶν ἔπιεν ποτόν. ἔρρε θάλασσα,
ἦ βρέφος ὡς μήτηρ ψεύσαο δεξαμένη.

408.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Εἴθε με παντοίοισιν ἔτι πλάζεσθαι ἀήταις
ἦ Λητοῖ στῆναι μαῖαν ἀλωομένῃ·
οὐκ ἂν χητοσύνην τόσον ἔστενον. οἱ ἐμὲ δειλήν,
ὅσσαις Ἑλλήνων νηυσὶ παραπλέομαι,
Δῆλος ἐρημαίη, τὸ πάλαι σέβας. ὀψέ πη Ἥρη
Λητοῦς, ἀλλ' οἰκτρὴν τήνδ' ἐπέθηκε δίκην.

409.—ΑΝΤΙΦΑΝΟΥΣ

Εἴ τινα μὴ τέρπει λωτοῦ †χέλυς,[1] ἢ γλυκὺς ἦχος
ψαλμῶν, ἢ τριγέρων νεκτάρεος Βρόμιος,
ἢ πεῦκαι, κῶμοι,[2] στέφανοι, μύρα, λιτὰ δὲ δειπνῶν
λαθροπόδας τρώκταις χερσὶ τίθησι τόκους,
οὗτος ἐμοὶ τέθνηκε †περὶ μνῆστιν δὲ παρέρπω
νεκρόν, ἐς ἀλλοτρίους φειδόμενον φάρυγας.

410.—ΤΟΥΛΛΙΟΥ ΣΑΒΙΝΟΥ

Σμίνθος, ὁ παντοίης δαιτὸς λίχνος, οὐδὲ μυάγρης
δειλός, ὁ κἀκ θανάτου κέρδεα ληζόμενος,
νευρολάλον Φοίβου χορδὴν θρίσεν· ἡ δ' ἐπὶ πῆχυν
ἑλκομένη θηρὸς λαιμὸν ἀπεβρόχισεν.
τόξων εὐστοχίην θαυμάζομεν· ὃς δὲ κατ' ἐχθρῶν
ἤδη καὶ κιθάρην εὔστοχον ὅπλον ἔχει.

[1] *μέλος* Reiske, and I render so.
[2] So Toup : *κοῦροι* MS.

sea, died of drinking more than it had drunk at the breast. Out on thee, Sea, who didst receive the baby as a mother, and didst deceive it!

408.—By the Same

Would I had continued to stray at the will of all the winds that blow, rather than be fixed firm to help wandering Leto in her labour: I should never have had to lament such solitude. Alas, poor me, how many Greek ships now sail past deserted Delos, once so revered! Hera has taken this late but terrible vengeance on Leto.[1]

409.—ANTIPHANES

If there be one who does not take delight in the strains of the flute and the sweet sound of harp-playing, or in nectareous wine, oldest of the old, or in torches, revels, garlands, and scent, but who takes a frugal supper and stores up with greedy hands the fruits of stealthy-footed usury, to me he is dead, and I pass by the . . . corpse, who hoards for the weasands of others.

410.—TULLIUS SABINUS

A mouse once, lickerish of every kind of food and not even shy of the mouse-trap, but one who won booty even from death, gnawed through Phoebus' melodious lyre-string. The strained chord springing up to the bridge of the lyre, throttled the mouse. We wonder at the bow's good aim; but Phoebus uses his lyre, too, as a weapon wherewith to aim well at his enemies.

[1] Delos remained desert after its destruction by Mithridates' admiral. See No. 100, a reply to this epigram.

411.—ΜΑΙΚΙΟΥ

Ἥλλακτ' ἐξαπίνης Κορνήλιος, οὐδ' ἔτι λιτῷ
τέρπεται ἡμετέρῳ μουσοχαρεῖ βιότῳ·
κούφης δ' αἰωρεῖται ἀπ' ἐλπίδος· οὐκέτι δ' ἡμεῖς
οἱ πάρος, ἀλλ' ἑτέρης ἐλπίδος ἐκκρέμαται.
εἴκωμεν, ψυχή· πεπαλαίσμεθα, μηδὲ βιάζου·
εἰς ἔδαφος τέχνης κείμεθ' ὑπ' ἀργυρέης.

412.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΥ

Ἤδη καὶ ῥόδον ἐστί, καὶ ἀκμάζων ἐρέβινθος,
καὶ καυλοὶ κράμβης, Σωσύλε, πρωτοτόμου,
καὶ μαίνη †ζαλαγεῦσα, καὶ ἀρτιπαγὴς ἁλίτυρος,
καὶ θριδάκων οὔλων ἁβροφυῆ πέταλα.
ἡμεῖς δ' οὔτ' ἀκτῆς ἐπιβαίνομεν, οὔτ' ἐν ἀπόψει
γιγόμεθ', ὡς αἰεί, Σωσύλε, τὸ πρότερον;
καὶ μὴν Ἀντιγένης καὶ Βάκχιος ἐχθὲς ἔπαιζον·
νῦν δ' αὐτοὺς θάψαι σήμερον ἐκφέρομεν.

413.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ ΒΥΖΑΝΤΙΟΥ

Ἡ τερεβινθώδης ὀλιγάμπελος οἷά τε βαιὴ
νησίς, ἀλλ' ὁμαλὴ πᾶσα καὶ ἀστύφελος·
αἱ δ' ἀγχοῦ, μεγάλαι τε καὶ εὐρέες, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ πουλὺ
τρηχεῖαι· μεγέθει τοῦτο περισσότεραι.
καρποῖς, οὐ σταδίοισιν ἐρίζομεν· οὐδὲ γὰρ αὖλαξ
Αἰγύπτου Λιβύης ψάμμου ἐπιστρέφεται.

414.—ΓΕΜΙΝΟΥ

Ἡ παλίουρος ἐγώ, τρηχὺ ξύλον, οὖρος ἐν ἔρκει·
τίς μ' ἄφορον λέξει, τὴν φορίμων φύλακα;

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[1] *i.e.* avarice.

411.—MAECIUS

Cornelius is changed all of a sudden, and is no longer pleased with our simple literary life, but depends on light hope. We are not the same as before to him, but the hope on which he hangs is another. Let us give in, my heart; we are thrown; seek not to resist; it is a silver fall[1] that has laid us on the ground.

412.—PHILODEMUS

It is already the season of the rose, Sosylus, and of ripe chick-peas, and the first cut cabbages, and smelts, and fresh salted cheese, and the tender leaves of curly lettuces. But we do not go up to the pleasaunce or sit on the belvedere, Sosylus, as we used. Yet Antigenes and Bacchius were sporting but yesterday, and to-day we carry them to their graves.

413.—ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM

The terebinth island[2] has few vineyards, being small, but is all flat and not rugged. The islands near it are large and broad, but for the most part rough, and superior in this only, their size. We compete for crops, not for furlongs, just as the cornfields of Egypt take no count of the sands of Libya.

414.—GEMINUS

I am the rhamnus, a thorny shrub used as a fence. Who shall say I am unproductive when I protect the fruitful crops?

[2] One of the small islands of the Prinkipo group in the sea of Marmara.

415.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ ΒΥΖΑΝΤΙΟΥ

Ἵμην καὶ προπάροιθε συνέμπορος ἀνέρι κέρδους,
ἡνίκα δημοτέρην Κύπριν ἐναυτολόγει·
κεῖθεν καὶ συνέπηξεν ἐμὴν τρόπιν, ὄφρα με λεύσσῃ
Κύπρις, τὴν ἀπὸ γῆς εἰν ἁλὶ ῥεμβομένην.
ἔστιν ἑταίρειος μὲν ἐμοὶ στόλος, εἰσὶ δὲ λεπτὰ
κάρπασα, καὶ λεπτὸν φῦκος ὑπὲρ σανίδων.
ναυτίλοι, ἀλλ' ἄγε πάντες ἐμῆς ἐπιβαίνετε πρύμνης
θαρραλέως· πολλοὺς οἶδα φέρειν ἐρέτας.

416.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Ἡ ναῦς ἀπ' ἔργων Κύπριδος γομφουμένη,
πρὸς τὸν γενάρχην πόντον ἤλυθον θεοῦ·
ἀνὴρ γὰρ ὥρης μ' ἔμπορος τεκτήνατο,
καλέσας Ἑταίρην· εἰμὶ γὰρ πᾶσιν φίλη.
ἔμβαινε θαρρῶν· μισθὸν οὐκ αἰτῶ βαρύν.
ἐλθόντα δέχομαι πάντα· βαστάζω ξένον
ἀστόν τ'· ἐπὶ γαίης κἠν βυθῷ μ' ἐρέσσετε.

417.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Θηρευτὴν Λάμπωνα Μίδου κύνα δίψα κατέκτα,
καίπερ ὑπὲρ ψυχῆς πολλὰ πονησάμενον.
ποσσὶ γὰρ ὤρυσσεν νοτερὸν πέδον, ἀλλὰ τὸ νωθὲς
πίδακος ἐκ τυφλῆς οὐκ ἐτάχυνεν ὕδωρ·
πῖπτε δ' ἀπαυδήσας· ἡ δ' ἔβλυσεν. ἦ ἄρα, Νύμφαι,
Λάμπωνι κταμένων μῆνιν ἔθεσθ' ἐλάφων.

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[1] The word also means seaweed.

415.—ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM

On a Ship built from the Profits of a Brothel

I was formerly, too, my master's partner in his lucrative trade, when the crew he collected consisted of public votaries of Cypris. From those profits he built my keel that Cypris might see me, a product of the land, tossing on the sea. My rig befits a lady of pleasure; I wear dainty white linen, and on my timbers lies a delicate dye.[1] Come, sailors, confidently mount on my stern. I can take any number of oarsmen.[2]

416.—PHILIPPUS OF THESSALONICA

On the Same

I am a ship built from the business of Cypris, and betake me to the sea that gave birth to that goddess; for the man who made me was a merchant of beauty, and christened me Courtesan, for I am friendly to all. Board me confidently; I don't demand a heavy fare; I receive all comers. I carry both natives and foreigners; you can row me either on land or in the sea.

417.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

Lampo, Midas' hound, died of thirst, though he toiled hard for his life. For with his paws he dug into the damp earth, but the lazy water would not hasten to gush from the hidden source. He fell exhausted, and then the spring burst forth. Is it, Nymphs, that ye were wrath with Lampo for all the deer he had killed?

[2] In this and the next epigram some of the phrases are equivocal, with an obscene bye-meaning.

418.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἴσχετε χεῖρα μυλαῖον, ἀλετρίδες· εὕδετε μακρά,
κἦν ὄρθρον προλέγῃ γῆρυς ἀλεκτρυόνων·
Δηὼ γὰρ Νύμφαισι χερῶν ἐπετείλατο μόχθους·
αἱ δὲ κατ᾽ ἀκροτάτην ἀλλόμεναι τροχιήν,
ἄξονα δινεύουσιν· ὁ δ᾽ ἀκτίνεσσιν ἑλικταῖς
στρωφᾷ Νισυρίων κοῖλα βάρη μυλάκων.
γευόμεθ᾽ ἀρχαίου βιότου πάλιν, εἰ δίχα μόχθου
δαίνυσθαι Δηοῦς ἔργα διδασκόμεθα.

J. A. Pott, *Greek Love Songs and Epigrams*, ii. p. 55.

419.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΥ

Κῆν μυχὸν Ἑρκυναῖον, ἢ ἐς πύματον Σολόεντα
ἔλθῃ καὶ Λιβυκῶν κράσπεδον Ἐσπερίδων
Καῖσαρ ὁ πουλυσέβαστος, ἅμα κλέος εἶσιν ἐκείνῳ
πάντη. Πυρήνης ὕδατα μαρτύρια·
οἷσι γὰρ οὐδὲ πέριξ δρυτόμοι ἀπεφαιδρύναντο,
λουτρὰ καὶ ἠπείρων ἔσσεται ἀμφοτέρων.

420.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Μὴ κλαίων τον Ἔρωτα δόκει, Τηλέμβροτε, πείσειν,
μηδ᾽ ὀλίγῳ παύσειν ὕδατι πῦρ ἀτενές.
χρυσὸς Ἔρωτος ἀεὶ παιώνιος· ἐσβέσθη δὲ
οὐδὲ τότ᾽ ἐν πολλῷ τικτόμενος πελάγει.

421.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΜΑΚΕΔΟΝΟΣ

Νῆσοι ἐρημαῖαι, τρύφεα χθονός, ἃς κελαδεινὸς
ζωστὴρ Αἰγαίου κύματος ἐντὸς ἔχει,

[1] The Hercynian forest was in Germany, Cape Soloeis on the west coast of Morocco.

418.—By the Same

On a Water-mill

Cease from grinding, ye women who toil at the mill; sleep late, even if the crowing cocks announce the dawn. For Demeter has ordered the Nymphs to perform the work of your hands, and they, leaping down on the top of the wheel, turn its axle which, with its revolving spokes, turns the heavy concave Nisyrian mill-stones. We taste again the joys of the primitive life, learning to feast on the products of Demeter without labour.

419.—CRINAGORAS

With most august Caesar, even if he go to the depths of the Hercynian forest or to extreme Soloeis[1] and the western edge of Libya, goeth everywhere glory. The waters of the Pyrenees[2] testify it. They in which not even the neighbouring wood-cutters washed, shall now be baths for two continents.

420.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

Think not, Telembrotus, to persuade love by tears, or with a little water to put out so stubborn a fire. Gold is ever the medicine of love, and not even then when he was born on the deep sea[3] was he quenched.

421.—By the Same

On the Cyclades

Ye desert islands, crumbs of land, which the sounding cincture of the Aegean wave confines, ye have

[2] Probably Dax (Aquae Augustae).

[3] Love is assumed to have been born from the sea like his mother.

Σίφνον ἐμιμήσασθε καὶ αὐχμηρὴν Φολέγανδρον,
τλήμονες, ἀρχαίην δ' ὠλέσατ' ἀγλαΐην.
ἦ ῥ' ὑμᾶς ἐδίδαξεν ἕνα τρόπον ἤ ποτε λευκὴ
Δῆλος, ἐρημαίου δαίμονος ἀρξαμένη.

422.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΔΟΥ

"Πρὸς παίδων" εἶπεν "γουνάζομαι, ἦν με θανοῦσαν
στείλῃς, μὴ σπεῖσαι δεύτερα φίλτρα γάμου."
εἶπεν· ὁ δ' εἰς ἑτέρην ἐσπούδασεν. ἀλλὰ Φίλιννα
Διογένην λήθης τίσατο καὶ φθιμένη·
νυκτὶ γὰρ ἐν πρώτῃ θάλαμον σχάσε μῆνις ἄφυκτος,
ὡς μὴ λέκτρον ἰδεῖν δεύτερον ἠέλιον.

423.—ΒΙΑΝΟΡΟΣ

Σάρδιες αἱ τὸ πάλαι Γύγου πόλις, αἵ τ' Ἀλυάττου
Σάρδιες, αἱ βασιλεῖ Περσὶς ἐν Ἀσιάδι,
αἳ χρυσῷ τὸ παλαιὸν ἐπλινθώσασθε μέλαθρον,
ὄλβον Πακτωλοῦ ῥεύματι δεξάμεναι·
νῦν δὴ ὅλαι δύστηνοι ἐς ἓν κακὸν ἁρπασθεῖσαι,
ἐς βυθὸν ἐξ ἀχανοῦς χάσματος ἠρίπετε,
Βοῦρα καὶ εἰς Ἑλίκην[1] κεκλυσμέναι· αἱ δ' ἐνὶ χέρσῳ
Σάρδιες ἐμβυθίαις εἰς ἓν ἔκεισθε τέλος.

424.—ΔΟΥΡΙΔΟΣ ΕΛΑΙΤΟΥ

Ἠέριαι νεφέλαι, πόθεν ὕδατα πικρὰ πιοῦσαι
νυκτὶ σὺν ἀστεμφεῖ πάντα κατεκλύσατε;
οὐ Λιβύης, Ἐφέσου δὲ τὰ μυρία κεῖνα ταλαίνης
αὔλια καὶ μακάρων ἐξ ἐτέων κτέανα.

[1] καὶ ἴσ' Ἑλίκη Boissonade, which I render.

followed the example of Siphnus and squalid Pholegandrus, poor islands, and lost your ancient splendour. Delos, of a truth, once so brilliant, has taught you her ways, Delos who first of you all was condemned to solitude.[1]

422.—APOLLONIDES

"By our children," she said, "I implore thee, if thou layest me out dead, enter not a second time into the loving bond of wedlock." She spoke, but he hastened to take another wife. Yet Philinna, even dead, punished Diogenes for forgetting her. For on the first night the wrath from which there is no escape laid their chamber in ruins, so that the sun never shone on his second marriage.

423.—BIANOR

Sardis, once the city of Gyges and Alyattes; Sardis, who wast for the great king a second Persia in Anatolia; thou who didst build thee of old time a hall of golden bricks, winning wealth from the stream of Pactolus; now, ill-fated city, enveloped all of thee in one disaster, thou hast fallen headlong into the depths, swallowed by the fathomless cavern.[2] Bura and Helice[3] too were engulfed by the sea, but thou, Sardis, the inland city, hast met with the same end as these which rest in the deep.

424.—DURIS OF ELAEA

Clouds of the heavens, whence drunk ye bitter waters, and in league with unbroken night deluged all? This is not Libya, these countless dwellings and the wealth of many prosperous years, but unhappy

[1] *cp.* No. 408. [2] For this earthquake see Tac. *Ann.* ii. 47.
[3] Cities on the coast of Achaea.

ποῦ δὲ σαωτῆρες τότε δαίμονες ἔτραπον ὄμμα;
αἰαῖ τὴν Ἰάδων πολλὸν ἀοιδοτάτην.
κεῖνα δὲ κύμασι πάντα κυλινδομένοισιν ὁμοῖα
εἰς ἅλα σὺν ποταμοῖς ἔδραμε πεπταμένοις.

425.—ΙΩΑΝΝΟΥ ΤΟΥ ΒΑΡΒΟΥΚΑΛΛΟΥ

Ἄδ' ἐγὼ ἁ τλάμων ἄπολις πόλις, ἄμμιγα νεκροῖς
ἐνναέταις κεῖμαι, ἆ, παναποτμότατα.
Ἥφαιστός μ' ἐδάμασσε μετὰ κλόνον Ἐννοσιγαίου.
φεῦ, ἀπὸ τοσσατίου κάλλεος εἰμὶ κόνις.
ἀλλὰ παραστείχοντες ἐμὰν στοναχήσατε μοῖραν·
σπείσατε Βηρυτῷ δάκρυ καταφθιμένᾳ.

426.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ποῦ τελέθει Κύπρις πολιηόχος, ὄφρα νοήσῃ
ἔνδιον εἰδώλων τὴν πρὶν ἔδος Χαρίτων;
τύμβος ἀταρχύτων μερόπων πόλις, ἧς ὑπὸ τέφρην
αἱ Βερόης πολλαὶ κείμεθα χιλιάδες.
γράψαθ' ἑνὸς καθύπερθε λίθου, φίλα λείψανα φωτῶν·
"Βηρυτὸς γοερὴ κεῖται ὑπὲρ δαπέδων."

427.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ναυτίλε, μὴ στήσῃς δρόμον ὁλκάδος εἵνεκ' ἐμεῖο·
λαίφεα μὴ λύσῃς· χέρσον ὁρᾷς λιμένα.
τύμβος ὅλη γενόμην· ἕτερον δ' ἐς ἀπενθέα χῶρον
δουπήσεις κώπῃ νηὸς ἐπερχομένης.
τοῦτο Ποσειδάωνι φίλον, ξενίοις τε θεοῖσιν·
χαίρεθ' ἁλιπλανέες, χαίρεθ' ὁδοιπλανέες.

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[1] The destruction of old Ephesus by flood took place in the reign of Lysimachus (*circ.* 290 B.C.).

Ephesus.[1] Whither, then, were the eyes of the Saving deities turned? Alas for the most besung of all Ionian cities! All, like rolling waves, has been swept to sea by the floods.

425.—IOANNES BARBUCALLUS

Here I lie, the luckless city, no longer a city, with my dead inhabitants, most ill-fated of all towns. After the Earth-shaker's shock Hephaestus consumed me. Alas, how excellent my beauty who now am dust! But as ye pass by bewail my fate, and let fall a tear for destroyed Berytus.[2]

426.—By the Same

Where is Cypris, the keeper of the city, that she may see her who was once the seat of the Graces become the dwelling-place of spectres? The city is the tomb of dead men who had no funeral; under her ashes we, Beroe's many thousands, rest. Engrave on one stone above her, ye dear survivors: "Berytus the lamented lies low on the ground."

427.—By the Same

Stop not thy ship's course, mariner, because of me; lower not thy sails; thou seeest the harbour dry. I am but one tomb. Let some other place that knows not mourning hear the beat of thine oars as thy ship approaches. This is Poseidon's pleasure and that of the Hospitable[3] gods. Farewell seafarers, farewell wayfarers!

[2] Destroyed by earthquake in 554 A.D.

[3] *i.e.* who formerly welcomed strangers.

428.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Σοί με, Θρηϊκίης σκυληφόρε, Θεσσαλονίκη
μήτηρ ἡ πάσης πέμψε Μακηδονίης.
ἀείδω δ' ὑπὸ σοὶ δεδμημένον Ἄρεα Βεσσῶν,
ὅσσ' ἐδάην πολέμου πάντ' ἀναλεξάμενος.
ἀλλά μοι ὡς θεὸς ἔσσο κατήκοος, εὐχομένου δὲ
κλῦθι. τίς ἐς Μούσας οὔατος ἀσχολίη;

429.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΥ

Τὸν σκοπὸν Εὐβοίης ἁλικύμονος ἧσεν Ἀρίστω
Ναύπλιον· ἐκ μολπῆς δ' ὁ θρασὺς ἐφλεγόμην.
ὁ ψεύστης δ' ὑπὸ νύκτα Καφηρείης ἀπὸ πέτρης
πυρσὸς ἐμὴν μετέβη δυσμόρον ἐς κραδίην.

430.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τῆς ὅϊος γενεὴ μὲν Ἀγαρρική, †ἐντὸς Ἀράξεω
ὕδωρ πιλοφόροις πίνεται Ἀρμενίοις·
χαῖται δ', οὐ μήλοις ἅτε που μαλακοὶ ἔπι μαλλοί,
ψεδναὶ δ', ἀγροτέρων τρηχύτεραι χιμάρων.
νηδὺς δὲ τριτοκεῖ ἀνὰ πᾶν ἔτος, ἐκ δὲ γάλακτος
θηλὴ ἀεὶ μαστοῦ πλήθεται οὐθατίου·
βληχὴ δ' ἀσσοτάτω τερένης μυκήματι μόσχου·
ἄλλα γὰρ ἀλλοῖαι πάντα φέρουσι γέαι.

431.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς κλέπτην εὑρόντα σπάθην χρυσῆν

Καὶ χρυσὸν φιλέω καὶ δήϊον ἄρεα φεύγω.

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[1] Piso conducted operations against the Thracians from

428.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

(*Addressed to L. Calpurnius Piso*)

THESSALONICA, the mother of all Macedonia, sends me to thee, despoiler of Thrace. I sing thy conquest of the martial Bessi, collecting all that I learnt about the war.[1] But be thou, like a god, attentive to me, and listen to my prayers. What occupation is there which can deny an ear to the Muses?

429.—CRINAGORAS

ARISTO sung of Nauplius, the watchman of sea-beaten Euboea, and the song set me on fire, valiant as I am. The flame of that false beacon shown in the night from the rock of Caphereus caught my ill-fated heart.[2]

430.—BY THE SAME

THIS sheep is a native of Agarra, where the felt-capped Armenians drink the water of Araxes. Its fleece is not, like a sheep's, composed of soft wool, but thin-haired and rougher than a wild goat's. Every year it bears triplets, and the teats of its udders are always full of milk. Its bleating resembles most the lowing of a tender calf, for diverse lands bear all things different.

431.—ANONYMOUS

On a Thief who found a Gold Sword

I BOTH love gold, and I shrink from hostile Ares.

[1] B.C. 11 to B.C. 8. Antipater sends him a poem on the war, begging him to read it.

[2] An imitation of Dioscorides (v. 137).

432.—ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΥ

Ὦ δείλαιε τὺ Θύρσι, τί τοι πλέον, εἰ καταταξεῖς
δάκρυσι διγλήνως ὦπας ὀδυρόμενος;
οἴχεται ἁ χίμαρος, τὸ καλὸν τέκος, οἴχετ' ἐς ᾅδαν·
τραχὺς γὰρ χαλαῖς ἀμφεπίαξε λύκος·
αἱ δὲ κύνες κλαγγεῦντι. τί τοι πλέον, ἀνίκα τήνας
ὀστίον οὐδὲ τέφρα λείπετ' ἀποιχομένας;

433.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Λῆς, ποτὶ τᾶν Μοισᾶν, διδύμοις αὐλοῖσιν ἀείσαι
ἀδύ τί μοι; κἠγὼ πακτίδ' ἀειράμενος
ἀρξεῦμαί τι κρέκειν· ὁ δὲ βωκόλος ἐγγύθεν ἁσεῖ
Δάφνις, κηροδέτῳ πνεύματι μελπόμενος.
ἐγγὺς δὲ στάντες λασιαύχενος ἔνδοθεν ἄντρου
Πᾶνα τὸν αἰγιβάταν ὀρφανίσωμες ὕπνου.

434.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἄλλος ὁ Χῖος· ἐγὼ δὲ Θεόκριτος, ὃς τάδ' ἔγραψα,
εἷς ἀπὸ τῶν πολλῶν εἰμὶ Συρακοσίων,
υἱὸς Πραξαγόραο περικλειτῆς τε Φιλίννης·
Μοῦσαν δ' ὀθνείαν οὔ τιν' ἐφελκυσάμαν.

435.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἀστοῖς καὶ ξείνοισιν ἴσον νέμει ἅδε τράπεζα·
θεὶς ἀνελεῦ, ψήφου πρὸς λόγον ἐρχομένης.
ἄλλος τις πρόφασιν λεγέτω· τὰ δ' ὀθνεῖα Κάϊκος
χρήματα καὶ νυκτὸς βουλομένοις ἀριθμεῖ.

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[1] An orator and sophist of the fourth century B.C.

[2] It is, of course, the banker himself who πρὸς λόγον

432.—THEOCRITUS

Ah! poor Thyrsis, what use crying out thy two eyes? The kid is gone, the little dear; it is gone to Hades, for the cruel wolf caught it in his claws. The dogs bay, but what use is that now when it is gone, and neither bone nor dust of it left?

433.—By the Same

By the Muses, wilt thou play something sweet to me on the double flute? and I will lift up my harp and begin a tune, and the herd Daphnis shall stand close by and make music with the breath of the wax-joined pipe. Standing there hard by, inside the cave shaggy with hanging greenery, let us bereave Pan the goat-mounter of sleep.

434.—By the Same

Prefixed to a collection of Theocritus' works

The Chian Theocritus[1] is another, but I, the Theocritus who wrote these poems, am one of the many Syracusans, the son of Praxagoras and noble Philinna. I admitted no verse that is other than genuine.

435.—By the Same

This bank pays citizen and foreigner alike. Withdraw what you deposited, the reckoning counters meeting their liabilities.[2] Let others find pretexts for not paying; Caicus pays money deposited with him on demand, even at night.

[2] ψᾶφοι, not his reckoning counters (or, as we should say, his books).

436.—Ἐν Συρακουσαις ἐγράφησαν

Ἀρχαῖα τὠπόλλωνι τἀναθήματα
ὑπῆρχεν· ἡ βάσις δὲ τοῖς μὲν εἴκοσι,
τοῖς δ' ἑπτά, τοῖς δὲ πέντε, τοῖς δὲ δώδεκα,
τοῖς δὲ διηκοσίοισι νεωτέρη ἥδ' ἐνιαυτοῖς·
τοσσόσδ' ἀριθμὸς[1] ἐξέβη μετρούμενος. . .

437.—ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΥ

Τήναν τὰν λαύραν, ὅθι ταὶ δρύες, αἰπόλε, κάμψας,
σύκινον εὑρησεῖς ἀρτιγλυφὲς ξόανον,
τρισκελές, αὐτόφλοιον, ἀνούατον· ἀλλὰ φάλητι
παιδογόνῳ δυνατὸν Κύπριδος ἔργα τελεῖν.
ἔρκος δ' εὐΐερον περιδέδρομεν· ἀέναον δὲ
ῥεῖθρον ἀπὸ σπιλάδων πάντοσε τηλεθάει
δάφναις καὶ μύρτοισι καὶ εὐώδει κυπαρίσσῳ,
ἔνθα πέριξ κέχυται βοτρυόπαις ἕλικι
ἄμπελος· εἰαρινοὶ δὲ λίγγυφθόγγοισιν ἀοιδαῖς
κόσσυφοι ἀχεῦσιν ποικιλότραυλα μέλη·
ξουθαὶ δ' ἀδονίδες μινυρίσμασιν ἀνταχεῦσαι
μέλπουσι στόμασιν τὰν μελίγηρυν ὄπα.
ἔζεο δὴ τηνεῖ, καὶ τῷ χαρίεντι Πριάπῳ
εὔχου ἀποστέρξαι τοὺς Δάφνιδός με πόθους,
κεὐθὺς ἀπορρέξαι χίμαρον καλόν. ἢν δ' ἀνανεύῃ,
τοῦδε τυχὼν ἐθέλω τρισσὰ θύη τελέσαι·
ὀεξῶ γὰρ δαμάλαν, λάσιον τράγον, ἄρνα τὸν ἰσχω
σακίταν· νεύοι δ' εὐμενέως ὁ θεός.

438.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ

Βωλοτόμοι μύρμηκες, ὁ γῆς στρατός, ἠνίκ' ἔτενδε
γειομόρου μελιχρὴν σμηνοδόκου χάριτα,

[1] ἀριθμός Wilamowitz : γάρ νιν.

436.—*An Inscription from Syracuse*

The votive offerings to Apollo were old, but as for the base it is in one case twenty, in another seven, in another twelve, and in this last case two hundred years later; for so the figures work out when counted.

437.—THEOCRITUS

Goatherd, on turning the corner of that path where the oaks are, thou shalt find a newly carved image made of a fig-bough, three forked, with the bark still on, without ears, but able with its generative phallus to do the work of Aphrodite. Round it is a most holy hedge, and a perennial stream issuing from the rocks feeds on all sides abundance of laurel, myrtle, and sweet-scented cypress, round which curl the tendrils of the vine, mother of the grape. In spring the shrill song of the blackbirds echoes here with its varied notes, and the brown nightingales pour from their throats their honeyed voice in response. Sit here and pray to kind Priapus to make me fall out of love with Daphnis, and sacrifice at once to him a fine kid. But if he grants the prayer I will offer him in return three sacrifices. I will kill him a heifer, a shaggy billy-goat, and the stalled lamb I have. May the god be benevolent and grant it.

438.—PHILIPPUS

When the burrowing ants, the army of the earth, nibbled at the rustic bee-keeper's sweet dainty, the

μηνίσας ὁ πρέσβυς, ἐς ὕδατα κρωσσὸν ἔβαψεν,
ἐνθάδε τοὺς ἀπὸ γῆς οὐ δοκέων πελάσειν.
οἱ δὲ νέας κάρφας ἀχυρίτιδας ἀντιφέροντες,
αὐτοκυβερνῆται πρὸς κύτος ἐτρόχασαν.
ἦ ῥα φίλη γαστὴρ καὶ βαιοτάτους ἀνέπεισεν
ἐκ χθονὸς εἰς Νύμφας καινοτάτους ἐρέτας.

439.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΥ

Βρέγμα πάλαι λαχναῖον, ἐρημαῖόν τε κέλυφος
ὄμματος, ἀγλώσσου θ' ἁρμονίη στόματος,
ψυχῆς ἀσθενὲς ἔρκος, ἀτυμβεύτου θανάτοιο
λείψανον, εἰνόδιον δάκρυ παρερχομένων,
κεῖσο πέλας πρέμνοιο παρ' ἀτραπόν, ὄφρα <μάθῃ
τις>
ἀθρήσας, τί πλέον φειδομένῳ βιότου.

440.—ΜΟΣΧΟΥ ΣΥΡΑΚΟΥΣΙΟΥ

Ἔρως δραπέτης

Ἁ Κύπρις τὸν Ἔρωτα τὸν υἱέα μακρὸν ἐβώστρει·
"Εἴ τις ἐνὶ τριόδοισι πλανώμενον εἶδεν Ἔρωτα,
δραπετίδας ἐμός ἐστιν· ὁ μανυτὰς γέρας ἕξει.
μισθός τοι τὸ φίλαμα τὸ Κύπριδος· ἢν δ' ἀγάγῃς νιν,
οὐ γυμνὸν τὸ φίλαμα, τὺ δ', ὦ ξένε, καὶ πλέον ἕξεις.
ἔστι δ' ὁ παῖς περίσαμος· ἐν εἴκοσι πᾶσι μάθοις νιν.
χρῶτα μὲν οὐ λευκός, πυρὶ δ' εἴκελος· ὄμματα δ' αὐτοῦ
δριμύλα καὶ φλογόεντα· κακαὶ φρένες, ἁδὺ λάλημα·
οὐ γὰρ ἴσον νοέει καὶ φθέγγεται· ὡς μέλι φωνά·
ἢν δὲ χολᾷ, νόος ἐστὶν ἀνάμερος· ἠπεροπευτάς,
οὐδὲν ἀλαθεύων, δόλιον βρέφος, ἄγρια παίσδει.
εὐπλόκαμον τὸ κάρανον· ἔχει δ' ἰταμὸν τὸ πρόσωπον.

old man in anger set the jar in a dish of water, thinking that, being creatures of the land, they would not get to it. But they, setting up fresh stalks of straw against it, quickly found their way, without anyone to steer them, to the vessel. So their dear belly induced even these tiny creatures to migrate from earth to water, the very newest variety of boatmen.

439.—CRINAGORAS

On a Skull

Once hairy crown, deserted shell of the eye, fabric of the tongueless mouth, feeble fence of the brain, relic of the unburied dead, set by the wayside to draw a tear from passers-by, thou liest there by the path near the tree-trunk, that looking on thee we may learn what profit there is in being thrifty of life.

440.—MOSCHUS

Fugitive Love

Cypris cried loudly her lost son Love. "If anyone hath seen Love straying in the cross-roads, he is my fugitive child, and the informer shall be rewarded. The reward is a kiss from Cypris; and if you bring him, not a mere kiss, stranger, but something besides. The boy is easily recognisable; you could tell him among twenty. His complexion is not pale, but like to fire. His eyes are piercing and aflame. Evil is his heart, but sweet his speech, for what he has in his mind he speaks not. His voice is like honey, but if he grow wroth his spirit cannot be tamed. A cozener he is, never speaking the truth; a cunning child, and the games he plays are savage. Plenty of hair on his head, and he has

μικκύλα μὲν τήνῳ τὰ χερύδρια, μακρὰ δὲ βάλλει·
βάλλει δ' εἰς Ἀχέροντα καὶ Ἀΐδεω βασιλῆα.
γυμνὸς μὲν τό γε σῶμα, νόος δέ οἱ ἐμπεπύκασται·
καὶ πτερόεις ὅσον ὄρνις ἐφίπταται ἄλλοτ' ἐπ' ἄλλως
ἀνέρας ἠδὲ γυναῖκας, ἐπὶ σπλάγχνοις δὲ κάθηται·
τόξον ἔχει μάλα βαιόν, ὑπὲρ τόξῳ δὲ βέλεμνον·
τυτθὸν ἑοῖ τὸ βέλεμνον, ἐς αἰθέρα δ' ἄχρι φορεῖται·
καὶ χρύσεον περὶ νῶτα φαρέτριον· ἔνδοθι δ' ἐντὶ
τοὶ πικροὶ κάλαμοι, τοῖς πολλάκι κἀμὲ τιτρώσκει.
πάντα μὲν ἄγρια, πάντα· πολὺ πλέον ἁ δαΐς αὐτῷ
βαιὰ λαμπὰς ἐοῖσα, τὸν Ἄλιον αὐτὸν ἀναίθει.
ἦν τύ γ' ἔλῃς τῆνον, δήσας ἄγε, μηδ' ἐλεήσῃς·
κἤν ποτ' ἴδῃς κλαίοντα, φυλάσσεο μή σε πλανήσῃ·
κἤν γελάῃ, τύ νιν ἕλκε· καὶ ἢν ἐθέλῃ σε φιλᾶσαι,
φεῦγε· κακὸν τὸ φίλαμα, τὰ χείλεα φάρμακόν ἐντι.
ἢν δὲ λέγῃ, Λάβε ταῦτα, χαρίζομαι ὅσσα μοι ὅπλα,
μὴ τὺ θίγῃς πλάνα δῶρα· τὰ γὰρ πυρὶ πάντα βέβαπται."

441.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΩΣ

Τὸν Διὸς ἐν τριόδοισιν ἐθαύμασα χάλκεον υἷα,
τὸν πρὶν ἐν εὐχωλαῖς, νῦν παραριπτόμενον.
ὀχθήσας δ' ἄρ' ἔειπον· "Ἀλεξίκακε τρισέλην,
μηδέποθ' ἡττηθείς, σήμερον ἐξετάθης."
νυκτὶ δὲ μειδιόων με θεὸς προσέειπε παραστάς·
"Καιρῷ δουλεύειν καὶ θεὸς ὢν ἔμαθον."

442.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ ΜΥΡΙΝΑΙΟΥ

Γριπεύς τις μογέεσκεν ἐπ' ἰχθύσι· τὸν δ' ἐσιδοῦσα
εὐκτέανος κούρη θυμὸν ἔκαμνε πόθῳ,

a most forward face. His hands are tiny, but they shoot far; they shoot as far as Acheron and the King of Hades. Naked is his body, but his mind is wrapped up well. Like a winged bird he flies to one man and woman after another, and perches on their vitals. He has a very small bow, and on the bow an arrow; little is his arrow, but it flies even to heaven. He bears a golden quiver on his back, and in it are the bitter shafts with which he often wounds even me. All about him is savage, all, and worst of all his torch; it is but a little brand, and sets fire to the Sun himself. If you catch him, bring him bound and have no mercy on him. If you see him crying, mind he does not take you in; and if he smiles, drag him; and if he wants to kiss you, run away, for his kiss is evil and his lips are poison. And if he says 'Take these, I give you all my weapons,' touch not the deceitful gifts, for they are all dipped in fire."

441.—PALLADAS OF ALEXANDRIA

On a Statue of Heracles[1]

I MARVELLED seeing at the cross-roads Jove's brazen son, once constantly invoked, now cast aside, and in wrath I said: "Averter of woes, offspring of three nights, thou, who never didst suffer defeat, art to-day laid low." But at night the god stood by my bed smiling, and said: "Even though I am a god I have learnt to serve the times."

442.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

A FISHERMAN was toiling to catch fish when a wealthy girl, seeing him, felt the pangs of love.

[1] The statue had doubtless been cast down by the Christians.

καί μιν θῆκε σύνευνον· ὁ δ' ἐκ βιότοιο πενιχροῦ
δέξατο παντοίης ὄγκον ἀγηνορίης.
ἡ δὲ Τύχη γελόωσα παρίστατο, καὶ ποτὶ Κύπριν,
"Οὐ τεὸς οὗτος ἀγών, ἀλλ' ἐμός ἐστιν," ἔφη.

443.—ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ

Μή ποτε κοιλήνῃς Παφίῃ νόον· ἀντιτύπου γὰρ
εὐθὺς ἀποθρώσκει κοῦφος Ἔρως κραδίης.
οἶστρος ὀλισθήεσσαν ἔχει φύσιν· ἤν τις ὀϊστοῦ
ἄκρον ἕλῃ φλογεροῦ, δύεται ἐντὸς ὅλος.
ἐλπίδι μὴ θέλξῃς φρένα μαχλάδι· γυιοβόρον γὰρ
πῦρ ὑποριπίζει, θυμὸν ἐφελκομένη.

444.—ΕΡΑΤΟΣΘΕΝΟΥΣ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Καλὰ τὰ παρθενίης κειμήλια· παρθενίη δὲ
τὸν βίον ὤλεσσ' ἂν πᾶσι φυλασσομένη.
τοὔνεκεν εὐθέσμως ἄλοχον λάβε, καί τινα κόσμῳ
δὸς βροτὸν ἀντὶ σέθεν· φεῦγε δὲ μαχλοσύνην.

445.—ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΙΓΥΠΤΙΟΥ

Ἤθελε μὲν βασιλεύς σε βοηθόον εἰσέτι πέμπειν
ἄστεσι τειρομένοις δευομένων μερόπων,
Τητιανὲ χρύσειε· σὺ δ' ἐν βιότοιο γαλήνῃ
πατρίδα καὶ κλῆρον σὸν προβέβουλας ἔχειν,
αὔξων σῶν προγόνων κτέρας ἔνδικον· ἀρχομένων γὰρ
πλοῦτον ὅτι στυγέεις σύνθρονος οἶδε Δίκη.

446.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἡδέα πάντα κέλευθα λάχεν βίος· ἄστεϊ μεσσῳ
εὖχος, ἑταιρεῖαι· κρυπτὰ δόμοισιν ἄχη·

She made him her husband, and he exchanged his poverty for a life boasting of every luxury. Fortune stood by smiling, and said to Cypris: "This is not your achievement, but mine."

443.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Open not the recesses of thy mind to Aphrodite, for light Love at once rebounds from a heart that is hardened. The nature of passion is insinuating; if one receives the tip of the flaming arrow, the whole of it penetrates. Flatter not thy mind with lascivious hope, for it attracts the spirit and fans the consuming fire.

444.—ERATOSTHENES SCHOLASTICUS

Fair are the treasures of virginity, but if it were observed by all it would put an end to life. Therefore live in lawful wedlock, and give a mortal to the world to replace thee; but avoid lechery.

445.—JULIANUS OF EGYPT

Golden Tetianus, the Emperor wished to send you again to the distressed cities which had need of you; but you preferred a peaceful life, keeping to your home and inheritance, and increasing the righteously acquired fortune of your house. For Justice, enthroned beside you, knows that you loathe to touch wealth won from those you rule.

446.—By the Same

(*cp. No.* 360)

All the paths of life are pleasant. In the middle of the city there are fame and society; at home our

ἀγρὸς τέρψιν ἄγει, κέρδος πλόος, ἀλλοδαπὴ χθὼν
γνώσιας· ἐκ δὲ γάμων οἶκος ὁμοφρονέει,
τοῖς δ' ἀγάμοις ἄφροντις ἀεὶ βίος· ἔρκος ἐτύχθη
πατρὶ τέκος, φροῦδος τοῖς ἀγόνοισι φόβος·
ἠνορέην νεότης, πολιὴ φρένας οἶδεν ὑπάσσαι.
ἔνθεν θάρσος ἔχων ζῶε, φύτευε γένος.

447.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μήτηρ υἷα λιπόντα μάχην μετὰ πότμον ἑταίρων
ἔκτανεν, ὠδίνων μνῆστιν ἀνηναμένη.
καὶ γὰρ γνήσιον αἷμα διακρίνει Λακεδαίμων
ἀλκῇ μαρναμένων, οὐ γενεῇ βρεφέων.

448.—ΑΛΛΟ

Ἐρώτησις Ὁμήρου

Ἄνδρες ἀπ' Ἀρκαδίης ἁλιήτορες, ἦ ῥ' ἔχομέν τι;

Ἀνταπόκρισις Ἀρκάδων

Ὅσσ' ἕλομεν λιπόμεσθ', ὅσσ' οὐχ ἕλομεν φερόμεσθα.

449.—ΑΛΛΟ

Τίνας ἂν εἴποι λόγους Ἔρως ἐρῶν

Τίς πυρὶ πῦρ ἐδάμασσε; τίς ἔσβεσε λαμπάδι πυρσόν;
τίς κατ' ἐμῆς νευρῆς ἑτέρην ἐτανύσσατο νευρήν;
καινὸς Ἔρως κατ' Ἔρωτος ἐμῷ μένει ἰσοφαρίζει.

griefs are hidden. The country has its delights, sea-voyages give profit, and foreign countries acquaintanceships. Marriage produces domestic concord, while the unmarried life is ever free from care. A child is his father's defence, while the childless are quit of fear. It is the virtue of youth to give us courage, that of hoary hairs to give us wisdom. Therefore be of good heart, and live and produce offspring.

447.—By the Same

A mother, banishing the memory of her pangs, killed her son who abandoned the field after the death of his comrades. For Sparta distinguishes purity of race by warriors' bravery, not by children's birth.

448.—Anonymous

Homer's Question

Fishermen from Arcadia, what have we?

The Answer

We left what we caught and carry what we did not catch.[1]

449.—Anonymous

What Love would say if he were in love

Who is this that overcame fire by fire, who quenched a torch with a torch? Who drew another bow against mine? A new Love by my might contends on equal terms with Love.

[1] *i.e.* lice.

450.—ΦΙΛΗΜΟΝΟΣ

Εἰ ταῖς ἀληθείαισιν οἱ τεθνηκότες
αἴσθησιν εἶχον, ἄνδρες ὥς φασίν τινες,
ἀπηγξάμην ἄν, ὥστ' ἰδεῖν Εὐριπίδην.

451.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Τίνας ἂν εἴποι λόγους πρὸς Πρόκνην τὴν ἀδελφὴν Φιλομήλη

Σός με πόσις κακοεργὸς ἐνὶ σπήλυγγι βαθείῃ
μουνώσας βαρύποτμον, ἐμὴν ἀπέκερσε κορείην·
στυγνὰ δέ μοι πόρεν ἔδνα πολυτλήτοιο γάμοιο·
γλῶσσαν ἐμὴν ἐθέρισσε, καὶ ἔσβεσεν ἑλλάδα φωνήν.

452.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς τὸ αὐτό

Χαῖρε, Πρόκνη, παρὰ σεῖο κασιγνήτης Φιλομήλης,
χαίρειν εἰ τόδε γ' ἔστιν· ἐμοῦ δέ σοι ἄλγεα θυμοῦ
πέπλος ἀπαγγείλειε, τά μοι λυγρὸς ὤπασε Τηρεύς,
ὅς μ' ἔρξας βαρύποτμον ἐν ἔρκεσι μηλονομήων,
πρῶτον παρθενίης, μετέπειτα δ' ἐνόσφισε φωνῆς.

453.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ [1]

Αὐτὸς ὁ βοῦς ἱκέτης ἐπιβώμιος, αἰθέριε Ζεῦ,
μυκᾶται, ψυχὴν ῥυόμενος θανάτου.
ἀλλὰ μέθες, Κρονίδη, τὸν ἀροτρέα· καὶ σὺ γὰρ αὐτὸς
πορθμεὺς Εὐρώπης ταῦρος, ἄναξ, ἐγένου.

[1] The lemma of this epigram is "What Meleager would say if an ox lowed when it was about to be sacrificed to Zeus." There can be little doubt that it is really by Meleager.

450.—PHILEMON

Spoken by Philemon about Euripides

If the dead in truth had use of their senses, as some say, I would have hanged myself to see Euripides.

451.—Anonymous

What Philomela would say to her Sister Procne

Thy wicked husband shut me up, ill-fated that I am, alone in a deep cave, and took my maidenhead. An abominable present he made me on this my calamitous marriage, cutting off my tongue and quenching Greek speech in me.

452.—Anonymous

On the Same

Thy sister Philomela, Procne, wishes thee well if this be well-wishing. Let the robe tell thee the suffering of my heart which savage Tereus inflicted on me.[1] Shutting me up, luckless maid, in the shepherd's fold, he deprived me first of virginity and next of speech.

453.—MELEAGER

Zeus who dwellest in heaven, the ox itself, a suppliant at thy altar, lows, begging to be saved from death. Release the plougher, son of Cronos; for thou thyself, O king, didst become a bull to bear Europa across the sea.

[1] She wove a robe and told her story to her sister by the voice of the κερκίς or weaving-comb.

454.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τίνας ἂν εἴποι λόγους Καλλιόπη εἰς Ἡσίοδον

Οὗτος ἐμὸς γενέτης γνήσιος, οὐ Κρονίδης.

455.—ΑΛΛΟ

Τίνας ἂν εἴποι λόγους Ἀπόλλων περὶ Ὁμήρου

Ἤειδον μὲν ἐγών, ἐχάρασσε δὲ θεῖος Ὅμηρος.

456.—ΑΛΛΟ

Πασιφάη πρὸς τὸν Ἔρωτα

Εἰ ποθέειν μ' ἐδίδαξας ἐν οὔρεσι ταῦρον ἀλήτην,
μυκηθμόν με δίδαξον, ὅτῳ φίλον ἄνδρα καλέσσω.

457.—ΑΛΛΟ

Τί ἂν εἴποι Ἀχιλλεὺς τρωθέντος Ἀγαμέμνονος

Ἔγνως νῦν, Ἀγάμεμνον, ἐμὸν φθισήνορα θυμόν·
ἔγνως ἐν σταδίῃσιν ὅσον σθένος Ἕκτορός ἐστι.
νῦν γὰρ πάντες ὅλοντο τεῇ πολυπήμονι λώβῃ·
σοὶ δ' αὐτῷ μέγα πῆμα φάνη, θανάτοιο χέρειον.
ἀφροσύνης κακὰ ἔργα καὶ ἄσχετα πένθεα πάσχεις,
ὃς πᾶσιν Δαναοῖσιν ἀρήϊον ἔρκος ἐτύχθης.

458.—ΑΛΛΟ

Τί ἂν εἴποι Ὀδυσσεὺς ἐπιβὰς τῆς Ἰθάκης

Χαῖρ' Ἰθάκη· μετ' ἄεθλα, μετ' ἄλγεα πικρὰ θαλάσσης
ἀσπασίως τεὸν οὖδας ἱκάνομαι, ὄφρα νοήσω

454.—Anonymous

What Calliope would say to George

This man, not Zeus, is my true father.

455.—Anonymous

What Apollo would say about Homer

The song is mine, but divine Homer wrote it down.

456.—Anonymous

Pasiphae to Love

If thou hast taught me to love a bull that roams over the mountains, teach me to low so that I may call my dear husband

457.—Anonymous

What Achilles would say if Agamemnon were wounded

Thou knowest now, Agamemnon, my man-destroying wrath; thou knowest how great is Hector's strength in hand-to-hand combat. For all have now perished owing to thy insult fraught with disaster, and a greater woe, worse than death, has come upon thee. Thou sufferest the evil and intolerable sorrow due to thy folly, who wast the defence in battle of all the Greeks.

458.—Anonymous

What Ulysses would say on landing in Ithaca

Hail, Ithaca! After all my labours and the bitter woes of the sea, right glad am I to reach thy soil, in

Λαέρτην, ἄλοχόν τε καὶ ἀγλαὸν υἱέα μοῦνον·
σὸς γὰρ ἔρως κατέθελξεν ἐμὸν νόον. οἶδα καὶ αὐτος,
" ὡς οὐδὲν γλύκιον ἧς πατρίδος οὐδὲ τοκῆων."

459.—ΑΛΛΟ

Τί ἂν εἶποι Ἀχιλλεὺς ὁρῶν τὸν Ὀδυσσέα ἐν ᾅδῃ

Ἀτρεκέως πάντων πολυμήχανός ἐστιν Ὀδυσσεύς·
ζωὸς ἐὼν ἐνόησεν ἃ μὴ θέμις ἐστὶν ἰδέσθαι,
νερτέριον κευθμῶνα καὶ ἄλγεα πικρὰ θανόντων.
πῶς δ' ἔτλη προλιπεῖν ἱερὸν φάος; ἦ τίς ἀνάγκη
ἤγαγεν οὐκ ἐθέλοντα; δόλων ἀκόρητος ἐτύχθη
ἐν χθονὶ καὶ πελάγεσσι καὶ ἐν νεκύεσσιν Ὀδυσσεύς.

460.—ΑΛΛΟ

Τί ἂν εἶποι Ἀχιλλεὺς ὁρῶν τὰ ὅπλα κείμενα

Μῆτερ, τεύχεα ταῦτα καὶ ἀγλαὰ δῶρα κομίζεις
ἀγχεμάχῳ σέο παιδί, τὰ μὴ πάρος ἔδρακεν ἀνήρ·
οἶδα δὲ νῦν ὅτι Παλλὰς ἐφ' Ἕκτορι χεῖρα κορύσσει
ἡμετέρην, καὶ Τρωσὶν ἀεικέα λοιγὸν ἐγείρει.

461.—ΑΛΛΟ

Τίνας ἂν εἶποι λόγους ὁ Πύρρος ἐπιβὰς Τροίας

Μόχθος ἐμοῦ γενετῆρος ἀμύμονος οὐ τέλος εὗρεν·
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ Τρώεσσι φόνον πάντεσσι κορύσσων
ἦλυθον· ἠνορέῃ γὰρ ὑπέρτερον εὖχος ἀείρω,
καὶ Πρίαμον βασιλῆα, καὶ οὓς προλέλοιπεν Ἀχιλ-
λεύς,
πάντας ὁμοῦ κατὰ μῶλον ἐμὸν μένος οἶδεν ὀλέσσαι,
καὶ Τροίης πτολίεθρον ἀρήϊον ἐξαλαπάξω,
καὶ Δαναοῖς δεκέτηρον ἐμὸν δόρυ μόχθον ἀνύσσει.

hope to see Laertes and my wife and glorious only son. Love of thee soothed my heart; I myself know that "nothing is sweeter than a man's country and his parents."

459.—Anonymous

What Achilles would say on seeing Ulysses in Hades[1]

Of a truth Odysseus is the most resourceful of men. Alive he looks on what it is not allowed to see, the infernal recesses and the bitter pains of the dead. How did he venture to leave the holy light? Did some necessity bring him here against his will? Odysseus never has his fill of cunning devices on earth, on the sea, and among the dead.

460.—Anonymous

What Achilles would have said when he saw the Armour lying before him[2]

Mother, thou bringest to thy valiant son this armour, a glorious gift such as no man ever looked on. Now I know that Pallas arms my hand against Hector, and prepares disgrace and death for the Trojans.

461.—Anonymous

What Pyrrhus would say on entering Troy

The labour of my noble father was not completed, but I have come, preparing slaughter for all the Trojans; for I glory more exceedingly in my valour, and my might is capable of destroying in battle King Priam and all that Achilles left alive. The warlike city of Troy will I sack, and my spear shall complete the ten years' labour of the Greeks.

[1] See *Od.* xi. 467 *seq.* [2] See *Il.* xix. 12 *seq.*

462.—ΑΛΛΟ

Τίνας ἂν εἴποι λόγους Δηϊδάμεια τοῦ Πύρρου πορθήσαντος τὴν Τροίαν

Πᾶσαν ἐμῆς κραδίης χαλεπὴν ἀπέπαυσας ἀνίην,
ὑμετέρου γενετῆρος Ἀχιλλέος εἵνεκα πότμου,
ὃν Τροίη στονόεσσα κατέκτανεν. ἀλλὰ σὺ πᾶσαν
Ἴλιον ἐξαλάπαξας· ἐελδομένοισι δ' Ἀχαιοῖς
ἄφθιτον ὤπασας εὖχος, ὃ μὴ δεκέτηρος ἐνυοῦς
πᾶσιν μαρναμένοις Δαναοῖς χρόνος εὗρεν ἀύσσαι.

463.—ΑΛΛΟ

Τί ἂν εἴποι Ἕκτωρ ὁρῶν τὸν Ἀχιλλέα ἐν τοῖς ὅπλοις

Πηλείδην κοτέουσα πάλιν θώρηξεν Ἀθήνη
ἔντεσιν ἀθανάτοις. ἦ ῥίγιον ἔσσεται ἄλγος
αἰνομόροις Τρώεσσι, καὶ Ἕκτορι, καὶ γενετῆρι,
ὁππόταν ἔντεα ταῦτα θεὸς πόρεν ἀνέρι τῷδε.

464.—ΑΛΛΟ

Τί ἂν εἴποι Πάρις τρωθέντος Μενελάου

Ἔρρετε οἱ ξύμπαντες, ἐλεγχέες, Αἰγιαλῆες,
ἄρτι θανὼν Μενέλαος ἐμὸν μέγα κῦδος ἀέξει.

465.—ΑΛΛΟ

Τίνας ἂν εἴποι λόγους Ἀλθαία παρακαλοῦσα τὸν Μελέαγρον

Τέκνον ἐμόν, γενεῆς ἐπιλήθεαι, οὐδ' ἀλεγίζῃ
πατρίδος ὀλλυμένης, βριαρὴν δ' ἀπόειπες ἀκωκήν,
αἰσχύνων Καλυδῶνα καὶ Οἰνέα καὶ ναετῆρας.

462.—Anonymous

What Deidamia would say when Pyrrhus had sacked Troy

Thou hast made to cease all the heavy woe of my heart for the fate of thy father Achilles, whom mournful Troy slew. But thou hast sacked all Troy; and to the Greeks who were eager for it thou hast given the undying glory which the ten years of war could not accomplish for the whole host of the Danai.

463.—Anonymous

What Hector would say when he saw Achilles in the Armour

Athena in her wrath has again clothed the son of Peleus in immortal mail. Some worse woe shall befall the unhappy Trojans and Hector and his father, since the goddess gave this man this armour.

464.—Anonymous

What Paris would say when Menelaus was wounded[1]

Out on you all, ye craven Argives! Menelaus is dead now and gives me greater glory.

465.—Anonymous

What Althaea, entreating Meleager, would say[2]

My son, thou forgettest thy family and heedest not thy country's fate. Thou hast cast aside thy strong sword, putting Oeneus and Calydon and her people to shame.

[1] See *Il.* iv. 104. [2] See *Il.* ix. 584 *sqq.*

466.—ΑΛΛΟ

Τίνας ἂν εἴποι λόγους Ἄλκηστις, τοῦ Ἀδμήτου ζεύξαντος λέοντα καὶ κάπρον εἰς τὸ ὄχημα

Ἠνορέης κλυτὰ ἔργα τεὴν ἔστεψαν ἀπήνην,
καὶ νύμφην βοόωσιν ἀριστοπόνοις ὑμεναίοις.

467.—ΑΛΛΟ

Τίνας ἂν εἴποι λόγους ὁ Πηλεὺς ἀκούων ὅτι ἀπόμαχός ἐστιν Ἀχιλλεύς

Πηλιάδες σκοπιαί, κουροτρόφοι, εἴπατε παιδί,
ὃν Χείρων ἐδίδαξεν ἀριστεύειν ἐνὶ χάρμῃ,
μῆνιν ἀπορρῖψαι καὶ λοίγιον ἔχθος Ἀχαιοῖς.

468.—ΑΛΛΟ

Τίνας ἂν εἴποι λόγους ἡ Ἥρα ἀποθεωθέντος Ἡρακλέους

Σῆς ἀρετῆς ἱδρῶτι καλὴν ἀπέδωκεν ἀμοιβὴν
σὸς γενέτης, Ἡρακλες, ἐπεὶ πόνος ἄσπετον εὖχος
ἀνδράσιν οἶδεν ἄγειν μετ' ἀπείρονα κύκλον ἀέθλων.

469.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς τὸ αὐτό

Σοὶ χάριν ἐξετέλεσσε πόνος καὶ ἀθέσφατος ἱδρώς,
χῶρον ἔχειν πολύολβον, ὃν οὐ πάρος ἔλλαχεν ἀνήρ.

470.—ΑΛΛΟ

Τί ἂν εἴποι Ἀχιλλεὺς πρὸς τὸν Αἴαντα φιλιωθῆναι

Οὐ θέμις ἐν φθιμένοισιν ἔχειν κότον· ἄλγεα γαίης
καλλείψας ἀγάπαζε τεὸν φίλον· οὐ γὰρ Ὀδυσσεὺς

466.—Anonymous

What Alcestis would say when Admetus yoked a Lion and Boar to his Chariot[1]

Great deeds of valour crowned thy chariot, and with excellently composed wedding hymns men celebrate thy bride.

467.—Anonymous

What Peleus would say on hearing that Achilles absented himself from the Battle

Ye peaks of Pelias, who nursed him, tell my son, whom Chiron taught to be first in battle, to cast off his wrath and fatal enmity to the Greeks.

468.—Anonymous

What Hera would say when Heracles was deified

Thy father, Heracles, has well rewarded thy valiant toil, since labour can bring to men unsurpassable renown after an infinite round of labours.

469.—Anonymous

On the Same

Labour and immense toil procured thee the favour of occupying a blessed seat that no man reached before thee.

470.—Anonymous

What Achilles would say to reconcile Ajax with Ulysses

It is not permitted to nourish ill-will among the dead. Now thou hast escaped the sorrows of earth, love thy friend; for Odysseus did not sin against

[1] Pelias had promised his daughter Alcestis to whoever could do this.

ἤλιτεν εἰς σὲ θέλων, βριαρὴ δέ σ' ἔπεφνεν Ἀθήνη,
Ζεύς τε πατήρ, καὶ Μοῖρα, καὶ ἠεροφοῖτις Ἐρινύς.
αἴθε δὲ τεύχεα ῥῖψεν ἐς ἁλμυρὰ βένθεα πόντου
δῖα Θέτις, καὶ νεῖκος ἀπέσβεσε σεῖο μενοινῆς.

471.—ΑΛΛΟ

Τίνας ἂν εἴποι λόγους Νέστωρ ἀκούσας Ὀδυσσέα ἐπανελθόντα

Ἐσθλὸς ἀνὴρ φύγε πόντον ἀπηνέα καὶ μετὰ μόχθον
ἐς πάτρην ἀφίκανεν, ἐμοῦ δέ κε φέρτερος εἴη,
εἰ δεδαὼς πτόλιάς τε καὶ ἤθεα καὶ νόον ἀνδρῶν.

472.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν Ὀδυσσέα

Πολλὰ καμὼν νόστησεν ἀνὴρ τλήθυμος Ὀδυσσεύς,
ἀλλ' ἔμπης κλέος ἔσχεν ἀνὰ χθόνα καὶ κατὰ πόντον
ἀνδράσιν ἐσσομένοισιν ἀεὶ πτολίπορθος Ὀδυσσεύς.

473.—ΑΛΛΟ

Τίνας ἂν εἴποι λόγους ὁ Ἀγαμέμνων καθοπλισθέντος Ἀχιλλέως

Ἴλιος ὀφρυόεσσα κατήριπεν, ἄρτι δὲ πᾶσαν
λῃϊδίην Δαναοῖσι θεὸς πόρεν, ὀππότ' Ἀχιλλεύς,
μῆνιν ἀπορρίψας, φθισήνορα χεῖρα κορύσσει.

474.—ΑΛΛΟ

Τί ἂν εἴποι Εἰδοθέα ἰδοῦσα τὴν Ἑλένην ἐν Φάρῳ

Οἰκτείρω σὸν κάλλος, ἐπεὶ Διός ἐσσι γενέθλη.
εἰσυρόω γὰρ ἄγαλμα διοτρεφές· ἀτρεκέως δὲ

thee of his own will, but the strong hand of Athena killed thee, and Father Zeus, and Fate, and the Erinys that walks in darkness. Would that divine Thetis had cast the armour into the salt depths of the sea, stilling the strife of thy heart.

471.—Anonymous

What Nestor would say on learning of Ulysses' return

The good man has escaped the merciless sea, and after toil has reached his fatherland, and he must be my better, as he has become well acquainted with cities and customs and the minds of men.

472.—Anonymous

On Ulysses

It was after much toil that long-suffering Odysseus came home; yet Odysseus, the sacker of cities, surely has great fame on land and sea among men of future times.

473.—Anonymous

What Agamemnon would say when Achilles was armed

Beetling Ilion is fallen, and God has given it a prey to the Greeks now that Achilles has cast off his wrath and arms his murderous hands.

474.—Anonymous

What Idothea would say on seeing Helen in Pharos[1]

I pity thy beauty, since thou art the child of Zeus. For I see a god-nourished form, and verily thou wast

[1] According to the story followed by Euripides in his *Helena*, the real Helen was in Egypt during the Trojan war.

Τρωσί τε καὶ Δαναοῖσι μάχη δεκέτηρος ἐτύχθης.
ποῦ Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο, τεοῦ γενετῆρος, ἀρωγαί;
ἔμπης δ' ἔρχεο θᾶσσον, ἀπήμονα νόστον ἑλοῦσα
Εἰδοθέης ἰότητι, κακῆς ἐπὶ νῶτα θαλάσσης.

475.—ΑΛΛΟ

Τίνας ἂν εἴποι λόγους Ἑλένη ὁρῶσα τὸν Μενέλαον καὶ τὸν Πάριδα μονομαχοῦντας

Εὐρώπης Ἀσίης τε δορισθενέες βασιλῆες,
ὑμῖν ἀμφοτέροισιν ἐπὶ ξυροῦ ἵσταται ἀκμῆς,
τίς κεν ἐμὲ τλήθυμος ἕλοι δύστηνον ἀκοίτης·
Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ δικάσειεν, ἄνευθε δὲ Κυπρογενείης,
μὴ πάλιν ἄλλος ἕλῃ με γαμοκλόπος, αἶσχος Ἀχαιοῖς.

476.—ΑΛΛΟ

Τί ἂν εἴποι Ἕκτωρ, τοῦ Πατρόκλου μὴ δυνηθέντος βαστάσαι τὸ δόρυ Ἀχιλλέως

Ἐξημίωσας ἀσθενῶν τὸν Ἕκτορα·
φέρεις γὰρ ἡμῖν ἐλλιπῆ σκυλεύματα.

477.—ΑΛΛΟ

Τί ἂν εἴποι ἡ Θέτις, τοῦ Τηλέφου σκελισθέντος ὑπὸ τῆς ἀμπέλου

Ἄμπελε, τί πράξωμεν, ὅταν Δαφναῖος Ἀπόλλων
πτόρθον ἐμὸν κλίνῃ δι' Ἀλεξάνδροιο βελέμνων;

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[1] See *Il.* iii. 324 *seq.*

the cause of the ten years' war between Greeks and Trojans. Where is the help of aegis-bearing Zeus thy father? But go soon on thy way, making, by the kindness of Idothea, a safe voyage home over the back of the cruel sea.

475.—Anonymous

What Helen would say on seeing the Combat between Paris and Menelaus[1]

Ye warlike kings of Europe and Asia, for both of you it stands upon a razor's edge, which of you long-suffering men shall take unhappy me to wife. Let Father Zeus decide, but without Aphrodite's help, lest another thief of wedded women steal me, a disgrace to Greece.

476.—Anonymous

What Hector would say when Patroclus could not lift the Spear of Achilles

Thy weakness has defrauded Hector, for thou bringest me defective spoils.

477.—Anonymous

What Thetis would say when Telephus was tripped up by the vine[2]

Vine, what shall I do when Daphnaean Apollo lays low my vine-branch by the arrow of Alexander?

[2] Telephus, tripped up by a vine-branch, was overtaken and slain by Achilles. Thetis here foretells the death of Achilles.

478.—ΑΛΛΟ

Τί ἂν εἴποι ὁ Πρίαμος, τοῦ Ἑλένου διδόντος βουλὴν τοῖς Ἕλλησιν, ἵνα ληφθῇ Τροία

Τὰ δῶρα λαμπρὰ προσφέρεις τῇ πατρίδι.

479.—ΑΛΛΟ

Τί ἂν εἴποι Περσεὺς μετὰ τὴν ἀναίρεσιν τοῦ κήτους, τῆς Ἀνδρομέδας μὴ θελούσης αὐτὸν λαβεῖν

Σεῖο νόον πέτρωσεν ἀμείλιχα δέσμια πέτρης,
καὶ λίθον ἐκτελέσειε τεὸν δέμας ὄμμα Μεδούσης.

480.—ΑΛΛΟ

Τί ἂν εἴποι Ἱπποδάμεια μετὰ τὴν ἀναίρεσιν τοῦ Οἰνομάου, Πέλοπος μὴ θελήσαντος αὐτὴν λαβεῖν

α. Ἀπεστράφης νῦν, ὡς λαβὼν ἐξουσίαν·
β. ταύτῃ γὰρ οὐ πέφυκε συντρέχειν Ἔρως·
Ἔρως γὰρ ἄλλην ἀνταμείβεται τρίβον.

481.—ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Βραδύτερον παρελθόντος

Ἑσπέριός μ' ἐδάμασσεν ὁμοῦ καὶ πρώϊος ὕπνος,
ὃς μὲν ἐπιβρίσας, ὃς δέ με μὴ καλέσας·
ὧν ἐξ ἀμφοτέρων ὁ μὲν ἐρρέτω, ὃς δὲ παρειη
ἵλαος, ὡράων μέτρον ἐπιστάμενος.

478.—Anonymous

What Priam would say when Helen advised the Greeks how to take Troy

Splendid is the gift thou offerest thy country.

479.—Anonymous

What Perseus would say after slaying the Monster, when Andromeda refused him

The cruel fetters of the rock have turned thy heart to stone, and now let the eye of Medusa turn thy body, too, to stone.

480.—Anonymous

What Hippodamia would say after the Death of Oenomaus if Pelops refused to marry her

Hippodamia. Thou turnest thy back on me now thou hast liberty to enjoy me. *Pelops.* Yea, for Love does not go hand in hand with such liberty. Love walks in another path.

481.—JULIANUS SCHOLASTICUS

(*When he came too late to lecture*)

Both evening sleep and morning sleep overcame me, the latter having been too heavy and the former not having invited me. Let morning sleep begone and evening sleep come in kindly wise, knowing the just number of hours.

482.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Οὐτιδανοὶ μερόπων, εἰ καὶ μέγα ῥέξαμεν ἔργον,
οὔτινος εἰς μνήμην δηρὸν ἐπερχόμεθα·
οἱ δ' ἀγαθοί, κἢν μηδέν, ἀναπνεύσωσι δὲ μοῦνον,
ὡς Λίβυς εἶπεν ἀνήρ, τοῦτ' ἀδάμαντι μένει.
δήποτε γὰρ Ζήνωνα πολισσοῦχον βασιλῆα,
παίγνιον ἀφράστων ἐκτελέοντα κύβων,
τοίη ποικιλότευκτος ἔλεν θέσις, εὖτ' ἀπὸ λευκοῦ,
τοῦ καὶ ὀπισθιδίην εἰς ὁδὸν ἐρχομένου,
ἑπτὰ μὲν ἕκτος ἔχεν, μίαν εἴνατος· αὐτὰρ ὁ σοῦμμος
δισσὰς ἀμφιέπων ἴσος ἔην δεκάτῳ·
ὅς τε πέλει μετὰ σοῦμμον ἔχειν δύο, μουνάδα δ' ἄλλην
ψῆφον τὴν πυμάτην ἀμφιέπεσκε δίβος.
ἀλλὰ μέλας δισσὰς μὲν ἐν ὀγδοάτῳ λίπε χώρῳ
καὶ τόσσας ἑτέρας ἐς θέσιν ἐνδεκάτην·
ἀμφὶ δυωδέκατον δὲ διέπρεπον εἴκελοι ἄλλαι,
καὶ τρισκαιδεκάτῳ ψῆφος ἔκειτο μία·
δίζυγες Ἀντίγονον διεκόσμεον· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτῷ
ἶσος ἔμιμνε τύπος πεντεπικαιδεκάτῳ,
ὀκτωκαιδεκάτῳ πανομοίιος· εἰσέτι δ' ἄλλας
εἶχεν διχθαδίας τέτρατος ἐκ πυμάτου.
αὐτὰρ ἄναξ λευκοῖο λαχὼν σημήϊα πεσσοῦ,
καὶ τὴν ἐσσομένην οὐ νοέων παγίδα,
τριχθαδίας ἀδόκητα βαλὼν ψηφῖδας ἀπ' ἠθμοῦ,
πύργου δουρατέου κλίμακι κευθομένῃ,
δοιὰ καὶ ἓξ καὶ πέντε κατήγαγεν· αὐτίκα δ' ὀκτὼ
ἄζυγας εἶχεν ὅλας πρόσθε μεριζομένας.
τάβλην φεύγετε πάντες, ἐπεὶ καὶ κοίρανος αὐτὸς
κείνης τὰς ἀλόγους οὐχ ὑπάλυξε τύχας.

[1] The game seems to have borne some resemblance to this, but is obscure. White's eight singles are obviously produced

482.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

We Mortals of no account, even if we perform great deeds, do not survive long in the memory of anyone; but as for the great, if they do nothing, if they only breathe, as the Libyan said, it is engraved in adamant. For instance Zeno, the lord and emperor of our city, while in the middle of a game played with the capricious dice, found himself in this complicated position: when of the white men who were on their way back, the sixth line contained seven, the ninth one, and the tenth and summus two each, while the line after the summus had two, and the last piece was on the *divus*. Black had two on the eighth line, and as many on the eleventh; on the twelfth were two, and one on the thirteenth. There were two on *Antigonus* and also on the fifteenth and eighteenth, and the fourth line from the last (the twentieth) also had two. It was the king's turn to play for White, and not seeing the trap in store for him, he cast the three dice from the wooden box with its hidden ladder, and threw two, six, and five, so that at once he had eight single pieces in all which had formerly been next others (?). Avoid backgammon,[1] as the king himself did not escape from its blind chance.

[1] by the break-up of the three pairs, the single on the "divus" for some reason not being moved forward.

483.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἐκ φονίων Περσῶν φόνιον φυτὸν ἤγαγε Περσεύς,
παιδὶ Θεογνώστου τοῦ θανάτου πρόφασιν.

484.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Ἀσκὸν τῶν ἀνέμων ἔλαβέν ποτε δῶρον Ὀδυσσεὺς
πόντον ἐπιπλείων· χρῆμα γὰρ ἦν τι μέγα.
ἀλλ' ἐμὸς Αἰόλος οὗτος ἔχων ἀνεμώλιον ἦτορ,
ὄρνεον ἐκπέμπει τῶν ἀνέμων γεμίσας.
πνεύματά μοι πτερόεντα, φίλος, ναὶ πνεύματα πέμπεις·
οὐ δύναμαι δὲ φαγεῖν θλιβομένους ἀνέμους.

485.—ΗΛΙΟΔΩΡΟΥ

Τὰν Θέτιν ἀείδω, χρυσοέθειρα Θέτιν,
Νηρέος ἀθανάταν εἰναλίοιο κόραν,
τὰν Διὸς ἐννεσίῃ Πηλέϊ γημαμέναν,
τὰν ἁλὸς ἀγλαΐαν, ἀμετέραν Παφίην·
ἃ τὸν δουριμανῆ, τὸν δ' Ἄρεα πτολέμων,
Ἑλλάδος ἀστεροπάν, ἐξέτεκεν λαγόνων
δῖον Ἀχιλλῆα, τοῦ κλέος οὐράνιον·
τῷ ὕπο Πύρρα τέκεν παῖδα Νεοπτόλεμον,
περσέπολιν Τρώων, ῥυσίπολιν Δαναῶν.
ἱλήκοις ἥρως ἄμμι Νεοπτόλεμε,
ὄλβιε, Πυθιάδι νῦν χθονὶ κευθόμενε·
δέχνυσο δ' εὐμενέων τάνδε θυηπολίην,
πᾶν δ' ἀπέρυκε δέος ἀμετέρας πόλιος.
τὰν Θέτιν ἀείδω, χρυσοέθειρα Θέτιν.

483.—Anonymous

On a Child who was poisoned by Peach[1] *Kernels*

From the murderous Persians Perseus brought back a murderous fruit which caused the death of Theognostus' child.

484.—PALLADAS

Odysseus once, when sailing on the sea, received as a gift a bag of winds—a very valuable thing. But this my Aeolus of the windy heart sends me a fowl stuffed with wind. You send me winged winds, my friend, yes wind, and I can't eat compressed air.

485.—HELIODORUS

(*From his Aethiopica*, iii. 2)

I sing Thetis, golden-haired Thetis, the immortal daughter of the sea-god Nereus, who by the counsel of Zeus wedded Peleus, the glory of the sea, our Aphrodite, her who bore from her womb the raging spearman, the Ares of war, the lightning of Greece, divine Achilles, whose glory reaches to heaven. By him Pyrrha bore Neoptolemus, the sacker of Troy and saviour of Greece. Be gracious unto us, blessed hero Neoptolemus, now lying in Delphian earth; receive favourably this sacrifice and ward off all fear from our city. Thetis I sing, golden-haired Thetis.

[1] = Persicum malum.

486.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Τὴν λαπάραν, τὴν αὐτὸς ἀποσφίγξας ἀποπεμπεις,
εὗρεν ὁ παῖς λύσας φῦσαν ὑπηνέμιον.

487.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Βρώματά μοι χοίρων συκιζομένων προέθηκας,
ξηρῶν, διψαλέων, Κυπρόθεν ἐρχομένων.
ἀλλ' ἐμὲ συκωθέντα μαθὼν ἢ σφάξον ἑτοίμως,
ἢ σβέσον ἐκ δίψης νάματι τῷ Κυπρίῳ.

488.—ΤΡΥΦΩΝΟΣ

Τέρπης εὐφόρμιγγα κρέκων σκιάδεσσιν ἀοιδὰν
κάτθαν' †ενοστησας ἐν Λακεδαιμονίοις,
οὐκ ἄορι πληγείς, οὐδ' ἐν βέλει, ἀλλ' ἐνὶ σύκῳ
χείλεα. φεῦ· προφάσεων οὐκ ἀπορεῖ θάνατος.

489.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Γραμματικοῦ θυγάτηρ ἔτεκεν φιλότητι μιγεῖσα
παιδίον ἀρσενικόν, θηλυκόν, οὐδέτερον.

490.—ΗΛΙΟΔΩΡΟΥ

Παντάρβην φορέουσα πυρὸς μὴ τάρβει ἐρωήν·
ῥηϊδίως Μοίραις καὶ τὰδόκητα πέλει.

491.—ΘΕΩΝΟΣ

Μονόστιχον εἰς τὴν ἑβδομάδα

Ζεύς, Ἄρης, Παφίη, Μήνη, Κρόνος, Ἥλιος, Ἑρμῆς.

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[1] A sort of haggis.

[2] A citharoedus. Someone threw a fig into his mouth as he was singing, and this killed him.

486.—PALLADAS

When my slave untied the paunch[1] you sent me, after tying it up yourself, he found it to be a bellows full of air.

487.—By the Same

You served me the food of fig-fattened pigs from Cyprus, dry and thirst-provoking. But when you find me sufficiently fig-fattened, either kill me at once or quench my thirst with Cyprian wine.

488.—TRYPHO

Terpes,[2] harping beautifully at the Carneian feast of tabernacles, died . . . among the Lacedaemonians, not wounded by a sword or a missile, but by a fig on the lips. Alas! Death is never at a loss for occasions.

489.—PALLADAS

A grammarian's daughter, having known a man, gave birth to a child which was masculine, feminine, and neuter.

490.—HELIODORUS

(*From his Aethiopica,* viii. 11)

When wearing the stone Pantarbes (Fear-all), fear not the force of fire. The unexpected[3] is easy for the Fates.

491.—THEON

A Monostichon on the Days of the Week

Jove, Mars, Venus, Moon, Saturn, Sun, Mercury.

[3] *i.e.* the paradox that the stone is called "Fear-all," and yet fears not fire.

492. <Εἰς σκεύη> στρατιώτου

Κεῖτο δ' ὁμοῦ σάκος, ἔγχος, <ἄκων>, θώρηξ, κόρυς, ἵππος.

493.—ΑΛΛΟ

Ἀσπίς, τόξα, βέλεμνα, κόρυς, ξίφος, ἄλκιμον ἔγχος.

494.—ΑΛΛΟ

Ἰός, τόξα, σάκος, κυνέη, δόρυ, φάσγανα, θώρηξ.

495.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἑλλάδος ἐνναετῆρες, ἀμεμφέες ἡγεμονῆες,
μηκέτι πιστὰ φέροιτε δολοφρονέουσι γυναιξί.
θηλυτέρη μ' ἐδάμασσε, τὸν οὐ κτάνε δήϊος Ἕκτωρ.

496.—ΑΘΗΝΑΙΟΥ

Ὦ Στοϊκῶν μύθων εἰδήμονες, ὦ πανάριστα
δόγματα ταῖς ἱεραῖς ἐνθέμενοι σελίσιν,
τὰν ἀρετὰν ψυχᾶς ἀγαθὸν μόνον· ἅδε γὰρ ἀνδρῶν
μούνα καὶ βίοτον ῥύσατο καὶ πόλιας.
σαρκὸς δ' ἀδυπάθημα, φίλον τέλος ἀνδράσιν ἄλλοις,
ἦ μία τῶν Μνήμης ἤνεσε θυγατέρων.

497.—ΚΡΑΤΗΤΟΣ

Ἔρωτα παύει λιμός· εἰ δὲ μή, χρόνος.
ἐὰν δὲ μηδὲ ταῦτα τὴν φλόγα σβέσῃ,
θεραπεία σοι τὸ λοιπὸν ἠρτήσθω βρόχος.

Sayers, in Wellesley's *Anthologia Polyglotta*, p. 187.

492.—ANONYMOUS

On a Soldier's Arms

TOGETHER lay shield and sword, arrows, cuirass, helmet, horse.

493.—ANONYMOUS

Another

SHIELD, bow and arrows, helmet, sword, strong spear.

494.—ANONYMOUS

Another

ARROW, bow, shield, helmet, spear, sword, cuirass.

495.—ANONYMOUS

(*Spoken by Agamemnon*)

DWELLERS in Greece, noble chieftains, place no trust any longer in perfidious women. A woman overcame me, whom my foe Hector slew not.

496.—ATHENAEUS

HAIL! ye who are learned in the Stoic lore, ye whose holy pages contain the very best of doctrines, that virtue is the soul's only good. This is the only doctrine that saves the lives and cities of men. But indulgence of the flesh, an end dear to others, is only approved by one of all Mnemosyne's daughters.[1]

497.—CRATES

HUNGER puts an end to love, or if not hunger, time. But if neither of these put out the fire, the only cure left for you is to hang yourself.

[1] *i.e.* Erato.

498.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Μὴ θάπτειν τὸν ἄθαπτον, ἔα κυσὶ κύρμα γενέσθαι·
γῆ πάντων μήτηρ μητροφθόρον οὐ δέχετ' ἄνδρα.

499.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Σιγαλέως φέρεται πολιὸς χρόνος· ἀλλὰ παρέρπων
καὶ φωνὰς κλέπτει φθεγγομένων μερόπων,
καὶ μὴ φαινόμενος τοὺς φαινομένους ἀφανίζει,
καὶ μὴ φαινομένους εἰς φανερὸν προφέρει.
ὦ ζωῆς ἀόριστος ἐν ἀνθρώποισι τελευτή,
ἦμαρ ἐπ' ἦμαρ ἀεὶ πρὸς ζόφον ἐρχομένων.

500.—ΑΛΛΟ

Μηκέτι κληρονόμους ὀνομάζετε φέγγος ὁρῶντας·
τοὺς δ' ἀποθνήσκοντας κληρονόμους λέγετε.
οἱ νῦν κληρονόμοι νέκυες μέγα κέρδος ἔχουσι,
τὴν ἀναχώρησιν τοῦ μογεροῦ βιότου.

501.—ΑΛΛΟ

Τὴν πόλιν οἱ νέκυες πρότερον ζῶσαν κατέλειψαν·
ἡμεῖς δὲ ζῶντες τὴν πόλιν ἐκφέρομεν.

502.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Κονδίτου μοι δεῖ. τὸ δὲ κονδῖτον πόθεν ἔσχεν
τοὔνομα; τῆς φωνῆς ἐστὶ γὰρ ἀλλότριον
τῆς τῶν Ἑλλήνων· εἰ Ῥωμαϊκῶς δὲ καλεῖται,
αὐτὸς ἂν εἰδείης, Ῥωμαϊκώτατος ὤν.
σκεύασον οὖν μοι τοῦτο· τὸ γὰρ κατέχον με νόσημα
τοῦ στομάχου χρῄζει τοῦδε, λέγουσι, ποτοῦ.

498.—Anonymous

On a Persian

Bury not the unburied; leave him to be the prey of dogs. Earth, the mother of all, will not receive the man who defiles the bed of his mother.

499.—Anonymous

Grey Time goes along in silence, but as he creeps by he steals the voices of speaking men. Himself unseen, he makes the seen unseen and brings the unseen to light. O undetermined end of the life of men who day by day advance towards the dark!

500.—Anonymous

No longer call the living heirs, but call the dead heirs. The dead are now heirs, and gain a great inheritance, departure from this wretched life.

501.—Anonymous

On an Earthquake

The dead used to leave the city alive behind them, but we living now carry the city to her grave.

502.—PALLADAS

I require "conditum."[1] Where did "conditum" get its name from? for it is alien to the Greek tongue. If it is a Latin word you will know, who are such a good Latin scholar. Prepare it for me, then, for the malady of the stomach from which I suffer requires this drink, I am told.

[1] Wine spiced with honey and pepper.

503.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐκ ἀλόγως ἐν διζύφοις δύναμίν τινα θείαν
εἶναι ἔφην. χθὲς γοῦν †δίζυφον ἐν χρονίῳ
ἠπιάλῳ κάμνοντι τεταρταίῳ περιῆψα,
καὶ γέγονεν ταχέως, οἷα κρότων, ὑγιής.

504.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς τὰς Μούσας

Καλλιόπη σοφίην ἡρωΐδος εὗρεν ἀοιδῆς·
Κλειὼ καλλιχόρου κιθάρης μελιηδέα μολπήν·
Εὐτέρπη τραγικοῖο χοροῦ πολυηχέα φωνήν·
Μελπομένη θνητοῖσι μελίφρονα βάρβιτον εὗρε·
Τερψιχόρη χαρίεσσα πόρεν τεχνήμονας αὐλούς·
ὕμνους ἀθανάτων Ἐρατὼ πολυτερπέας εὗρε·
τέρψιας ὀρχηθμοῖο Πολύμνια πάνσοφος εὗρεν·
[ἁρμονίην πάσῃσι Πολύμνια δῶκεν ἀοιδαῖς·]
Οὐρανίη πόλον εὗρε καὶ οὐρανίων χορὸν ἄστρων·
κωμικὸν εὗρε Θάλεια βίον καὶ ἤθεα κεδνά.

505.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς τας αὐτάς

Οὐκ ἴδε Τερψιχορην ὁ ζωγράφος, ἀλλ᾽ ὑπὸ τέχνας
ψεύδεται ὀφθαλμοὺς δείκελον ἀτρεκίῃ.

Εἴ ποτε τερψινόοιο, φίλος, φόρμιγγος ἀκούσῃς,
τὴν Ἐρατὼ θαύμαζε τόσης εἰδήμονα τέχνης.

Εὐτέρπη δονάκεσσι πολυτρήτοισι λιγαίνει,
πνεῦμα σοφῆς ὀχετηγὸν ἐπισπείρουσα μελίσσης.

503.—By the Same

I was not wrong in saying that there is a divine virtue in *dizyphi*.[1] The other day at least I applied a *dizyphos* to one suffering from a chronic quartan ague, and he became at once as fit as a dog-tick.

504.—Anonymous

On the Muses

Calliope discovered the art of heroic verse; Clio the sweet music of the lyre which accompanies the dance; Euterpe the sonorous voice of the tragic chorus; Melpomene found for mortals the honey-toned barbitos, and charming Terpsichore gave us the artful flute; Erato invented cheering hymns to the gods; learned Polymnia the joys of the dance; Urania discovered the pole and the dance of the stars of heaven, and Thalia the plots and good moral teaching of comedy.

505.—Anonymous

On the Same

The painter never saw Terpsichore, but owing to his art the image deceives our eyes by its truth.

If, my friend, you ever hear the lyre that cheers the heart, admire Erato, who possesses such skill.

Euterpe shrills on perforated reeds, scattering on them and forcing through them the spirit of the skilled bee.

[1] An unknown word, but possibly another form of ζίζυφον, the fruit of the jujube-tree.

Κωμικὸν ἀμφιέπω Θάλεια μέλος, ἔργα δὲ φωτῶν
οὐχ ὁσίων θυμέλῃσι φιλοκροτάλοισιν ἀθύρω.

Εἰκόνα σῆς σοφίης ποτιδέρκεο· Καλλιόπης γὰρ
εἰκόνα σῇ κραδίῃ λάμβανε τὴν σοφίην.

Δαφνοκόμοις Φοίβοιο παρὰ τριπόδεσσι πολεύω
Κλειώ, μαντοσύνης Μοῦσα καὶ ἱστορίης.

Οὐρανίη ψήφοιο θεορρήτῳ τινὶ μέτρῳ
ἀστρῴην ἐδίδαξα παλινδίνητον ἀνάγκην.

Σκέπτεο χαλκεόφωνον ἐπισπέρχουσαν ἀοιδὴν
Μελπομένην, ἐρατῆς ἵστορα εὐεπίης.

Σιγῶ, φθεγγομένη παλάμης θελξίφρονα παλμόν,
νεύματι φωνήεσσαν ἀπαγγέλλουσα σιωπήν.

506.—ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ἐννέα τὰς Μούσας φασίν τινες· ὡς ὀλιγώρως·
ἠνίδε καὶ Σαπφὼ Λεσβόθεν ἡ δεκάτη.

507.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ

Ἡσιόδου τό τ' ἄεισμα καὶ ὁ τρόπος· οὐ τὸν ἀοιδῶν
ἔσχατον, ἀλλ' ὀκνέω μὴ τὸ μελιχρότατον
τῶν ἐπέων ὁ Σολεὺς ἀπεμάξατο. χαίρετε, λεπταὶ
ῥήσιες, Ἀρήτου σύμβολον ἀγρυπνίης.

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[1] This refers to pantomime or, as we should now call it, "ballet."

I, Thalia, am concerned with comic verse, and I present in play, on the scene that loves the castanets, the actions of immoral people.

Look on the image of thy wisdom; for thy heart should conceive Calliope's image to be wisdom.

I, Clio, dwell by the laurelled tripods of Phoebus, the Muse of prophecy and history.

I, Urania, through calculations revealed by God, teach the recurring necessity of the stars' motions.

Look on Melpomene, skilled in lovely eloquence, giving force to brazen-voiced epic song.

I, Polymnia, am silent, but speak through the entrancing motions of my hands, conveying by my gestures a speaking silence.[1]

506.—PLATO

Some say the Muses are nine, but how carelessly! Look at the tenth, Sappho from Lesbos.

507.—CALLIMACHUS

On the Phaenomena of Aratus

The rhythm and the manner are Hesiod's. He of Soli took as a model not the worst of poets, but, I am afraid, the most honeyed of his verses.[2] Hail! delicate phrases, the monument of Aratus' sleepless nights.

[2] It is difficult to see the point, but I do not venture to adopt Toup's μὴ <οὐ>, "not the most honeyed." The reference is to Hesiod, *Works and Days*, 383 *seq.*

508.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Ὅταν θέλῃ τις ἡμέραν ἰδεῖν καλήν,
συντυγχάνων σοι γίνεται καλήμερος·
τοὐναντίον δὲ καί τις εἰ θέλοι παθεῖν,
μὴ συντυχών σοι γίνεται κακήμερος.

509.—[ΛΥΣΙΣΤΡΑΤΟΥ]

Κωλιάδες δὲ γυναῖκες ἐρετμοῖσι φρύξουσιν.

510.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Γῆμε Κριτωνιανός με, Σόλων ἐτέκνωσεν· ἐκλήθην
Μελτίνη· πλάσθην ἀνδρὸς ἐμοῦ παλάμαις.

511.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Χιονέην τρίχα Παιήων ἐκέλευέ με χρυσῷ
δαιδάλλειν ἀγανοφροσύνῃ, ἐτέλεσσα δὲ χαίρων,
οὕνεκεν ἐξ ἐμέθεν τόδε οἱ θυμῆρες ἔκρινεν.

512.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς *βίβλον*

Εὐμενέως Πρώτοιο δεδεγμένος *ὄργια βίβλου*
Φιλοπόνου γραφίδεσσι δεδειγμένα βένθεα μύθων,
κοιράνου Αὐσονίοισι διδάσκαλε, ἵλαος εἴης.

513.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΥ

Δράμασιν ἐν πολλοῖσι διέπρεπες, ὅσσα Μένανδρος
ἔγραφεν, ἢ Μουσέων σὺν μιῇ ἢ Χαρίτων.

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[1] From Herodotus, viii. 96. Colias was near Salamis, and the prophecy is said to have been made long before the battle. [2] Critonianus was a sculptor.

508.—PALLADAS

If one wishes to enjoy a happy day, meeting you makes his day a good one; but if one wishes the contrary, not meeting you makes it a bad one.

509.—LYSISTRATUS THE SEER

The women of Colias shall cook with oars.[1]

510.—Anonymous

Critonianus married me, Solon begat me, my name was Meltine, I was moulded by the hands of my husband.[2]

511.—Anonymous

Asclepios ordered me in his kindness to adorn his grey locks with gold, and I gladly did it, since he deemed this service on my part to be pleasing to him.[3]

512.—Anonymous

On a Book

Teacher of the ruler of Rome, be gracious to me, accepting kindly the mysteries of the book of Protus, the deep words revealed by the pen of Philoponus.[4]

513.—CRINAGORAS

On an Actor

Thou didst excel in the many dramas that Menander, with one of the Muses or one of the Graces, wrote.

[3] A dedication to Aesculapius after a cure.

[4] Protus appears to be author, Philoponus the scribe of the book, but all is mysterious.

514.—ΑΛΛΟ

Ἐς γάμον εὖ ξέσσεν[1] με νεοζεύκτοιο Προκίλλης
τὸν νυμφῶν θαλάμοις αἰὲν ἀειδόμενον,
εὐξάμενος τάδε Μῆνις ὁ κωμικός· "Ὦ Ὑμέναιε,
ἔρχεο καὶ νύμφῃ καὶ γαμέοντι φίλος."

515.—ΑΛΛΟ

Τρεῖς εἰσ' αἱ Χάριτες· σὺ δὲ δὴ μία ταῖς τρισὶ ταύταις
γεννήθης, ἵν' ἔχωσ' αἱ Χάριτες Χάριτα.

516.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΥ

"Ἔρδοι τὴν ἔμαθέν τις," ὅπου καὶ ὑπ' Ἄλπιας ἄκρας
λῃϊσταὶ λασίαις ἀμφίκομοι κεφαλαῖς,
φωρῆς ἁπτόμενοι, φύλακας κύνας ὧδ' ἀλέονται·
χρίονται νεφροῖς πῖαρ ἔπεστιν ὅσον,
ψευδόμενοι ῥινῶν ὀξὺν στίβον. ὦ κακὸν εὑρεῖν 5
ῥῃΐτεραι Λιγύων μήτιες ἢ ἀγαθόν.

517.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΟΥ

Ὀρφεὺς θῆρας ἔπειθε, σὺ δ' Ὀρφέα· Φοῖβος ἐνίκα
τὸν Φρύγα, σοὶ δ' εἴκει μελπομένῳ, Γλάφυρε,
οὔνομα καὶ τέχνης καὶ σώματος. οὔ κεν Ἀθήνη
ἔρριψεν λωτοὺς τοῖα μελιζομένη,
οἷα σὺ ποικιλοτερπές· ἀφυπνώσαι κεν ἀκούων 5
αὐτὸς Πασιθέης Ὕπνος ἐν ἀγκαλίσιν.

[1] I write εὖ ξέσσεν for ἔζευξεν.

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[1] *cp.* v. 146.

[2] In the year 27 B.C. Crinagoras accompanied Augustus on his journey to Spain, passing through Liguria.

514.—Anonymous

I am the god who is always chanted in the chambers of brides, and Menis, the comic actor, polished me well for the wedding of newly-married Procilla, and sent me with this prayer: "Go, Hymenaeus, in friendly wise, to both bride and bridegroom."

515.—Anonymous

The Graces are three, and thou art one born for these three, that the Graces may have a Grace.[1]

516.—CRINAGORAS

"Let every man ply his own trade," indeed. Under the high Alps the shock-headed robbers, when they have a job in hand, thus avoid the watch-dogs. They grease themselves thickly with kidney-fat to deceive the dogs' keen scent. It is more ready in devising evil than good, the Ligurian mind.[2]

517.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

Orpheus charmed beasts and thou charmest Orpheus. Phoebus vanquished the Phrygian,[3] but he yields to thee when thou playest, Glaphyrus—the name[4] suits both thy art and thy person. Athena would never have thrown the flute away[5] had she made such music as thou, master of varied delight. Sleep himself, lying in Pasithea's arms, would awake if he heard thee.

[3] Marsyas. [4] = refined.
[5] Athena invented the flute, but threw it away in disgust as playing it disfigured her.

518.—ΑΛΚΑΙΟΥ ΜΕΣΣΗΝΙΟΥ

Μακύνου τείχη, Ζεῦ Ὀλύμπιε· πάντα Φιλίππῳ
ἀμβατά· χαλκείας κλεῖε πύλας μακάρων.
χθὼν μὲν δὴ καὶ πόντος ὑπὸ σκήπτροισι Φιλίππου
δέδμηται· λοιπὰ δ' ἁ πρὸς Ὄλυμπον ὁδός.

519.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πίομαι, ὦ Ληναῖε, πολὺ πλέον ἢ πίε Κύκλωψ
νηδὺν ἀνδρομέων πλησάμενος κρεάων·
πίομαι. ὡς ὄφελόν γε καὶ ἔγκαρον ἐχθροῦ ἀράξας
βρέγμα Φιλιππείης ἐξέπιον κεφαλῆς·
ὅσπερ ἑταιρείοιο παρὰ κρητῆρι φόνοιο
γεύσατ', ἐν ἀκρήτῳ φάρμακα χευάμενος.

520.—ΑΛΛΟ

Ἀλκαίου τάφος οὗτος, ὃν ἔκτανεν ἡ πλατύφυλλος
τιμωρὸς μοιχῶν γῆς θυγάτηρ ῥάφανος.

521.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἰς Σαπφὼ παρὰ τῶν Μουσῶν

Οὐκ ἄρα σοί γε ὄλιζον ἐπὶ κλέος ὤπασε Μοῖρα
ἤματι, τῷ πρώτῳ φῶς ἴδες ἀελίου,
Σαπφοῖ· σοὶ γὰρ ῥῆσιν ἐνεύσαμεν ἄφθιτον εἶμεν,
σὺν δὲ πατὴρ πάντων νεῦσεν ἐρισφάραγος·
μέλψῃ δ' ἐν πάντεσσιν ἀοίδιμος ἀμερίοισιν,
οὐδὲ κλυτᾶς φάμας ἔσσεαι ἠπεδανά.

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[1] The epigram is of course ironical. Alcaeus, as the next epigram shows, was the bitter enemy of King Philip V.

518.—ALCAEUS OF MESSENE

Heighten thy walls, Olympian Zeus; all is accessible to Philip: shut the brazen gates of the gods. Earth and sea lie vanquished under Philip's sceptre: there remains the road to Olympus.[1]

519.—By the Same

(Addressed to King Philip, son of Demetrius)

I drink, Bacchus, I drink; yes, deeper than the Cyclops drunk when he had filled his belly with the flesh of men; would I could dash out the brains of my foe and drain Philip's skull to the dregs, Philip who tastes of the blood of his friends as he carouses, pouring poison into the wine.[2]

520.—Anonymous

On Alcaeus (probably by his enemy King Philip)

This is the tomb of Alcaeus who was killed by the broad-leaved daughter of earth, the radish, punisher of adulterers.

521.—Anonymous

The Muses to Sappho

No little fame, Sappho, did Fate grant thee on the day thou didst first see the sun. For we consented that thy utterances should be immortal, and the Father of all, the Thunderer, approved. All men shall sing thee, and thou shalt not lack glorious report.

[2] Philip is said to have poisoned Aratus, among others, in this manner.

522.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἰλιάς, ὦ μέγα ἔργον, Ὀδυσσείης τε τὸ σῶφρον
γράμμα, τὸ καὶ Τροίῃ θῆκεν ἴσην Ἰθάκην,
τόν με γέροντ' αὔξοιτ' ἐς ἀεὶ νέον· ἡ γὰρ Ὁμήρου
σειρὴν ὑμετέρων ῥεῖται ἀπὸ στομάτων.

523.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Καλλιόπη πολύμυθε μελισσοβότου Ἑλικῶνος,
τικτε μοι ἄλλον Ὅμηρον, ἐπεὶ μόλεν ἄλλος Ἀχιλ-
λευς.

524.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ὕμνος εἰς Διόνυσον

Μέλπωμεν βασιλῆα φιλεύϊον, Εἰραφιώτην,
ἄβροκομην, ἀγροῖκον, ἀοίδιμον, ἀγλαόμορφον,
Βοιωτόν, Βρόμιον, βακχεύτορα, βοτρυοχαίτην,
γηθόσυνον, γονόεντα, γιγαντολέτην, γελόωντα,
Διογενῆ, δίγονον, διθυραμβογενῆ, Διόνυσον,
Εὔϊον, εὐχαίτην, εὐάμπελον, ἐγρεσίκωμον,
ζηλαῖον, ζάχολον, ζηλήμονα, ζηλοδοτῆρα,
ἤπιον, ἡδυπότην, ἡδύθροον, ἠπεροπῆα,
θυρσοφόρον, Θρῄκα, θιασώτην, θυμολέοντα,
Ἰνδολέτην, ἱμερτόν, ἰοπλόκον, ἰραφιώτην,
κωμαστήν, κεραόν, κισσοστέφανον, κελαδεινόν,

522.—Anonymous

Iliad, thou great work, and *Odyssey*, chaste poem, that hast made Ithaca Troy's equal, make me, the old man, grow in eternal youth; for from your lips flows the Siren song of Homer.

523.—Anonymous

Calliope, eloquent goddess of Helicon the pasture of bees, bear me a second Homer, since a second Achilles has come.

524.—Anonymous

A Hymn to Dionysus (containing his Epithets in Alphabetical Order)

Let us chant the king who loves the call of Euhoe,
the King Eiraphiotes,[1]
Tender-haired, rustic, much besung, fair of form,
Boeotian, Bromius, reveller, with vine-leaves in his hair,
Merry, productive, slayer of giants, the laugher,
Son of Zeus, twice-born, son of the Dithyramb,
Dionysus,
Euius, with lovely locks, rich in vines, awaker of revels,
Jealous, very wrathful, envious, bestower of envy,
Gentle, sweet drinker, sweet-voiced, cozener,
Thracian, thyrsus-bearing, boon-companion, lion-
hearted,
Slayer of Indians, desirable, twiner of violets, hiero-
phant,
Reveller, horned, ivy-crowned, noisy,

[1] The meaning of this epithet is quite unknown.

Λυδόν, ληναῖον, λαθικηδέα, λυσιμέριμνον,
μύστην, μαινόλιον, μεθυδώτην, μυριόμορφον,
νυκτέλιον, νόμιον, νεβρώδεα, νεβριδόπεπλον,
ξυστοβόλον, ξυνόν, ξενοδώτην, ξανθοκάρηνον,
ὀργίλον, ὀβριμόθυμον, ὀρέσκιον, οὐρεσιφοίτην,
πουλυπότην, πλαγκτῆρα, πολυστέφανον, πολύκωμον,
ῥηξίνοον, ῥαδινόν, ῥικνώδεα, ῥηνοφορῆα,
σκιρτητόν, Σάτυρον, Σεμεληγενέτην, Σεμελῆα,
τερπνόν, ταυρωπόν, Τυρρηνολέτην, ταχύμηνιν,
ὑπνοφόβην, ὑγρόν, ὑμενήϊον, ὑλήεντα,
φηρομανῆ, φρικτόν, φιλομειδέα, φοιταλιώτην,
χρυσόκερων, χαρίεντα, χαλίφρονα, χρυσεομίτρην,
ψυχοπλανῆ, ψεύστην, ψοφομήδεα, ψυχοδαϊκτήν,
ὦριον, ὠμηστήν, ὠρείτροφον, ὠρεσίδουπον.
μέλπωμεν βασιλῆα φιλεύϊον, Εἰραφιώτην.

525.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ὕμνος εἰς Ἀπόλλωνα

Ὑμνέωμεν Παιᾶνα μέγαν θεὸν Ἀπόλλωνα,
ἄμβροτον, ἀγλαόμορφον, ἀκερσεκόμην, ἁβροχαίτην,
βριθύνοον, βασιλῆα, βελεσσιχαρῆ, βιοδώτην,
γηθόσυνον, γελόωντα, γιγαντολέτην, γλυκύθυμον,

Lydian, lord of the wine-press, dispeller of care,
Healer of sorrow, mystic, frenzied, giver of wine, thousand-shaped,
God of the night, shepherd-god, fawn-like, clothed in fawn-skin,
Spear-thrower, common to all, giver of guests, yellow-haired,
Prone to anger, stout of heart, lover of the mountain shade, wanderer on the mountains,
Deep drinker, wanderer, wearer of many garlands, constant reveller,
Mind-breaker, slender, wrinkled, clad in sheep-skin,
Leaper, satyr, son of Semele,
Jovial, bull-faced, slayer of Tyrrhenians, swift to wrath,
Chaser of sleep, liquid, hymeneal, dweller in the woods,
Mad for wild beasts, terrible, laughter-loving, wanderer,
Golden-horned, graceful, relaxer of the mind, golden-filleted,
Disturber of the soul, liar, bent on noise, tearer of the soul,
Seasonable, eater of raw flesh, nurtured on the mountains, making clamour on the mountains.
Let us chant the King who loves the call of Euhoe, the King Eiraphiotes.

525.—Anonymous

A similar Hymn to Apollo

Let us hymn Paean the great god, Apollo;
Immortal, gloriously formed, unshorn, soft-haired,
Stern-hearted, king, delighting in arrows, giver of life,
Joyous, laughing, slayer of giants, sweet-hearted,

Διογενῆ, Διόπαιδα, δρακοντολέτην, δαφνογηθῆ,
εὔλαλον, εὐρυβίην, ἑκατηβόλον, ἐλπιδοδώτην,
ζωογόνον, ζάθεον, Ζηνόφρονα, ζηλοδοτῆρα,
ἤπιον, ἡδυεπῆ, ἡδύφρονα, ἠπιόχειρα,
θηροφόνον, θαλερόν, θελξίφρονα, θελγεσίμυθον,
ἰαφέτην, ἱμερτόν, ἰήϊον, ἱπποκορυστήν,
κοσμοπλόκον, Κλάριον, κρατερόφρονα, καρπογένεθλον,
Λητογενῆ, λαρόν, λυρογηθέα, λαμπετοωντα,
μυστιπόλον, μάντιν, μεγαλήτορα, μυριόμορφον,
νευροχαρῆ, νοερόν, νηπενθέα, νηφαλιῆα,
ξυνοχαρῆ, ξυνόν, ξυνόφρονα, ξυνοδοτῆρα,
ὄλβιον, ὀλβιοεργόν, Ὀλύμπιον, οὐρεσιφοίτην,
πρηΰν, πανδερκῆ, παναπήμονα, πλουτοδοτῆρα,
ῥυσίπονον, ῥοδόχρουν, ῥηξήνορα, ῥηξικέλευθον,
σιγαλόεντα, σοφόν, σελαηγενέτην, σωτῆρα,
τερψίχορον, Τιτᾶνα, τελέστορα, τιμήεντα,
ὑμναγόρην, ὕπατον, ὑψαύχενα, ὑψήεντα,
Φοῖβον, φοιβάζοντα, φιλοστέφανον, φρενογηθῆ,
χρησμαγόρην, χρύσεον, χρυσόχροα, χρυσοβέλεμνον,
ψαλμοχαρῆ, ψάλτην, ψευσίστυγα, ψυχοδοτῆρα,
ὠκύπον, ὠκυεπῆ, ὠκύσκοπον, ὡρεσιδώτην.
ὑμνέωμεν Παιᾶνα μέγαν θεὸν Ἀπόλλωνα.

Son of Zeus, slayer of the dragon, lover of the laurel,
Sweet of speech, of ample might, far-shooter, giver of hope,
Creator of animals, divine, Jove-minded, giver of zeal,
Mild, sweet-spoken, sweet-hearted, gentle-handed,
Slayer of beasts, blooming, charmer of the spirit, soft-speaking,
Shooter of arrows, desirable, healer, charioteer,
Weaver of the world, Clarian, strong-hearted, father of fruits,
Son of Leto, pleasant, delighting in the lyre, resplendent,
Lord of the mysteries, prophet, magnanimous, thousand-shaped,
Lover of the bow-string, wise, stiller of grief, sober,
Lover of community, common to all, taking thought for all, benefactor of all,
Blessed, making blessed, Olympian, dweller on the hills,
Gentle, all-seeing, sorrowless, giver of wealth,
Saviour from trouble, rose-coloured, man-breaker, path-opener,
Glittering, wise, father of light, saviour,
Delighting in the dance, Titan, initiator, revered,
Chanter of hymns, highest, stately, of the height,
Phoebus, purifier, lover of garlands, cheerer of the spirit,
Utterer of oracles, golden, golden-complexioned, golden-arrowed,
Lover of the lyre, harper, hater of lies, giver of the soul,
Swift-footed, swift-voiced, swift of vision, giver of seasons.
Let us hymn Paean the great god, Apollo.

526.—ΑΛΦΕΙΟΥ ΜΙΤΥΛΗΝΑΙΟΥ

Κλεῖε, θεός, μεγάλοιο πύλας ἀκμῆτας Ὀλύμπου·
φρούρει, Ζεῦ, ζαθέαν αἰθέρος ἀκρόπολιν.
ἤδη γὰρ καὶ πόντος ὑπέζευκται δορὶ Ῥώμης,
καὶ χθών· οὐρανίη δ' οἶμος ἔτ' ἔστ' ἄβατος.

527.—ΧΡΗΣΜΟΣ

Τλῆθι λέων ἄτλητα παθὼν τετληότι θυμῷ·
οὐδεὶς ἀνθρώπων ἀδικῶν τίσιν οὐκ ἀποτίσει.

528.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Εἰς τὸν οἶκον Μαρίνης

Χριστιανοὶ γεγαῶτες Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχοντες
ἐνθάδε ναιετάουσιν ἀπήμονες· οὐδὲ γὰρ αὐτοὺς
χώνη φόλλιν ἄγουσα φερέσβιον ἐν πυρὶ θήσει.

529.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἐς κλινάριον πόρνης ἀπὸ δάφνης

Λέκτρον ἑνὸς φεύγουσι λέκτρον πολλοῖσιν ἐτύχθην.

530.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς ἄρχοντα ἀνάξιον

Οὐκ ἐθέλουσα Τύχη σε προήγαγεν, ἀλλ' ἵνα δείξῃ,
ὡς ὅτι καὶ μέχρι σοῦ πάντα ποιεῖν δύναται.

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[1] Imitated from No. 518, which cp.
[2] v. 26: given in a dream to Hipparchus.

526.—ALPHEIUS OF MYTILENE

Shut, O god, the tireless gates of great Olympus; keep, O Zeus, the holy castle of heaven. Already sea and earth are subdued by the Roman arms, but the path to heaven is still untrodden.[1]

527.—ORACLE FROM HERODOTUS[2]

Lion, with long-suffering heart, bear the unbearable. No evil man shall escape punishment.

528.—PALLADAS

On the House of Marina

The inhabitants of Olympus,[3] having become Christians, live here undisturbed; for here they shall not be put on the fire in the melting-pot that produces necessary small change.

529.—Anonymous

On the Bed of a Harlot made of Laurel

I who fled the bed of one,[4] am made a bed for many.

530.—Anonymous

On an Unworthy Magistrate

Fortune did not willingly give you advancement, but to show that her omnipotence reaches even as low as you.

[3] Bronze statues of the heathen gods.
[4] Daphne fled from Apollo to preserve her chastity.

531.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς Ἰσαύρους

Λῦραις ἴσα θεουσιν, ὅθεν λάχον οὔνομα τοῦτο.

532.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς κολόκυνθον

Εἰπέ μοι, ὦ κολόκυνθε, τίνος χάριν εἰσέτι καὶ νῦν
οὐ σικύων ἐφάνη διερὸν γένος, οὐ κολοκύνθων.

Ὁ κολόκυνθος πρὸς ταῦτα

Ζηνὸς ἐπομβρήσαντος ἐπεκλύσθησαν ἄρουραι,
ἡμετέρην δ' ἀέκουσαν ἔτι κρύπτουσι γενέθλην.

533.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς τὸν ἀπὸ κοντοῦ κατερχόμενον θηριομάχην

Κοντὸν ἀνὴρ κατέπηξε, δέμας δ' εἰς ἀέρα ῥίψας
ἰδνώθη προκάρηνος, ἀνεγρομένοιο δ' ὕπερθεν
θηρὸς ὑπερκατέβαινεν ἐϋστρέπτοισι πόδεσσιν·
οὐδὲ λάβεν· λαοὶ δὲ μέγ' ἴαχον· ἔκφυγε δ' ἀνήρ.

534.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς Ἄρτεμιν

Ἄρτεμις ἱδρώουσα προάγγελός ἐστι κυδοιμοῦ.

535.—ΑΛΛΟ

Κισσῷ μεν Διονυσος ἀγάλλεται, αἰγίδι δὲ Ζεύς,
οἱ ναέται ξείνοις, ἡ δὲ πόλις ναέταις.

531.—Anonymous

On the Isaurians

They run equal to the winds; hence their name.[1]

532.—Anonymous

To a Pumpkin

Tell me, pumpkin, why even so late as this the watery tribe of cucumbers and pumpkins has not appeared.

The Pumpkin's Reply

Zeus rained heavily and flooded the fields, which still hide our race against our will.

533.—Anonymous

On a Beast-fighter who escaped by means of a Pole

A man fixed a pole on the ground, and throwing himself into the air made a somersault, and with his nimble feet passed over the back of the beast that was rushing at him. It failed to catch him; the people applauded loudly and the man escaped.

534.—Anonymous

On Artemis.

Artemis, sweating, forbodes war.

535.—Anonymous

Dionysus glories in ivy, Zeus in the aegis, the inhabitants of this city in their hospitality, and the city in her inhabitants.

[1] *Isos*, equal; *aura*, wind.

536.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς Ἀλφειὸν ποταμόν

Ἄβροχον ἐν πελάγεσσι διʼ ὕδατος ἔπλεεν ὕδωρ.

537.—ΝΕΣΤΟΡΟΣ ΝΙΚΑΕΩΣ

Τίπτε με θρυλήσαντες ἐμὴν ἀπεπαύσατʼ ἀοιδήν;
ἱππεὺς ἱππεύειν ἐδάη, καὶ ἀοιδὸς ἀείδειν·
ἦν δέ τις ἱππεύειν δεδαὼς ἐθέλῃσιν ἀείδειν,
ἀμφοτέρων ἥμαρτε, καὶ ἱπποσύνης καὶ ἀοιδῆς.

538.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἔχει τὰ κδʼ γράμματα

Ἀβροχίτων δʼ ὁ φύλαξ θηροζυγοκαμψιμέτωπος.

539.—ΑΛΛΟ

Ὅμοιον

Ἀβρὸς δʼ ἐν προχοαῖς Κύκλωψ φθογγάζετο μύρμηξ.

540.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Μὴ ταχὺς Ἡρακλείτου ἐπʼ ὀμφαλὸν εἵλεε βίβλον
τοὐφεσίου· μάλα τοι δύσβατος ἀτραπιτός.
ὄρφνη καὶ σκότος ἐστὶν ἀλάμπετον· ἦν δέ σε μύστης
εἰσαγάγῃ, φανεροῦ λαμπρότερʼ ἠελίου.

541.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Θειογένης Πείσωνι τὰ τεχνήεντα κύπελλα
πέμπει· χωροῦμεν δʼ οὐρανὸν ἀμφότερα·

[1] He means that his detractors know nothing of poetry and should confine themselves to matters they understand.

536.—Anonymous

On the River Alpheius

Water in the sea travelled through water without getting wet.

537.—NESTOR OF NICAEA

Why did you make a disturbance and stop my song? A rider has learnt how to ride, and a singer how to sing. But if one who has learnt riding wants to sing, he is a failure in both riding and singing.[1]

538, 539.—Anonymous

These Nonsense Verses each contain all the Letters of the Alphabet.

540.—Anonymous

Do not rapidly unfold to the end of the roll[2] the book of Heraclitus the Ephesian. The path is very difficult, and all is mist and unilluminated darkness; but if one initiated introduce you, it is clearer than the bright sun.

541.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

Theogenes sends to Piso[3] the skilfully wrought bowls, and both of us together contain the heavens.

[2] = Latin *umbilicus*.
[3] See No. 428.

δοιὰ γὰρ ἐκ σφαίρης τετμήμεθα, καὶ τὸ μὲν ἡμῶν
τοὺς νοτίους, τὸ δ' ἔχει τείρεα τὰν Βορέη.
ἀλλὰ σὺ μηκέτ' Ἄρητον ἐπίβλεπε· δισσὰ γὰρ ἀμφοῖν
μέτρα πιὼν ἀθρεῖς πάντα τὰ φαινόμενα.

542.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΥ

Θάρσει καὶ τέτταρσι διαπλασθέντα προσώποις
μῦθον καὶ τούτων γράψαι ἔτι πλέοσιν·
οὔτε σὲ γὰρ λείψουσι, Φιλωνίδη, οὔτε Βάθυλλον,
τὸν μὲν ἀοιδάων, τὸν δὲ χερῶν χάριτες.

543.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ

Θεσσαλίης εὔϊππος ὁ ταυρελάτης χορὸς ἀνδρῶν,
χερσὶν ἀτευχήτοις θηρσὶν ὁπλιζόμενος,
κεντροτυπεῖς πώλους ζεῦξε σκιρτήματι ταύρων,
ἀμφιβαλεῖν σπεύδων πλέγμα μετωπίδιον·
ἀκρότατον δ' ἐς γῆν κλίνας ἅμα κεὔροπον ἅμμα
θηρὸς τὴν τόσσην ἐξεκύλισε βίην.

544.—ΑΔΔΑΙΟΥ

Ἰνδὴν βήρυλλόν με Τρύφων ἀνέπεισε Γαλήνην
εἶναι, καὶ μαλακαῖς χερσὶν ἀνῆκε κόμας·

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[1] *i.e.* each is a perfect hemisphere.

[2] Bathyllus was a celebrated pantomime-dancer. Philonides, it would seem, sung his pieces himself. In these pieces one singer and one dancer took all the different parts, which, of course, were played one after the other.

We are both carved out of a sphere,[1] and one of us contains the southern constellations, the other the northern. No longer consult Aratus, for if you empty us both you see all the Phaenomena.

542.—CRINAGORAS

Never fear, Philonides; write a piece composed for four parts or even more; for neither your singing nor the motions of Bathyllus' hands shall be lacking in grace.[2]

543.—PHILIPPUS

The well-mounted troupe of bull-fighters from Thessaly, armed against the beasts with no weapons but their hands, spur their horses to run alongside the galloping bull, bent on throwing round its neck the noose of their arms. At the same time pulling it towards the ground by thus hanging themselves at the end of its neck and weighing down its head, they roll over even such a powerful brute.[3]

544.—ADDAEUS

On a Figure of Galene cut by Tryphon[4]

Tryphon coaxed me, the Indian beryl, to be Galene, the goddess of Calm, and with his soft hands let

[3] It is implied, of course, that the man throws himself off his horse. In Heliodorus (x. 30) the man is described as throwing his arms round the bull's neck and burying his face between its horns, and this seems to be what is meant here.

[4] A famous gem-carver, some of whose work we possess.

ἠνίδε καὶ χείλη νοτερὴν λειοῦντα[1] θάλασσαν,
καὶ μαστούς, τοῖσιν θέλγω ἀνηνεμίην.
ἦν δέ μοι ἡ φθονερὴ νεύσῃ λίθος, ὡς ἐν ἑτοίμῳ
ὥρμημαι, γνώσῃ καὶ τάχα νηχομένην.

545.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΥ

Καλλιμάχου τὸ τορευτὸν ἔπος τόδε· δὴ γὰρ ἐπ' αὐτῷ
ὠνὴρ τοὺς Μουσέων πάντας ἔσεισε κάλους.
ἀείδει δ' Ἑκάλης τε φιλοξείνοιο καλιὴν
καὶ Θησεῖ Μαραθὼν οἷς ἐπέθηκε πόνους,
τοῦ σοὶ καὶ νεαρὸν χειρῶν σθένος εἴη ἀρέσθαι,
Μάρκελλε, κλεινοῦ τ' αἶνον ἴσον βιότου.

546.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ

Κήν πρύμνῃ λαχέτω μέ ποτε στιβάς, αἵ θ' ὑπὲρ αὐτῆς
ἠχεῦσαι ψακάδων τύμματι διφθερίδες,
καὶ πῦρ ἐκ μυλάκων βεβιημένον, ἥ τ' ἐπὶ τούτων
χύτρη, καὶ κενεὸς πομφολύγων θόρυβος,
καί κε ῥυπῶντ' ἐσίδοιμι διήκονον· ἡ δὲ τράπεζα
ἔστω μοι στρωτὴ νηὸς ὕπερθε σανίς·
δὸς λάβε, καὶ ψιθύρισμα τὸ ναυτικόν· εἶχε τύχη τις
πρῴην τοιαύτη τὸν φιλόκοινον ἐμέ.

547.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τὰ εἴκοσι τέσσαρα στοιχεῖα

Τρηχὺν δ' ὑπερβὰς φραγμὸν ἐξήνθιζε κλῶψ.

[1] So Jacobs: πλείοντα MS.

down my hair. Look at my lips smoothing the liquid sea, and my breasts with which I charm the windless waves. Did the envious stone but consent, you would soon see me swimming, as I am longing to do.

545.—CRINAGORAS

With a copy of Callimachus' Hecale[1]

This chiselled poem is Callimachus', for in it he let out every reef of his Muse. He sings the hut of hospitable Hecale, and all the labours that Marathon imposed on Theseus. May the young strength of Theseus' hands be thine, Marcellus,[2] and a life of equal renown.

546.—ANTIPHILUS

Once in a way let my couch be on the ship's poop, the weather-cloths above sounding with the blows of the spray, the fire breaking out from the stones,[3] and the pot upon them bubbling with empty noise. Let my eyes be on the unwashed cabin boy, and let my table be the first plank of the deck that offers; and a game of "Give and take" and the gossip of the sailors. The other day this happened to me, who love to be at hail fellow all round.

547

Similar to Nos. 538, 539

[1] Hecale was an old woman who entertained Theseus at Marathon when he went to combat the Marathonian bull.

[2] The nephew of Augustus, whose early death Virgil bewails. [3] Within which it is built.

548.—ΒΙΑΝΟΡΟΣ

Κοῦρον ἀποπλανίην ἐπιμάζιον Ἑρμώνακτα,
φεῦ, βρέφος ὡς ἀδίκως εἵλετε Βουγενέες.
ἠγνοίησεν ὁ δειλὸς ἐς ὑμέας οἷα μελίσσας
ἐλθών· αἱ δ' ἔχεων ἥτε χερειότεραι·
ἀντὶ δέ οἱ θοίνης ἐνεμάξατε φοίνια κέντρα,
ὦ πικραί, γλυκερῆς ἀντίπαλοι χάριτος.

549.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ

α. Κρηναῖαι λιβάδες, τι πεφεύγατε; ποῦ τόσον ὕδωρ;
τίς φλὸξ ἀενάους ἔσβεσεν ἠελίου;
β. Δάκρυσιν Ἀγρικόλαο τετρύμεθα· πᾶν δ' ὅσον ἡμῖν
ἦν ποτὸν ἡ κείνου διψὰς ἔχει σποδιή.

550.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Κλειινὴν οὐκ ἀπόφημι· σὲ γὰρ προπάροιθεν ἔθηκαν
κλήζεσθαι πτηνοί, Τῆνε, Βορηϊάδαι.
ἀλλὰ καὶ Ὀρτυγίην εἶχε κλέος, οὔνομα δ' αὐτῆς
ἦρχετο Ῥιπαίων ἄχρις Ὑπερβορέων.
νῦν δὲ σὺ μὲν ζώεις, ἡ δ' οὐκέτι· τίς κεν ἐώλπει
ὄψεσθαι Τήνου Δῆλον ἐρημοτέρην;

551.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ

Καλχαδὼν δύστηνον ἐρωδιὸν ἐχθρὰ κολάζει·
τεῦ χάριν ὁ προδότης ὄρνις ἀεὶ λέγεται,
†Φοῖβος ἐρεῖ· τεναγῖτιν ὅτ' εἰς ἅλα κῶλον ἐλαφρὸν
στήσας, ψαμμίτην δόρπον †ἐθημολόγει,

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[1] Zetes and Calais, slain in Tenos by Heracles.
[2] For the desert condition of Delos, see No. 408. Ortygia

548.—BIANOR

Ye children of the ox, how wrong of you to kill Hermonax, the straying baby boy! The poor child, in the innocence of his heart, went to you thinking you were bees, and you proved worse than vipers. Instead of giving him a dainty feast you drove your murderous stings into him, bitter bees, contrary in nature to your sweet gifts.

549.—ANTIPHILUS

A. Ye streams of the fountain, why have ye fled? Where is all that water gone? What fiery sun has extinguished the ever-runnng spring? *B.* We are exhausted by tears for Agricola; his thirsty dust has absorbed all the drink we had to give.

550.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

I say not, Tenos, that thou art not famous, for of old the winged sons of Boreas[1] got thee renown. But Ortygia was celebrated too, and her name reached to the Rhipaean Hyperboreans. But now thou livest and she is dead. Who would have expected to see Delos more desert than Tenos?[2]

551.—ANTIPHILUS

Calchedon hates and punishes the ill-omened heron. Phoebus will tell for what reason it is always called the traitor-bird. When in the shallow sea standing on its thin shanks it was picking up its food

was an old name of the island. For the story of the annual first-fruits brought to Delos by the Hyperboreans see Herodotus iv. 33.

δυσμενέες τότ' ἔβησαν ἐπὶ πτόλιν ἀντιπέρηθεν,
ὀψὲ διδασκόμενοι πεζοβατεῖν πέλαγος.
βάλλετε δὴ κακὸν ὄρνιν, ἐπεὶ βαρὺν ἤρατο μισθὸν
ἐκ δηΐων, κόχλους καὶ βρύον, ὁ προδότης.

552.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Καὶ Μακεδὼν ὁ σίδηρος ἐν ἄορι, καὶ τὰ προς ἀλκὴν
τῆς ἀπ' Ἀλεξάνδρου χειρὸς ἐπιστάμενος,
Πείσων, σὴν ποθέων ἱκόμην χέρα· τοῦτο δὲ φωνῶ·
"Χαίρων δεξιτερὴν εὗρον ὀφειλομένην."

553.—ΑΛΛΟ

Λευκάδος ἀντί με Καῖσαρ, ἰδ' Ἀμβρακίης ἐριβώλου,
Θυρρείου τε πέλειν, ἀντί τ' Ἀνακτορίου,
Ἄργεος Ἀμφιλόχου τε, καὶ ὁππόσα ῥαίσατο κύκλῳ
ἄστε' ἐπιθρώσκων δουρομανὴς πόλεμος,
εἵσατο Νικόπολιν, θείην πόλιν· ἀντὶ δὲ νίκης
Φοῖβος ἄναξ ταύτην δέχνυται Ἀκτιάδος.

554.—ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΥ

Λάθριος Ἡράκλεια καλῶν ὑπὸ χείλεσιν ἕλκεις
κεῖνο· πάλαι κατὰ σοῦ τοῦτ' ἐβόησε πόλις.
πῶς ἔτλης αἶσχος ῥέξαι κακόν; ἦ σε βιαίως
εἵλκυσέ τις θαλερῶν δραξάμενος πλοκάμων;
ἦ σοὶ τοὔνομα τερπνὸν ἀφ' Ἡρακλῆος ἐχούσῃ,
μάχλε, φιλεῖν Ἥβην κέκριται ἠιθέων;

[1] The incident alluded to in this epigram is quite unknown, and the whole looks like a legend made up to account for the bad name this bird had at Chalcedon. Such popular ex-

from the sand, then the foemen crossed to the city from opposite, learning at length to pass over the sea on foot. Stone the wicked bird, for it got from the enemy a heavy reward—conchs and seaweed, the traitor [1]

552.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

A sword made of Macedonian steel and taught valiance by the hand of Alexander, I come, Piso,[2] longing for thy hand, and thus I greet thee: "I rejoice to find the right hand for which fate reserved me."

553.—PHILIPPUS (?)

On the Foundation of Nicopolis by Augustus

To replace Leucas, and fertile Ambracia, and Thyrreum, and Anactorium, and Amphilochian Argos, and all the surrounding cities that the furious onslaught of war destroyed, Caesar founded me, Nicopolis, a divine city. Phoebus receives this reward for the victory of Actium.

554.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

Clam, Heraclea, pulchris juvenibus ore morigeraris. For long all the town says it of you. How do you venture to do such a shameful thing? Did anyone catch you by your beautiful hair and force you to it? Or is it because your pretty name is derived from Heracles that in your depravity you choose to kiss his wife Hebe (pubem juvenum).

planations of local superstitions are legion. The last couplet is, of course, playful and ironical.

[2] *cp.* No. 428.

555.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΥ

Νῆσον τήν, εἰ καί με περιγράψαντες †ἔχουσιν
μετρῆσαι, βαιήν, ἑπτὰ μόνον σταδίους,
ἔμπης καὶ τίκτουσαν ἐπ' αὔλακα πῖαρ ἀρότρου
ὄψει, καὶ παντὸς κάρπιμον ἀκροδρύου,
καὶ πολλοῖς εὔαγρον ὑπ' ἰχθύσι, καὶ ὑπὸ μαίρῃ
εὐάνεμον, λιμένων τ' ἤπιον ἀτρεμίῃ,
ἀγχόθι Κορκύρης Φαιηκίδος. ἀλλὰ γελᾶσθαι
†τῷ ἔπ' ἐωρίσθην, τοῦτ' ἐθέμην ὄνομα.

556.—ΖΩΝΑ

Νύμφαι ἐποχθίδιαι, Νηρηΐδες, εἴδετε Δάφνιν
χθιζόν, ἐπαχνιδίαν ὡς ἀπέλουσε κόνιν,
ὑμετέραις λιβάδεσσιν ὅτ' ἔνθορε σειριόκαυτος,
ἠρέμα φοινιχθεὶς μᾶλα παρηΐδια.
εἴπατέ μοι, καλὸς ἦν; ἢ ἐγὼ τράγος οὐκ ἄρα κνάμαν
μοῦνον ἐγυιώθην, ἀλλ' ἔτι καὶ κραδίαν;

557.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Ὁ σταδιεὺς Ἀρίης ὁ Μενεκλέος οὐ κατελέγχει
Περσέα, σὸν κτίστην, Ταρσὲ Κίλισσα πόλι.
τοῖοι γὰρ παιδὸς πτηνοὶ πόδες· οὐδ' ἂν ἐκείνῳ
οὐδ' αὐτὸς Περσεὺς νῶτον ἔδειξε θέων.
ἢ γὰρ ἐφ' ὑσπλήγων ἢ τέρματος εἶδέ τις ἄκρου
ἠΐθεον, μέσσῳ δ' οὔ ποτ' ἐνὶ σταδίῳ.

555.—CRINAGORAS

On the Island of Sybota[1]

I AM an island, small, seven stadia long, though the geographers neglected (?) to measure me; but still you will see that when I am ploughed I give birth to fat crops, and that I am rich in every kind of fruit, and have plenty of fish to catch, and cool breezes in the dog-days, and the gentleness of unruffled harbours. I am near Phaeacian Corcyra. So that I might be made fun of, I took this name of which I am highly proud.

556.—ZONAS

Pan is the Speaker

NEREIDS, Nymphs of the shore, you saw Daphnis yesterday, when he washed off the dust that lay like down on his skin; when, burnt by the dog-star, he rushed into your waters, the apples of his cheeks faintly reddened. Tell me, was he beautiful? Or am I a goat, not only lame in my legs but in my heart too?

557.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

TARSUS, Cilician city, the runner Aries, son of Menecles, does not disgrace even Perseus, thy founder. Such are the boy's winged feet that not even Perseus would have shown him his back in the race. The youth is seen only at the start and the finish, never in the middle of the course.

[1] Pig-pasture.

558.—ΕΡΥΚΙΟΥ

Ὁ τράγος ὁ Κλήσωνος ὅλαν διὰ πάννυχον ὄρφναν
αἶγας ἀκοιμάτους θῆκε φριμασσόμενος·
ὀδμὰ γάρ μιν ἔτυψε λύκου χιμαροσφακτῆρος
τηλόθι, πετραίαν αὖλιν ἀνερχομένου·
μέσφα κύνες κοίτας ἀνεγέρμονες ἐπτοίασαν
θῆρα μέγαν· τραγίνους δ' ὕπνος ἔμυσε κόρας.

559.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΥ

Πλοῦς μοι ἐπ' Ἰταλίην ἐντύνεται· ἐς γὰρ ἑταίρους
στέλλομαι, ὧν ἤδη δηρὸν ἄπειμι χρόνον.
διφέω δ' ἡγητῆρα περίπλοον, ὅς μ' ἐπὶ νήσους
Κυκλάδας, ἀρχαίην τ' ἄξει ἐπὶ Σχερίην.
σύν τί μοι ἀλλὰ Μένιππε λάβευ φίλος, ἵστορα κύκλον
γράψας, ὦ πάσης ἴδρι γεωγραφίης.

560.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ῥιγηλὴ πασῶν ἔνοσι χθονός, εἴτε σε πόντου,
εἴτ' ἀνέμων αἴρει ῥεῦμα τινασσόμενον,
οἰκία μοι ῥύευ νεοτευχέα· δεῖμα γὰρ οὔπω
ἄλλο τόσον γαίης οἶδ' ἐλελιζομένης.

561.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ

Τίς σε πάγος δυσέρημος, ἀνήλιος, ἐξέθρεψεν
Βορραίου Σκυθίης, ἄμπελον ἀγριάδα;
ἢ Κελτῶν νιφοβλῆτες ἀεὶ κρυμώδεες Ἄλπεις,
τῆς τε σιδηροτόκου βῶλος Ἰβηριάδος;
ἢ τοὺς ὀμφακόραγας ἐγείναο, τοὺς ἀπεπάντους
βότρυας, οἳ στυφελὴν ἐξέχεον σταγόνα.

558.—ERYCIUS

Cleson's billy-goat through the livelong night kept the she-goats awake with his snorting and jumping, for he had caught from afar the scent of a goat-slaying wolf that was approaching the fold built on the cliff. At length the dogs awakened from their bed, frightened away the huge beast, and sleep closed the eyes of the goats.

559.—CRINAGORAS

I am getting ready to sail to Italy, for I am on my way to my friends from whom I have been absent for so long. I am in search of a navigator to conduct me and bring me to the Cyclades and ancient Corcyra. But I beg for your help too, my friend Menippus, author of the learned circular tour[1] and versed in all geography.

560.—By the Same

Earthquake, most dread of all shocks, whether thou art aroused by the upshaken currents of the sea or of the winds, spare my new-built house, for I know not yet any terror to equal the quivering of the earth.

561.—PHILIPPUS

What desert, sunless hill of Northern Scythia nourished thee, wild vine? Or was it the eternal ice of the snowy Celtic Alps or the iron-bearing soil of Spain—thee, who didst bear the sour grapes, the unripened clusters—that yielded this harsh juice?

[1] A "periplus" of the Mediterranean in three books.

δίζημαι, Λυκόεργε, τεὰς χέρας, ὡς ἀπὸ ῥίζης
κλήματος ὠμοτόκου βλαστὸν ὅλον θερίσῃς.

562.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΥ

Ψιττακὸς ὁ βροτόγηρυς, ἀφεὶς λυγοτευχέα κύρτον,
ἤλυθεν ἐς δρυμοὺς ἀνθοφυεῖ πτέρυγι.
αἰεὶ δ' ἐκμελετῶν ἀσπάσμασι Καίσαρα κλεινόν,
οὐδ' ἀν' ὄρη λήθην ἤγαγεν οὐνόματος·
†ἔδραμε δ' ὠκυδίδακτος ἅπας οἰωνός, ἐρίζων
τίς φθῆναι δύναται δαίμονι χαῖρ' ἐνέπειν.
Ὀρφεὺς θῆρας ἔπεισεν ἐν οὔρεσι· καὶ δὲ σέ, Καῖσαρ,
νῦν ἀκέλευστος ἅπας ὄρνις ἀνακρέκεται.

563.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ

Τὸν φιλοπωριστὴν Δημόκριτον ἦν που ἐφεύρῃς,
ὤνθρωπ', ἄγγελον τοῦτο τὸ κοῦφον ἔπος,
ὡς ἡ λευκοόπωρος ἐγὼ καὶ ἐφώριος ἥδη
κείνῳ συκοφορῶ τὰς ἀπύρους ἀκόλους·
σπευσάτω, οὐκ ὀχυρὴν γὰρ ἔχω στάσιν, εἴπερ ὀπώρην
ἀβλήτου[1] χρῄζει δρέψαι ἀπ' ἀκρεμόνος.

564.—ΝΙΚΙΟΥ

Αἰόλον ἱμεροθαλὲς ἔαρ φαίνουσα, μέλισσα
ξουθά, ἐφ' ὡραίοις ἄνθεσι μαινομένα,
χῶρον ἐφ' ἡδύπνοον πωτωμένα, ἔργα τίθευ σή,
ὄφρα τεὸς πλήθῃ κηροπαγὴς θάλαμος.

"A" in *Collections from the Greek Anthology*, 1833, p. 142.

[1] I write ἀβλήτου for ἀκρήτου.

I seek for thy hands, Lycurgus, to tear up by the roots the whole plant of that vine, the mother of crude fruit.

562.—CRINAGORAS

The parrot that talks with human voice, taking leave of his wicker cage, flew to the woods on his many-coloured wings, and ever assiduous in greeting famous Caesar, did not forget that name even in the mountains. All the birds, sharpening their wits to learn, strove among each other which should be the first to say "Chaire"[1] to the god. Orpheus made the beasts obey him in the hills, and now every bird tunes its voice for thee, Caesar, unbidden.

563.—LEONIDAS

If thou findest anywhere Democritus the lover of fruit, give him, Sir, this light message: that this is my season, the white-fruited fig-tree, and I bear for him the bread that wants no baking. Let him make haste, for my position is not secure, if he would pluck the fruit from my branches before they are stoned.

564.—NICIAS

Bee, that revealest the presence of many-coloured spring in her delightful bloom; yellow bee, revelling in the prime of the flowers; fly to the sweetly-scented field and busy thyself with thy work, that thy waxen chambers may be filled.

[1] Hail.

565.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ

Ἦλθε Θεαίτητος καθαρὴν ὁδόν· εἰ δ' ἐπὶ κισσὸν
τὸν τεὸν οὐχ αὕτη, Βάκχε, κέλευθος ἄγει,
ἄλλων μὲν κήρυκες ἐπὶ βραχὺν οὔνομα καιρὸν
φθέγξονται, κείνου δ' Ἑλλὰς ἀεὶ σοφίαν.

566.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μικρή τις, Διόνυσε, καλὰ πρήσσοντι ποιητῇ
ῥῆσις· ὁ μὲν "Νικῶ" φησὶ τὸ μακρότατον·
ᾧ δὲ σὺ μὴ πνεύσῃς ἐνδέξιος, ἤν τις ἔρηται,
"Πῶς ἔβαλες;" φησί, "Σκληρὰ τὰ γιγνόμενα."
τῷ μερμηρίξαντι τὰ μῆνδικα τοῦτο γένοιτο
τοῦπος· ἐμοὶ δ', ὦναξ, ἡ βραχυσυλλαβίη.

567.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Ἡ καὶ ἔτ' ἐκ βρέφεος κοιμωμένη Ἀντιοδημὶς
πορφυρέων, Παφίης νοσσίς, ἐπὶ κροκύδων,
ἡ τακεραῖς λεύσσουσα κόραις μαλακώτερον ὕπνου,
Λύσιδος ἁλκυονίς, τερπνὸν ἄθυρμα Μέθης,
ὑδατίνους φορέουσα βραχίονας, ἣ μόνη ὀστοῦν
οὐ λάχεν (ἦν γὰρ ὅλη τοὺν ταλάροισι γάλα),
Ἰταλίην ἤμειψεν, ἵνα πτολέμοιο καὶ αἰχμῆς
ἀμπαύσῃ Ῥώμην μαλθακίνῃ χάριτι

568.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΥ

Αὖλιν Ἀρισταγόρεω καὶ κτήματα μυρίος ἀρθεις,
Νεῖλε, μετ' εἰκαίης ἐξεφόρησας ὁδοῦ.

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[1] Theaetetus was seemingly a dramatic poet who worked on new lines and had not been successful.

565.—CALLIMACHUS

Theaetetus walked in an untrodden[1] road, and if this path does not lead, Bacchus, to thy ivy, the heralds shall call the names of others for a brief season, but Hellas shall proclaim his wisdom for ever.

566.—By the Same

A successful poet, Dionysus, is a man of few words. The most he says is "I conquer." But he whom thy auspicious gale favours not, if he be asked "What luck?" says "Things go hard with me." Let such phrases be his who broods on fancied injustice. But mine, O Lord, be the few syllables.

567.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON (?)

Antiodemis, the nursling of Aphrodite, who from her babyhood slept on purple cloth, the glance of whose melting eyes is softer than sleep, the halcyon of Lysis,[2] the delightful toy of Methé, whose arms flow like water, who alone among women has no bones at all (for she was all cream-cheese), has crossed to Italy, that by her softening charm she may make Rome cease from war and lay down the sword.

568.—DIOSCORIDES

Nile, rising in vast volume, thou hast carried away in thy random course the farm of Aristagoras and

[2] Lysis was the originator of a particular style of merry song, the singers of which were called Lysiodi.

αὐτὸς δ' οἰκείης ὁ γέρων ἐπενήξατο βώλου
ναυηγός, πάσης ἐλπίδος ὀλλυμένης,
γείτονος ἡμίθραυστον ἐπ' αὔλιον, "Ὦ πολύς, εἶπας,
μόχθος ἐμός, πολιῆς τ' ἔργα περισσὰ χερός,
ὕδωρ πᾶν ἐγένεσθε· τὸ δὲ γλυκὺ τοῦτο γεωργοῖς
κῦμ' ἐπ' Ἀρισταγόρην ἔδραμε πικρότατον."

569.—ΕΜΠΕΔΟΚΛΕΟΥΣ

Ἤδη γάρ ποτ' ἐγὼ γενόμην κοῦρός τε κόρη τε,
θάμνος τ', οἰωνός τε καὶ ἐξ ἁλὸς ἔμπυρος ἰχθύς.

Ὦ φίλοι, οἳ μέγα ἄστυ κατὰ ξανθοῦ Ἀκράγαντος
ναίετ' ἀν' ἄκρα πόλιος, ἀγαθῶν μελεδήμονες ἔργων,
χαίρετ'· ἐγὼ δ' ὔμμιν θεὸς ἄμβροτος, οὐκέτι θνητός,
πωλεῦμαι μετὰ πᾶσι τετιμένος, ὥσπερ ἔοικεν,
ταινίαις τε περίστεπτος στέφεσίν τε θαλείοις.

570.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΥ

Ξανθώ, κηρόπλαστε, μυρόχροε, μουσοπρόσωπε,
εὔλαλε, διπτερύγων καλὸν ἄγαλμα Πόθων,
ψηλόν μοι χερσὶ δροσιναῖς μύρον· "Ἐν μονοκλίνῳ
δεῖ με λιθοδμήτῳ δή ποτε πετριδίῳ
εὕδειν ἀθανάτως πουλὺν χρόνον." ᾇδε πάλιν μοι,
Ξανθάριον, ναί, ναί, τὸ γλυκὺ τοῦτο μέλος.
[οὐκ ἀΐεις, ὤνθρωφ', ὁ τοκογλύφος; ἐν μονοκλίνῳ
δεῖ σὲ βιοῦν αἰεί, δύσμορε, πετριδίῳ.][1]

[1] Rightly excluded by Kaibel as a late interpolation.

all his possessions. But the old man himself, abandoning all hope, swam, clinging to a clod of his own land, to his neighbour's half-destroyed farm, saying: "O long toil and useless work of my aged arms, ye are all become water, and this wave so sweet to farmers was the bitterest of floods for Aristagoras."

569.—EMPEDOCLES

(*From his book "On Nature"*)

I HAVE been a boy and a girl, a shrub, a bird, and a warm-blooded fish of the sea.[1]

(*From his "Purifications"*)

Hail! my friends who dwell in the citadel of the great city, yellow Agrigentum, observers of righteousness. Know that I, no longer a mortal, but an immortal god, sojourn here honoured by all as is meet, crowned with fillets and flowery garlands.

570.—PHILODEMUS

XANTHO, modelled of wax, with scented skin, with a face like a Muse's, sweet-voiced, fair darling of the twin-winged Loves, play to me with thy scent-bedewed hands. "I must lie and sleep for long, dying not, on a single bed cut out of stone." Sing it to me again, Xantho dear; yea! yea! sing me that sweet song. [Dost thou not hear it, man who amassest interest of moneys? On a single bed cut out of stone thou shalt live for ever, unhappy wretch.]

[1] Empedocles held the doctrine of metempsychosis.

571.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἰς τοὺς ἐννέα λυρικούς

Ἔκλαγεν ἐκ Θηβῶν μέγα Πίνδαρος· ἔπνεε τερπνὰ
ἡδυμελεῖ φθόγγῳ μοῦσα Σιμωνίδεω·
λάμπει Στησίχορός τε καὶ Ἴβυκος· ἦν γλυκὺς
Ἀλκμάν·
λαρὰ δ' ἀπὸ στομάτων φθέγξατο Βακχυλίδης·
Πειθὼ Ἀνακρείοντι συνέσπετο· ποικίλα δ' αὐδᾷ
Ἀλκαῖος †κύκνω Λέσβιος Αἰολίδι.
ἀνδρῶν δ' οὐκ ἐνάτη Σαπφὼ πέλεν, ἀλλ' ἐρατειναῖς
ἐν Μούσαις δεκάτη Μοῦσα καταγράφεται.

572.—ΛΟΥΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ

"Μουσάων Ἑλικωνιάδων ἀρχώμεθ' ἀείδειν"
ἔγραφε ποιμαίνων, ὡς λόγος, Ἡσίοδος.
"Μῆνιν ἄειδε, θεά," καὶ "Ἄνδρα μοι ἔννεπε, Μοῦσα"
εἶπεν Ὁμηρείῳ Καλλιόπη στόματι·
κἀμὲ δὲ δεῖ γράψαι τι προοίμιον. ἀλλὰ τί γράψω,
δεύτερον ἐκδιδόναι βιβλίον ἀρχόμενος;
"Μοῦσαι Ὀλυμπιάδες, κοῦραι Διός, οὐκ ἂν ἐσώθην,
εἰ μή μοι Καῖσαρ χαλκὸν ἔδωκε Νέρων."

573.—ΑΜΜΙΑΝΟΥ

Μὴ σύ γ' ἐπ' ἀλλοτρίης, ὄνθρωφ', ἴζοιο τραπέζης,
ψωμὸν ὀνείδειον γαστρὶ χαριζόμενος,
ἄλλοτε μὲν κλαίοντι καὶ ἐστυγνωμένῳ ὄμμα
συγκλαίων, καὖθις σὺν γελόωντι γελῶν,
οὔτε σύ γε κλαυθμοῦ κεχρημένος, οὔτε γέλωτος,
καὶ κλαιωμιλίη, καὶ γελοωμιλίη.

571.—Anonymous

On the Nine Lyric Poets

Pindar screamed[1] loud from Thebes, the Muse of Simonides breathed delight with her sweet-strained voice, Stesichorus and Ibycus shine, Alcman was sweet, and Bacchylides' lips uttered dainty song, Persuasion attended on Anacreon, Lesbian Alcaeus sings varied strains on the Aeolian . . . But Sappho was not the ninth among men, but is tenth in the list of the lovely Muses.

572.—LUCILIUS

"Let us begin our song from the Heliconian Muses"; so Hesiod wrote,[2] they say, while he kept his sheep. "Sing, O goddess, the wrath," and "Tell me, Muse, the man," said Calliope by the mouth of Homer. Now I have got to write a proem of some sort. But what shall I write now I am beginning to publish this second book? "Olympian Muses, daughters of Zeus, I should not have been saved unless Nero Caesar had given me money."

573.—AMMIANUS

Sit not, O man, at another's table indulging thy belly with the bread of reproach, now weeping with the weeper and the sour-countenanced, and now laughing with the laugher, sharing both laughter and tears when thou hast no need of either.

[1] He is compared to an eagle as elsewhere.
[2] *Theog.* l. 1.

574.—<ΑΛΛΟ>

Ἡμάξευσα καὶ αὐτὸς ὁ τρισδύστηνος Ἄναξις
τοῦτον δύσζωον κοὐ βίοτον βίοτον.
οὐ μὴν πολλὸν ἐπὶ χρόνον ἤλασα· λὰξ δὲ πατήσας
λυσσώδη ζωήν, ἤλυθον εἰς Ἀΐδεω.

575.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ

Οὐρανὸς ἄστρα τάχιον ἀποσβέσει, ἢ τάχα νυκτὸς
ἠέλιος φαιδρὴν ὄψιν ἀπεργάσεται,
καὶ γλυκὺ νᾶμα θάλασσα βροτοῖς ἀρυτήσιμον ἕξει,
καὶ νέκυς εἰς ζωῶν χῶρον ἀναδράμεται,
ἢ ποτὲ Μαιονίδαο βαθυκλεὲς οὔνομ' Ὁμήρου
λήθη γηραλέων ἁρπάσεται σελίδων.

576.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ

Παρθένε Τριτογένεια, τί τὴν Κύπριν ἄρτι με λυπεῖς,
ἁρπάξασα δ' ἐμὸν δῶρον ἔχεις παλάμῃ;
μέμνησαι τὸ πάροιθεν ἐν Ἰδαίοις σκοπέλοισιν
ὡς Πάρις οὐ σὲ καλήν, ἀλλ' ἔμ' ἐδογμάτισεν.
σὸν δόρυ καὶ σάκος ἐστίν· ἐμὸν δὲ τὸ μῆλον ὑπάρχει·
ἀρκεῖ τῷ μήλῳ κεῖνος ὁ πρὶν πόλεμος.

577.—ΠΤΟΛΕΜΑΙΟΥ

Οἶδ' ὅτι θνατὸς ἐγὼ καὶ ἐφάμερος· ἀλλ' ὅταν ἄστρων
μαστεύω πυκινὰς ἀμφιδρόμους ἕλικας,
οὐκέτ' ἐπιψαύω γαίης ποσίν, ἀλλὰ παρ' αὐτῷ
Ζανὶ θεοτρεφέος πίμπλαμαι ἀμβροσίης.

A. J. Butler, *Amaranth and Asphodel*, p. 47.

574.—Anonymous

I, too, thrice unhappy Anaxis, carted along the burden of this weary life that is no life. Yet I did not pull it for long, but spurning from me this distraught life I went to Hades.

575.—PHILIPPUS

Heaven shall sooner quench its stars and the sun make bright the face of night; the sea shall sooner provide sweet water for mortals to draw, and the dead return to the land of the living, than oblivion of those ancient pages shall rob us of the glorious name of Homer.

576.—NICARCHUS

On a Statue of Athena holding an Apple. Aphrodite speaks

Trito-born maiden, why dost thou vex me now by grasping in thy hand my prize of which thou hast robbed me. Thou rememberest how formerly, amid the rocks of Ida, Paris pronounced me fairest, not thee. Thine are the spear and shield, but mine is the apple. For the apple that old war was surely enough.

577.—PTOLEMAEUS

I know that I am mortal, a creature of a day; but when I search into the multitudinous revolving spirals of the stars my feet no longer rest on the earth, but, standing by Zeus himself, I take my fill of ambrosia, the food of the gods.

578.—ΛΕΟΝΤΟΣ ΦΙΛΟΣΟΦΟΥ

Εἰς τὰ κωνικὰ Ἀπολλωνίου

Ὧν ἥδε βίβλος ἔνδον ὠδίνω, φίλε,
βαθὺς χαρακτὴρ καὶ περισκελὴς ἄγαν·
δεῖται κολυμβητοῦ δὲ πάντως Δηλίου.
εἰ δ' αὖ κυβιστήσει τις εἰς ἐμοὺς μυχοὺς
καὶ πᾶν μεταλλεύσειεν ἀκριβῶς βάθος,
γεωμετρῶν τὰ πρῶτα λήψεται γέρα,
σοφὸς δ' ἀναμφίλεκτος εἰσκριθήσεται.
τούτων δὲ μάρτυς ἐγγυητής τε Πλάτων.

579.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Σχῆμα παλαιοτάτων ἀνδρῶν κηρύκιον ἄθρει,
Θρινακίης οἰκιστὰ Κορίνθιε, ὅς ποτ' ἔπινες
ἀμφιβόητα ῥέεθρα Συρηκοσίης Ἀρεθούσης.

580.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς τοὺς Ῥωμαίων μῆνας

Μὴν ὑπάτων πρῶτος. ὁ δὲ δεύτερος αὔλακα τέμνει.
ὁ τρίτος Αὐσονίων γενεὴν ἐπὶ μῶλον ἐγείρει.
τέτρατος ἀγγέλλει ῥοδοδάκτυλον εἴαρος ὥρην.
εἰμὶ ῥόδων γενέτης. καὶ ἐγὼ κρίνα λευκὰ κομίζω.
οὗτος ἀμαλλοδέτης. τὰ δ' ἐμὰ πτερὰ Νεῖλον ἐγείρει.
οὗτος ἐρισταφύλῳ πεφιλημένος ἔπλετο Βάκχῳ.
τεύχω δ' οἶνον ἐγὼ μελιηδέα, χάρμα βροτοῖσι.
δαῖτα φέρω χαρίεσσαν ἐς οὔνομα φωτὸς ἑκάστου.
φορμίζειν δεδάηκα καὶ ὑπνώοντας ἐγείρειν.

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[1] A proverb used of anything very difficult.
[2] By his insistence on the study of geometry.

578.—LEON THE PHILOSOPHER

On the Conic Sections of Apollonius

Deep, reader, and exceeding hard is the character of the things wherewith this book is big, and it has every need of a Delian diver.[1] But if one dive into its depths and investigate accurately every recess, he shall gain the first prize in geometry, and be pronounced indisputably a learned man. Plato is witness and security for this.[2]

579.—By the Same

Look, Corinthian founder of Sicily, who once didst drink the famous waters of Syracusan Arethusa, upon the herald's staff as shaped by men of old time.[3]

580.—Anonymous

On the Roman Months

The consuls' month is first, the second cuts the furrow, the third rouses the Italians to war, the fourth announces the rosy-fingered season of spring. I, May, am the mother of roses. I, June, bring white lilies. This, July, is the binder of sheaves. August's wings[4] make the Nile rise. This, September, is dear to Bacchus, rich in grapes. I, October, make honeyed wine, a delight for men. I, November, bring a joyful banquet to every man.[5] I, December, teach men to play on the lyre and to awaken sleepers.[6]

[3] What the connection is between the herald's staff and Syracuse no one has explained.

[4] The Etesian winds, which were supposed to cause the rising of the Nile.

[5] Probably olive oil. [6] At the Saturnalia.

581.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τοξότα, Πιερίδων μεδέων, ἑκατηβόλε Φοῖβε,
εἰπὲ κασιγνήτῃ, κρατεροὺς ἵνα θῆρας ἐγείρῃ,
ὅσσον ἐπιψαῦσαι μερόπων δέμας, ὅσσον ἀῦσαι
λαῶν τερπομένων ἱερὸν στύμα· μηδὲ νοήσω,
Ζηνὸς μειλιχίοιο λαχὼν θρόνον, ἀνέρος οἶτον.

582.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἀρμενίων τάδε φῦλα καὶ ἄλκιμον ἔθνος Ἰβήρων,
Χριστοῦ ζῆλον ἔχοντες ἑκούσιον ἐς ζυγὸν ἦλθον,
θεσμῷ ὑποδρήσσοντες ἀνικήτων βασιλήων.

583.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἰς Θουκυδίδην

Ὦ φίλος, εἰ σοφὸς εἶ, λάβε μ' ἐς χέρας· εἰ δέ γε πάμπαν
νῆϊς ἔφυς Μουσέων, ῥῖψον ἃ μὴ νοέῃς.
εἰμὶ γὰρ οὐ πάντεσσι βατός· παῦροι δ' ἀγάσαντο
Θουκυδίδην Ὀλόρου, Κεκροπίδην τὸ γένος.

584.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εὔνομον, ὤπολλον, σὺ μὲν οἶσθά με, πῶς ποτ' ἐνίκων
Σπάρτιν ὁ Λοκρὸς ἐγώ· πευθομένοις δ' ἐνέπω.

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[1] Planudes says Leo. [2] *i.e.* God.

581.—Anonymous

On a Beast-fight in the Theatre

(*The words are put in the mouth of the Emperor*[1])

Bowman, lord of the Muses, far-shooter Phoebus, tell thy sister to arouse the mighty beasts just enough for them to touch men's bodies lightly and make the people cry out for pleasure in holy tones. Let me not, who sit on the throne of Jove[2] the Merciful, look upon a man's death.

582.—Anonymous

These Armenian tribes and the doughty Iberian people, full of zeal for Christ, came willingly under the yoke, submitting themselves to the law of our invincible emperors.[3]

583.—Anonymous

On Thucydides

My friend, if thou art learned, take me in thy hand; but if thou art ignorant of the Muses, cast away what thou canst not understand. I am not accessible to all, but the few admire Thucydides, son of Olorus, by birth an Athenian.

584.—Anonymous

On the Statue at Delphi of Eunomus the Lyre-player[4]

Thou knowest, Apollo, how I, Eunomus the Locrian, conquered Spartis, but I tell it for those who ask me.

[3] Probably inscribed on a picture of the Armenians' and Georgians' embassy to Constantine, accepting Christianity.

[4] *cp.* VI. 54.

αἰόλον ἐν κιθάρᾳ νόμον ἔκρεκον, ἐν δὲ μεσεύσᾳ
ᾠδᾷ μοι χορδὰν πλᾶκτρον ἀπεκρέμασεν.
καί μοι φθόγγον ἑτοῖμον ὁπανίκα καιρὸς ἀπήτει,
εἰς ἀκοὰς ῥυθμῶν τὠτρεκὲς οὐκ ἔνεμεν·
καί τις ἀπ' αὐτομάτω κιθάρας ἐπὶ πῆχυν ἐπιπτὰς
τέττιξ ἐπλήρου τοὐλλιπὲς ἁρμονίας.
νεῦρα γὰρ ἓξ ἑτίνασσον· ὅθ' ἑβδομάτας δὲ μελσίμαν
χορδᾶς, τὰν τούτω γῆρυν ἐκιχράμεθα·
πρὸς γὰρ ἐμὰν μελέταν ὁ μεσαμβρινὸς οὔρεσιν ᾠδὸς
τῆνο τὸ ποιμενικὸν φθέγμα μεθηρμόσατο,
καὶ μὲν ὅτε φθέγγοιτο σὺν ἀψύχοις τόκα νευραῖς
τῷ μεταβαλλομένῳ συμμετέπιπτε θρόῳ.
τοὔνεκα συμφώνῳ μὲν ἔχω χάριν· ὃς δὲ τυπωθεὶς
χάλκεος ἀμετέρας ἔζεθ' ὑπὲρ κιθάρας.

585.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς μισσώριον ἔχον Ἀφροδίτην καὶ Ἔρωτας

Τέσσαρές εἰσιν Ἔρωτες· ὁ μὲν στέφος ἀμφικαλύπτει
μητρὸς ἑῆς· ὁ δὲ χεῖλος ἔχει ποτὶ πίδακι μαζοῦ·
οἱ δὲ δύω παίζουσι παρ' ἴχνεσιν· εἷμα δὲ κρύπτει
μηρῷ γείτονα χῶρον ὅλης γυμνῆς Ἀφροδίτης.

586.—ΚΟΜΗΤΑ ΧΑΡΤΟΥΛΑΡΙΟΥ

α. Εἰπὲ νομεῦ, τίνος εἰσὶ φυτῶν στίχες; β. Αἱ μὲν ἐλαῖαι,
Παλλάδος· αἱ δὲ πέριξ ἠμερίδες, Βρομίου.
α. Καὶ τίνος οἱ στάχυες; β. Δημήτερος. α. Ἄνθεα ποίων
εἰσὶ θεῶν; β. Ἥρης καὶ ῥοδέης Παφίης.
α. Πὰν φίλε, πηκτίδα μίμνε τεοῖς ἐπὶ χείλεσι σύρων·
Ἠχὼ γὰρ δήεις τοῖσδ' ἐνὶ θειλοπέδοις.

I was playing on the lyre an elaborate piece, and in the middle of it my plectron loosened one chord, and when the time came to strike the note I was ready to play, it did not convey the correct sound to the ear. Then of its own accord a cicada perched on the bridge of the lyre and supplied the deficiency of the harmony. I had struck six chords, and when I required the seventh I borrowed this cicada's voice; for the midday songster of the hillside adapted to my performance that pastoral air of his, and when he shrilled he combined with the lifeless chords to change the value of the phrase. Therefore I owe a debt of thanks to my partner in the duet, and wrought in bronze he sits on my lyre

585.—Anonymous

On a Dish with a Relief of Venus and Loves

Here are four Loves. One fits the garland to his mother's brows, one has his lips at her bosom's fountain, two play at her feet, and the robe covers the place that is next to the thighs of Aphrodite, otherwise wholly undraped.

586.—COMETAS CHARTULARIUS

A. Tell me, shepherd, whose are these rows of plants? *B.* The olive-trees belong to Pallas and the vines round them to Dionysus. *A.* And whose is the corn? *B.* Demeter's. *A.* To what gods do the flowers belong? *B.* To Hera and rosy Aphrodite. *A.* Dear Pan, stay here and ply the pipe with thy lips, for thou shalt find Echo on this sunny slope.

587.—ΕΥΤΟΛΜΙΟΥ ΙΑΛΟΥΣΤΡΙΟΥ

Εἰς θερμοχύτην

Βάκχῳ καὶ Νύμφαις μέσος ἵσταμαι· ἐν δὲ κυπέλλοις
αἰεὶ τόνδε χέω τὸν παραλειπόμενον.

588.—ΑΛΚΑΙΟΥ

Οἷον ὁρῇς, ὦ ξεῖνε, τὸ χάλκεον εἰκόνι λῆμα
Κλειτομάχου, τοίαν Ἑλλὰς ἐσεῖδε βίαν·
ἄρτι γὰρ αἱματόεντα χερῶν ἀπελύετο πυγμᾶς
ἔντεα, καὶ γοργῷ μάρνατο παγκρατίῳ·
τὸ τρίτον οὐκ ἐκόνισεν ἐπωμίδας, ἀλλὰ παλαίσας 5
ἀπτώς, τοὺς τρισσοὺς Ἰσθμόθεν εἵλε πόνους.
μοῦνος δ' Ἑλλάνων τόδ' ἔχει γέρας· ἑπτάπυλοι δὲ
Θῆβαι καὶ γενέτωρ ἐστέφεθ' Ἑρμοκράτης.

589.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς ἄγαλμα Ἥρας θηλαζούσης τὸν Ἡρακλέα

Αὐτὴν μητρυιὴν τεχνήσατο· τοὔνεκα μαζὸν
εἰς νόθον ὁ πλάστης οὐ προσέθηκε γάλα.

590.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς ἄγαλμα Ἡφαίστου καὶ Ἀθηνᾶς καὶ Ἐρεχθέως

"Ἡ τέχνη συνάγειρεν ἃ μὴ φύσις" εἶπεν ὁ πλάστης,
"μῆτερ νόσφι τόκων, νυμφίε νόσφι γάμων."

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[1] It stood between the bowl of wine and the jar of water, and was used for filling the cups from both.

587.—EUTOLMIUS ILLUSTRIUS

On a Vessel for pouring Hot Water or Wine

I STAND between Bacchus and the Nymphs, and ever pour into the cups that of which there is too little.[1]

588.—ALCAEUS

EVEN as thou seest, stranger, his stout heart in the bronze image, so Hellas saw the might of Clitomachus.[2] For when he had put off the blood-stained cestus from his hands, he straightway fought in the fierce pancratium. In the third event he fouled not his shoulders in the dust, but wrestling without a fall won the three contests at Isthmus. Alone among the Greeks he gained this honour, and seven-gated Thebes and his father Hermocrates were crowned.

589.—ANONYMOUS

On a Statue of Hera suckling Heracles

A TRUE stepmother did the sculptor render. Therefore he added no milk to the breast that was not kindred.

590.—ANONYMOUS

On a Group of Hephaestus, Athena, and Erechtheus[3]

"ART united that which Nature did not," said the sculptor. "O mother without birth and bridegroom without marriage!"

[2] See Pausanias vi. 15.

[3] *i.e.* Erichthonius. The epigram alludes to the very gross story of the circumstances of his birth.

591.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς ἄγαλμα Ἄρεος καὶ Ἀφροδίτης

Ἄρεα καὶ Παφίην ὁ ζωγράφος εἰς μέσον οἶκου
ἀμφιπεριπλέγδην γέγραφεν ἀμφοτέρους·
ἐκ θυρίδος δὲ μολὼν Φαέθων πολυπάμφαος αἴγλῃ
ἔστη ἀμηχανόων ἀμφοτέρους σκοπέων.
ἠέλιος βαρύμηνις ἕως τίνος; οὐδ' ἐπὶ κηροῦ
ἤθελεν ἀψύχου τὸν χόλον ἐξελάσαι.

592.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς ἀσπίδα περιέχουσαν τὴν γένναν τοῦ Σωτῆρος

Ὦ πόσον εὐήθης ὁ ζωγράφος, ὅττι χαράσσει
κοίρανον εἰρήνης ἀσπίδι τικτόμενον.

593.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς ἄγαλμα Μηδείας

Οἶκτον ὁμοῦ καὶ λύσσαν ἐτήτυμον ἔνθεος ἀνὴρ
μαρμάρῳ ἐγκατέμιξε, βιαζομένην δ' ὑπὸ τέχνης
λαϊνέην Μήδειαν ὅλης ἔμνησεν ἀνίης.

594.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ζωγράφε τὰν μορφὰν ἀπομάξας, αἴθ' ἐνὶ κηρῷ
καὶ ψυχὰν ἐδάης Σωκρατικὰν βαλέειν.

595.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς εἰκόνα Ἀπελλοῦ

. . . αὐτὸς ἑαυτὸν ἐν εἰκόνι γράψεν Ἀπελλῆς.

591.—Anonymous

On a Group of Ares and Aphrodite

The painter in the interior of the house painted Ares and Aphrodite embracing each other. The bright Sun, coming in through the window, stood in astonishment as he gazed on them both. Till when shall the heavy wrath of the Sun endure? He would not banish his anger though it fell only on lifeless wax.[1]

592.—Anonymous

On a Shield representing the Birth of Christ

How simple was the artist to engrave the birth of the Prince of Peace on a shield!

593.—Anonymous

On a Statue of Medea

The inspired hand infused into the marble both pity and fury, and made the stone Medea, under the empire of his art, remember all her griefs.

594.—Anonymous

On a Picture of Socrates

Painter, who hast reproduced the form of Socrates, would thou couldst have put his soul into the wax!

595.—Anonymous

On a Picture of Apelles

Apelles painted himself in the picture.

[1] Used in encaustic painting.

596.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς εἰκόνα Χείλωνος

Τόνδε δοριστέφανος Σπάρτα Χείλωνα φύτευσεν,
ὃς τῶν ἑπτὰ Σοφῶν πρῶτος ἔφυ σοφίᾳ.

597.—ΚΟΜΗΤΑ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Ἐν Ἀναζάρβῳ

Νωθρὸς ἐγὼ τελέθεσκον ἀπ' ἰξύος ἐς πόδας ἄκρους
τῆς πρὶν ἐνεργείης δηρὸν ἀτεμβόμενος,
ζωῆς καὶ θανάτοιο μεταίχμιον, Ἄϊδι γείτων,
μοῦνον ἀναπνείων, τἄλλα δὲ πάντα νέκυς.
ἀλλὰ σοφός με Φίλιππος, ὃν ἐν γραφίδεσσι δοκεύεις, 5
ζώγρησεν, κρυερὴν νοῦσον ἀκεσσάμενος·
αὖθις δ' Ἀντωνῖνος, ἅπερ πάρος, ἐν χθονὶ βαίνω.
καὶ ποσὶ πεζεύω, καὶ ὅλος αἰσθάνομαι.

598.—ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΥ

Τὸν τῶ Ζανὸς ὅδ' ὑμὶν υἱὸν ὠνήρ,
τὸν λειοντομάχαν, τὸν ὀξύχειρα,
πρᾶτος τῶν ἐπάνωθε μουσοποιῶν
Πείσανδρος συνέγραψεν οὐκ Καμείρου,
χὄσσους ἐξεπόνασεν εἶπ' ἀέθλους· 5
τοῦτον δ' αὐτὸν ὁ δᾶμος, ὡς σάφ' εἰδῆς,
ἔστασ' ἐνθάδε χάλκεον ποήσας,
πολλοῖς μησὶν ὄπισθε κὴνιαυτοῖς.

596.—Anonymous

On a Picture of Chilon

Sparta, glorious in war, gave birth to this Chilon, who was first in wisdom of the seven sages.

597.—COMETAS SCHOLASTICUS

In Anazarba of Cilicia

I was paralyzed from the hips to the soles of my feet, long deprived of my former activity, half-way between life and death, near to Hades, breathing only, otherwise an utter corpse. But skilled Philippus, whom you see in the picture, saved me, healing my chilling sickness; and now I, Antoninus, again tread on the earth and walk with my feet, and have feeling in every part.

598.—THEOCRITUS

This man, Pisander of Camirus, first among the poets of old time, wrote of the son of Zeus, the lion-fighter, the nimble-handed, and told of all the labours he accomplished. Know that the city, after many months and years, set his very self up here in bronze.

599.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Θᾶσαι τὸν ἀνδριάντα τοῦτον, ὦ ξένε,
σπουδᾷ, καὶ λέγ', ἐπὰν ἐς οἶκον ἔνθῃς,
"'Ανακρέοντος εἰκόν' εἶδον ἐν Τέῳ,
τῶν πρόσθ' εἴ τι περισσὸν ᾠδοποιοῦ."
προσθεὶς δὲ χὤτι τοῖς νέοισιν ἄδετο,
ἐρεῖς ἀτρεκέως ὅλον τὸν ἄνδρα.

600.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἄ τε φωνὰ Δώριος, χὠνὴρ ὁ τὰν κωμῳδίαν
εὑρὼν Ἐπίχαρμος.
ὦ Βάκχε, χάλκεόν νιν ἀντ' ἀλαθινοῦ
τὶν ὧδ' ἀνέθηκαν
τοὶ Συρακόσσαις ἐνίδρυνται, πελωρίστᾳ πόλει,
οἳ ἀνδρὶ πολίτᾳ·
σοφῶν ἔοικε ῥημάτων μεμναμένους
τελεῖν ἐπίχειρα·
πολλὰ γὰρ ποττὰν ζόαν τοῖς παισὶν εἶπε χρήσιμα·
μεγάλα χάρις αὐτῷ.

601.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Τὸ ξόανον τὸ περισσὸν Ἀεξιμένης Ἀφροδίτᾳ
εἵσατο, τῆς πάσης ναυτιλίης φύλακι.
χαῖρ', ὦ πότνια Κύπρι, διδοῦσα δὲ κέρδεα, πλοῦτον
ἄρμενον, εἰδήσεις ναῦς ὅτι κοινότατον.

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[1] It will be noticed that the metre of the second and fourth distichs differs from that of distichs 1, 3, 5.

599.—By the Same

Look well on this statue, stranger, and tell on thy return home: "I saw in Teos the statue of Anacreon, a song-writer most excellent of those of old." And adding that he took delight in young men, thou shalt exactly describe the whole man.

600.—By the Same

Doric is my tongue and Doric this man who invented comedy, Epicharmus. Bacchus, to thee as to a citizen, did they who dwell in Syracuse, mightiest of cities, dedicate him in bronze. Belike, mindful of his wise sayings, they paid him this guerdon. For many things useful for life he said to its children. Great thanks to him![1]

601.—Anonymous

This passing fair statue did Aeximenes erect to Aphrodite, the protectress of all navigation. Hail, sovereign Cypris! and if thou givest gain and welcome wealth thou shalt learn that a ship is most ready to go shares.[2]

[2] *i.e.* Aphrodite will get her share.

602.—ΕΤΗΝΟΥ ΑΘΗΝΑΙΟΥ

Ἄ ποτε παρθενικαῖσιν ἱλασκομένα παλάμῃσιν
Κύπριδα, σὺν πεύκαις καὶ γάμον εὐξαμένα,
κουριδίους ἤδη θαλάμῳ λύσασα χιτῶνας,
ἀνδρὸς ἄφαρ μηρῶν ἐξελόχευσα τύπους·
νυμφίος ἐκ νύμφης δὲ κικλήσκομαι, ἐκ δ' <Ἀφροδίτης>
Ἄρεα καὶ βωμοὺς ἔστεφον Ἡρακλέους.
Θῆβαι Τειρεσίην ἔλεγόν ποτε· νῦν δέ με Χαλκὶς
τὴν πάρος ἐν μίτραις ἡσπάσατ' ἐν χλαμύδι.

603.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Πέντε Διωνύσοιο θεραπνίδες αἵδε Σαώτεω
ἐντύνουσι θοὰς ἔργα χοροστασίης·
ἁ μὲν ἀερτάζουσα δέμας βλοσυροῖο λέοντος,
ἁ δὲ Λυκαόνιον καλλίκερων ἔλαφον,
ἁ τριτάτα δ' οἰωνὸν ἐΰπτερον, ἁ δὲ τετάρτα
τύμπανον, ἁ πέμπτα χαλκοβαρὲς κρόταλον·
πᾶσαι φοιταλέαι τε παρηόριόν τε νόημα
ἐκπλαγέες λύσσᾳ δαίμονος εὐϊάδι.

604.—ΝΟΣΣΙΔΟΣ

Θαυμαρέτας μορφὰν ὁ πίναξ ἔχει· εὖ γε τὸ γαῦρον
τεῦξε τό θ' ὡραῖον τᾶς ἀγανοβλεφάρου.
σαίνοι κέν σ' ἐσιδοῖσα καὶ οἰκοφύλαξ σκυλάκαινα,
δέσποιναν μελάθρων οἰομένα ποθορῆν.

605.—ΤΗΣ ΑΥΤΗΣ

Τὸν πίνακα ξανθᾶς Καλλὼ δόμον εἰς Ἀφροδίτας
εἰκόνα γραψαμένα πάντ' ἀνέθηκεν ἴσαν.

602.—EVENUS OF ATHENS

I who once supplicated Cypris with my maiden hands and, waving torches, prayed for marriage, after I had loosed my nuptial dress in the bridal chamber, suddenly saw spring from my thighs the marks of manhood. Now I am called a bridegroom instead of a bride, and crown the altars of Ares and Heracles instead of those of Aphrodite. Thebes once told of Tiresias, and now Chalcis greets in a chlamys her who formerly wore the snood.

603.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

These five votaries of Dionysus the Saviour are entering upon the rapid dance. One lifts on high the body of a grim lion, another an antlered Arcadian stag, a third a bird with lovely plumage, a fourth a kettle-drum, and the fifth a heavy brazen clapper. All are frenzied and distraught by the bacchic fury of the god.[1]

604.—NOSSIS

This is the picture of Thaumareta. Well did the painter render the bearing and the beauty of the gentle-eyed lady! Thy little house-dog would fawn upon thee if it saw thee here, thinking that it looked on the mistress of its home.

605.—By the Same

Callo had her portrait made exactly like herself, and hung the picture in the house of fair-haired

[1] Possibly on the famous group of Thespian women by Praxiteles, which Mummius transferred to Rome.

ὡς ἀγανῶς ἕστακεν· ἴδ' ἁ χάρις ἁλίκον ἀνθεῖ.
χαιρέτω· οὔ τινα γὰρ μέμψιν ἔχει βιοτᾶς.

606.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἰς λουτρόν

Ἦν τὸ πάρος φιλέεσκεν Ἄρης, σκοπίαζε Κυθείρην
ἐνθάδε λουομένην νάμασι φαιδροτάτοις·
δέρκεο νηχομένην· μὴ δείδιθι· οὐ γὰρ Ἀθήνην
παρθένον εἰσοράᾳς, οἵατε Τειρεσίας.

607.—ΑΛΛΟ

Λί Χάριτες λούσαντο· ἀμειψάμεναι δὲ λοετρὸν
δῶκαν ἑῶν ῥεθέων ὕδασιν ἀγλαΐην.

608.—ΑΛΛΟ

Ἦ τοῖον Κυθέρειαν ὕδωρ τέκεν, ἢ Κυθέρεια
τοῖον τεῦξεν ὕδωρ, ὃν χρόα λουσαμένη.

609.—ΑΛΛΟ

Τῶν Χαρίτων τόδε λουτρὸν ἀθύρματα· καὶ γὰρ ἐκείνας
μοῦνας ἔσω παίσδειν τὰς Χάριτας δέχεται.

609A.—ΑΛΛΟ

Οὕτως δὴ Χαρίτων λουτρὸν τόδε· οὐδὲ γὰρ ἄλλους
πλείους χωρῆσαι τοῦτο τριῶν δύναται.

610.—ΑΛΛΟ

Μικρὰ μὲν ἔργα τάδ' ἐστίν, ἔχει δ' ἡδεῖαν ὀπώπην,
ὡς ῥόδον ἐν κήποις, ὡς ἴον ἐν ταλάροις.

Aphrodite. How gentle she looks standing there! Look how fresh is the bloom of her charm! All hail to her! for there is no fault in her life.

606–640 *are all Inscriptions on Baths*

606.—Anonymous

Look at Cytherea whom Ares once loved, bathing here in the limpid stream. Look at her swimming, and fear not. It is not maiden Athena that you see, as Tiresias did.

607.—Anonymous

The Graces bathed here, and to reward the bath they gave to the water the brightness of their limbs.

608.—Anonymous

Either such water gave birth to Cytherea, or Cytherea, by bathing in it, made the water such.

609.—Anonymous

This bath is the playground of the Graces, for it only admits the Graces to sport within it.

609A.—Anonymous

This is really the Graces' bath, for it cannot contain more than three.

610.—Anonymous

This is a little work, but beautiful to look on, like a rose in a garden or a violet in a basket of flowers.

611.—ΑΛΛΟ

Ἐν μικρῷ μεγάλη λουτρῷ χάρις. ἐν δ' ἐλαχίστῳ
νάματι λουομένοις ἡδὺς ἔπεστιν Ἔρως.

612.—ΑΛΛΟ

Ὡς δένδρον βραχύφυλλον, ἔχει δ' ἡδεῖαν ὀδωδήν,
οὕτως λουτρὰ τάδε μικρὰ μέν, ἀλλὰ φίλα.

613.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς τὸ λουτρὸν Μαρίας

Τῆς Μαρίης τὸ λοετρὸν ἰδὼν ὑπεδάκρυε Μῶμος,
εἰπών, "Ὡς Μαρίην, καὶ σὲ παρερχόμεθα."

614.—ΛΕΟΝΤΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Εἰς λουτρὸν μικρὸν παρακείμενον τῷ Ζευξίππῳ

Μὴ νεμέσα, Ζεύξιππε, παραντέλλοντι λοετρῷ·
καὶ μεγάλην παρ' Ἄμαξαν ἐρωτύλος ἡδὺ φαείνει.

615.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς λουτρὸν ἐν Σμύρνῃ

Χῶρος, τίς μερόπων σε λιπαυγέα τὸ πρὶν ἐόντα
πλούσιον ἐν φέγγει θήκατο λουομένοις;
τίς δὲ καὶ αἰθαλόεντι ῥύπῳ πεπαλαγμένον ἄρτι,
κεῖνον ἀϊστώσας, φαιδρὸν ἔδειξε δόμον;
φρὴν σοφὴ ὡς πᾶσιν Θεοδωρίας, ὃς ἑτεὸν δὴ
κἀν τούτῳ καθαρὴν δεικνύμενος κραδίην·

611.—Anonymous

There is great charm in a little bath. Sweet love looks on those who bathe in the tiniest stream.

612.—Anonymous

As a myrtle has little leaves, but sweet-scented, so this bath is small, but dear.

613.—Anonymous

On the Bath of Maria[1]

Momus[2] wept when he saw the bath of Maria, exclaiming: "I have to leave you unvisited, as I leave Maria."

614.—LEONTIUS SCHOLASTICUS

On a small Bath next that called Zeuxippus

Be not wrath, Zeuxippus, with this bath that arises next thee. The little star called Erotylus shines sweetly though next the Great Bear.

615.—Anonymous

On a Bath at Smyrna

Thou building, who of mortals made thee, who wast formerly dim, rich in light for bathers, and who, cleaning away the smoky grime that befouled thee, brightened thee thus? It was wise Theodorus who in this truly, as in everything, showed the cleanness of his heart. He being the treasurer and father

[1] The Empress, wife of Honorius.
[2] The god of fault-finding.

ὃς γὰρ ἐὼν πόλιος κτεάνων ταμίης τε πατήρ τε,
κέρδεσιν ἐξ αὐτῶν οὐκ ἐμίηνε χέρας.
ἀλλὰ θεὸς φιλόπατριν, ἐρισθενές, ἄφθιτε Χριστέ,
πήματος αὐτὸν ἄτερ σῶζε τεῇ παλάμῃ.

616.—ΑΛΛΟ

Ἐνθάδε λουσαμένων Χαρίτων ποτέ, θέσκελα πέπλα
βαιὸς Ἔρως ἔκλεψε, καὶ ᾤχετο· τὰς δ' ἔλιπ' αὐτοῦ
γυμνάς, αἰδομένας θυρέων ἔκτοσθε φανῆναι.

617.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς βαλανεῖον ψυχρόν

Τὸν ποταμόν, βαλανεῦ, τίς ἐτείχισε; τίς βαλανεῖον
τὴν κρήνην ψευδὼς τήνδε μετωνόμασεν;
Αἰόλος Ἱπποτάδης φίλος ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν
ὧδε μετοικήσας ἤγαγε τοὺς ἀνέμους.
πρὸς τί δὲ καὶ σανίδες δύο τοῖς ποσὶν αἵδ' ὑπο-
κεινται;
οὐ διὰ τὴν θέρμην, τῆς χιόνος δ' ἕνεκα.
Φρίξου καὶ Νάρκης οὗτος τόπος. ἀλλ' ἐπίγραψον·
"Τῷ μεσορὶ λοῦσαι· πνεῖ γὰρ ἔσω Βορέας."

618.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς ἕτερον λουτρὸν ἐν Βυζαντίῳ

Λωτὸν ἐρεπτομένους προτέρων οὐ ψεύσατο μῦθος·
πίστιν ἀληθείης τοῦτο τὸ λουτρὸν ἔχει.
εἰ γὰρ ἅπαξ καθαροῖσι λοέσσεται ὕδασιν ἀνήρ,
οὐ ποθέει πάτρην, οὐκ ἐθέλει γενέτας.

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[1] Hom. *Od.* x. 2.

of the city's possessions, did not stain his hands by gain derived from them. Mighty Christ, immortal God, keep by Thy hand this patriot out of the reach of misfortune.

616.—Anonymous

Here once when the Graces bathed, little Eros stole their immortal raiment and went off with it, leaving them naked and ashamed to appear outside the door.

617.—Anonymous

On a too cold Bath

Who walled round a river, bathman? Who falsely styled this fountain a bath? "Aeolus, son of Hippotas, dear to the immortal gods,"[1] brought the winds here from their home. And why are these two planks placed here for the feet? Not for warmth, but for freezing. This is the place of Shivering and Frost-bite. Write thereon: "Bathe here in August,[2] for the north wind blows ever within."

618.—Anonymous

On a Bath in Byzantium

The old story of the lotus-eaters[3] is no falsehood. This bath confirms its truth. For if a man once bathe in these pure waters he does not regret his country or desire his parents.

[2] Mesori is the Egyptian name of August.
[3] Hom. *Od.* ix. 94.

619.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Εἰς ἕτερον λουτρὸν ἐν Βυζαντίῳ

Νῦν ἔγνων, Κυθέρεια, πόθεν νίκησας ἀγῶνα,
τὴν πρὶν Ἀλεξάνδρου ψῆφον ὑφαρπαμένη.
ἐνθάδε γὰρ τέγγουσα τεὸν δέμας, εὗρες ἐλέγξαι
Ἥρην Ἰναχίοις χεύμασι λουσαμένην.
νίκησεν τὸ λοετρόν· ἔοικε δὲ τοῦτο βοώσῃ
Παλλάς· "Ἐνικήθην ὕδασιν, οὐ Παφίῃ."

620.—ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ

Εἰς λουτρὸν δίδυμον, ἐν ᾧ λούονται καὶ γυναῖκες καὶ ἄνδρες

Ἄγχι μὲν ἐλπὶς ἔρωτος· ἐλεῖν δ' οὐκ ἔστι γυναῖκας·
εἶρξε πυλὶς Παφίην τὴν μεγάλην ὀλίγη.
ἀλλ' ἔμπης γλυκὺ τοῦτο· ποθοβλήτοις γὰρ ἐπ' ἔργοις
ἐλπὶς ἀληθείης ἐστὶ μελιχροτέρη.

621.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἰς ἕτερον λουτρόν

Ὅσσαις θηλυτέραις ἐστὶν πόθος (ἔστι δὲ πάσαις),
δεῦρ' ἴτε, φαιδροτέρης τευξόμεναι χάριτος.
χὴ μὲν ἔχουσα πόσιν, τέρψει πόσιν· ἡ δ' ἔτι κούρη
ὀτρυνέει πλείστους ἔδνα πορεῖν λεχέων·
ἡ δὲ φέρουσα πόρους ἀπὸ σώματος, ἐσμὸν ἐραστῶν
ἕξει ἐπὶ προθύροις, ἐνθάδε λουσαμένη.

622.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς τὸ αὐτό

Εἴτε σε κουριδίης ἀλόχου γλυκὺς ἵμερος ἴσχει,
λούεο, φαιδρότερος τῇδε φανησόμενος·

619.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

On a Bath in Byzantium

Now I know, Cytherea, how thou didst conquer in the contest, stealing the vote of Alexander. It was here thou didst dip thy body, and so didst find means to overcome Hera who had bathed in the streams of Inachus.[1] It was the bath that won, and I fancy Pallas cried out thus: "I was conquered by the water, not by the Paphian."

620.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

On a Double Bath in which Men and Women Bathed

Near is the hope of love, but one cannot catch the women. A little door shuts out great Cypris. But yet this is sweet; for in the matter of amorous desire hope is sweeter than reality.

621.—Anonymous

Such women as have desire to please (and ye all have) come here, and ye shall win brighter charms. She who has a husband will give her husband pleasure, and the unmarried girl will stir many to offer her marriage. And she who makes her living by her body, if she bathe here, will have swarms of lovers at her door.

622.—Anonymous

If sweet desire for thy wedded wife possess thee, bathe here, and thou shalt appear to her brighter.

[1] At Argos.

εἴτε σε μισθοφόρους ἐπὶ μαχλάδας οἶστρος ὀρίνει,
λήψῃ, κοὐ δώσεις, ἐνθάδε λουσάμενος.

623.—ΚΥΡΟΥ ΠΟΙΗΤΟΥ

Εἰς ἕτερον εὔμορφον

Κύπρις σὺν Χαρίτεσσι καὶ υἱεῖ χρυσοβελέμνῳ
ἐνθάδε λουσαμένη, μισθὸν ἔδωκε χάριν.

624.—ΛΕΟΝΤΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Εἰς ἕτερον λουτρὸν παρακείμενον τῷ δημοσίῳ ἐν Βυζαντίῳ

Δείματό με ξυνοῖο παρὰ προθύροισι λοετροῦ
ἀστὸς ἀνήρ, ἀρετῆς εἵνεκεν, οὐκ ἔριδος.
κεῖνο μέλοι πλεόνεσσιν· ἐγὼ δ' ὀλίγοις τε φίλοις τε
ἐντύνω προχοὰς καὶ μύρα καὶ χάριτας.

625.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΥ ΥΠΑΤΟΥ

Εἰς ἕτερον λουτρὸν ἐν Λυκίοις

Πιστότατος μερόπων τις ἔοι πυλαωρὸς ἐμεῖο,
κρίνων λουομένων καιρὸν ἐσηλυσίης,
μή τινα Νηϊάδων τις ἐμοῖς ἐνὶ χεύμασι γυμνήν,
ἢ μετὰ καλλικόμων Κύπριν ἴδοι Χαρίτων
οὐκ ἐθέλων· "Χαλεποὶ δὲ θεοὶ φαίνεσθαι ἐναργεῖς·"
τίς γὰρ Ὁμηρείοις ἀντιφέροιτο λόγοις;

626.—ΜΑΡΙΑΝΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Εἰς ἕτερον λουτρὸν ὀνομαζόμενον Ἔρωτα

Μητέρα Κύπριν ἔλουσεν Ἔρως ποτὲ τῷδε λοετρῷ,
αὐτὸς ὑποφλέξας λαμπάδι καλὸν ὕδωρ.

Or if lust drive thee to mercenary and depraved women, bathe here, and thou shalt be paid instead of paying.

623.—CYRUS

Cypris with the Graces and her golden-arrowed boy bathed here and gave grace in payment.

624.—LEONTIUS SCHOLASTICUS

On another Bath next the Public Baths in Byzantium

A citizen built me at the gate of the public bath for excellence, not for competition. Let that serve many; I supply water and scent and charm to an intimate few.

625.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

On another Bath in the Lycian Quarter (?)

Let my doorkeeper be the most faithful of men, keeping careful note of the time at which bathers enter me, lest anyone against his will see one of the Naiads naked in my waters, or Cypris with the long-haired Graces: "For hard are the gods to him who sees them manifestly." [1] Who would dispute Homer's dictum?

626.—MARIANUS SCHOLASTICUS

On another Bath called Love

Love once bathed his mother Cypris in this bath, himself warming its lovely water with his torch. Ah,

[1] Hom. *Il.* xx. 131.

ἱδρὼς δ' ἀμβροσίοιο χυθεὶς χροὸς ἄμμιγα λευκοῖς
ὕδασι, φεῦ πνοιῆς ὅσσον ἀνῆψεν ἔαρ·
ἔνθεν ἀεὶ ῥοδόεσσαν ἀναζείουσιν ἀϋτμήν,
ὡς ἔτι τῆς χρυσῆς λουομένης Παφίης.

627.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰς τὸ αὐτό

Τᾷδ' ὑπὸ τὰς πλατάνους ἁπαλῷ τετρυμένος ὕπνῳ
εὗδεν Ἔρως, Νύμφαις λαμπάδα παρθέμενος.
Νύμφαι δ' ἀλλήλῃσι, "Τί μέλλομεν; αἴθε δὲ τούτῳ
σβέσσαμεν," εἶπον, "ὁμοῦ πῦρ κραδίης μερόπων."
λαμπὰς δ' ὡς ἔφλεξε καὶ ὕδατα, θερμὸν ἐκεῖθεν
Νύμφαι Ἐρωτιάδες λουτροχοεῦσιν ὕδωρ.

J. A. Pott, *Greek Love Songs and Epigrams*, i. p. 113; expanded by Shakespeare, *Sonnets*, cliii, cliv.

628.—ΙΩΑΝΝΟΥ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΚΟΥ

Εἰς τὸ δημόσιον λουτρὸν τὸ καλούμενον Ἵππον ἐν Ἀλεξανδρείᾳ

Ἵππον ἐϋρρείτην χρονίῃ μάστιγι δαμέντα
χρυσείῳ πολύολβος ἄναξ ἤγειρε χαλινῷ.

629.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰς ἕτερον

Λἴθε σέ, Πίνδαρε, μᾶλλον ἐμοῖς ἐκάθηρα ῥείθροις,
καί κεν ἄριστον ὕδωρ τοὐμὸν ἔφησθα μόνον.

what a scent of spring had the sweat that ran from her ambrosial body mixing with the clear, white water! Henceforth from it ever bubbles a vapour smelling of roses, as if golden Cypris were still bathing.

627.—By the Same

Here under the plane-trees tired Love lay softly sleeping, having entrusted his torch to the Nymphs. Said the Nymphs among themselves: "Why not do it at once? Would that together with this we could put out the fire in men's hearts." But it was the torch that set fire to the water, and henceforth the Love-Nymphs pour forth here hot water for men to bathe in.

628.—JOANNES GRAMMATICUS

On the Public Bath at Alexandria called the Horse

Our blessed sovereign aroused with a golden bit the fair-flowing Horse which long scourging had laid low.[1]

629.—By the Same

Would, Pindar, that I rather than others had washed thee in my stream. Then thou wouldst have called my water alone *best*.[2]

[1] The meaning is that the Emperor spent money on restoring the bath.

[2] Referring to the beginning of *Olymp.* i. "Water is best."

630.—ΛΕΟΝΤΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Εἰς θερμὰ τὰ βασιλικά

Θερμὰ τάδ' ἀτρεκέως βασιληΐα· τήνδε γὰρ αὐτοῖς
οἱ πρὶν ἀγασσάμενοι θῆκαν ἐπωνυμίην.
οὐ γὰρ ὑπὸ βροτέῳ πυρὶ θάλπεται ἀγλαὸν ὕδωρ,
αὐτομάτη δὲ λιβὰς τίκτεται αἰθομένη·
οὐδὲ ῥόου ψυχροῦ ποτιδεύεαι ἀμφὶ λοετρά,
ἀλλ' οἷον ποθέεις, τοῖον ὑπεκφέρεται.

631.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Εἰς τὰ θερμὰ τὰ Ἀγαμεμνόνεια ἐν Σμύρνῃ

Χῶρος ἐγὼ Δαναοῖς μεμελημένος, ἔνθα μολόντες
τῆς Ποδαλειρείης ἐξελάθοντο τέχνης.
ἕλκεα γὰρ μετὰ δῆριν ἐμοῖς ἀκέσαντο ῥεέθροις,
βαρβαρικῆς λόγχης ἰὸν ἀπωσάμενοι.
ἔνθεν ἀεξήθην ὀροφηφόρος· ἀντὶ δὲ τιμῆς
τὴν Ἀγαμεμνονέην εὗρον ἐπωνυμίην.

632.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς ἕτερα θερμά

Χθὼν μυχάτων γυάλων κοιλώμασιν ἀέναον πῦρ
ἔστ' ἂν ἔχῃ, φλοξὶν δὲ περιζείῃ κρυφίαισιν,
ἀτμὸς ἄνω βαίνων εἰς αἰθέρα θερμός, ἔνερθεν
θλιβόμενος, πυριθαλπὲς ἐπεύγεται ἰκμάσιν ὕδωρ.

633.—ΔΑΜΟΧΑΡΙΔΟΣ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΚΟΥ

Εἰς λουτρόν

Ἥρῃ καὶ Παφίῃ καὶ Παλλάδι τοῦτο λοετρὸν
ὡς ποτε τὸ χρυσοῦν ἤρεσε μῆλον ἔχειν·
καὶ τάχα τῆς μορφῆς κρίσις ἔσσεται οὐ Πάρις αὐταῖς,
εἰκὼν δ' ἀργυφέοις νάμασι δεικνυμένη.

630.—LEONTIUS SCHOLASTICUS

On the Royal Hot Baths

These are really the royal hot baths, for our fathers, admiring them, gave them this name. By no mortal fire is the bright water warmed, but the spring is born hot of its own accord. Nor dost thou require a cold stream for the bath, but tempered as thou dost desire it, it gushes forth.

631.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

On the Hot Baths of Agamemnon near Smyrna[1]

I am a place beloved by the Danai, coming to which they forgot the art of Podalirius.[2] For after the battle they healed their wounds in my stream, expelling the poison of the barbarian spear. Hence I grew great and came to bear a roof, and as a token of fame received the name of Agamemnon.

632.—Anonymous

On other Hot Baths

While Earth in her inmost recesses has perpetual fire and boils with hidden flames, the hot vapour, ascending to the air owing to the pressure from below, belches forth streams of water heated by fire.

633.—DAMOCHARIS GRAMMATICUS

This was the bath of Hera, Cypris, and Pallas, when they were eager to get the golden apple. And perhaps now Paris will not be their judge, but their image reflected in the silver flood.

[1] Still existing and so called.

[2] The two sons of Asclepius, Podalirius and Machaon, were the surgeons of the Greek army before Troy.

634.—ΑΛΛΟ

Ὦμοσαν αἱ Χάριτες φερεαυγέα κοίρανον αἴγλης
ἐνθάδε ναιετάειν ἢ παρὰ τῇ Παφίῃ.

635.—ΑΛΛΟ

Δάφνης εὐπετάλοιο φερώνυμόν ἐστι λοετρόν.

636.—ΑΛΛΟ

Τοῦτο ἰδὼν τὸ λοετρὸν ὁ πάνσοφος εἶπεν Ὅμηρος·
" Νηπενθὲς ἄχολόν τε, κακῶν ἐπίληθον ἁπάντων."

637.—ΑΛΛΟ

Ἐνθάδε λουσαμένη δέμας ἄμβροτον αὐτίκα Κύπρις
δεῖξεν Ἀλεξάνδρῳ, καὶ ἀέθλιον ἥρπασε μῆλον.

638.—ΑΛΛΟ

Αἱ τρεῖς Ὀρχομενοῦ Χάριτες τὸ λοετρὸν ἔτευξαν·
τοὔνεκα χωρῆσαι τέσσαρας οὐ δύναται.

639.—ΑΛΛΟ

Κύπρις, Ἔρως, Χάριτες, Νύμφαι, Διόνυσος, Ἀπόλλων
ὤμοσαν ἀλλήλοις ἐνθάδε ναιετάειν.

640.—ΑΛΛΟ

Ἀθάνατοι λούονται ἀνοιγομένου βαλανείου,
πέμπτῃ δ' ἡμίθεοι, μετέπειτα δὲ πήματα πάντα.

634.—Anonymous

The Graces swore by the radiant lord of light rather to dwell here than with Cypris.

635.—Anonymous

This bath bears the name of the leafy laurel.

636.—Anonymous

It was on seeing this bath that sagest Homer said: "Allaying grief and anger, bringing oblivion of all evil."[1]

637.—Anonymous

After bathing her divine limbs here, Cypris straightway showed herself to Alexander, and carried off the prize of the apple.

638.—Anonymous

The three Graces of Orchomenus made the bath, and therefore it has not room for four.

639.—Anonymous

Cypris, Love, the Graces, the Nymphs, Dionysus, and Apollo swore to each other to dwell here.

640.—Anonymous

The immortals bathe when the bath is first opened, at the fifth hour the demi-gods, and later all the rubbish.

[1] Hom. *Od.* iv. 221.

641.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Εἰς γέφυραν τοῦ Σαγγαρίου

Καὶ σὺ μεθ' Ἑσπερίην ὑψαύχενα, καὶ μετὰ Μήδων
ἔθνεα καὶ πᾶσαν βαρβαρικὴν ἀγέλην,
Σαγγάριε, κρατερῇσι ῥοὰς ἀψῖσι πεδηθείς,
οὕτω ἐδουλώθης κοιρανικῇ παλάμῃ·
ὁ πρὶν δὲ σκαφέεσσιν ἀνέμβατος, ὁ πρὶν ἀτειρής,
κεῖσαι λαϊνέῃ σφιγκτὸς ἀλυκτοπέδῃ.

642.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰς σωτήρια ἐν Σμύρνῃ ἐν προαστείῳ

Πᾶν τὸ βροτῶν σπατάλημα, καὶ ἡ πολύολβος ἐδωδὴ
ἐνθάδε κρινομένη τὴν πρὶν ὄλεσσε χάριν.
οἱ γὰρ φασιανοί τε καὶ ἰχθύες, αἵ θ' ὑπὲρ ἴγδιν
τρίψιες, ἥ τε τόση βρωματομιξαπάτη
γίνεται ἐνθάδε κόπρος· ἀποσσεύει δ' ἄρα γαστὴρ
ὁππόσα πειναλέη δέξατο λαυκανίη.
ὀψὲ δὲ γινώσκει τις, ὅτ' ἄφρονα μῆτιν ἀείρων
χρυσοῦ τοσσατίου τὴν κόνιν ἐπρίατο.

643.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰς τὸ αὐτό

Τί στενάχεις κεφαλὴν κεκακωμένος; ἐς τί δὲ πικρὰ
οἰμώζεις, μελέων πάγχυ βαρυνομένων;
ἐς τί δὲ γαστέρα σεῖο ῥαπίσμασιν ἀμφιπατάσσεις,
ἐκθλίψαι δοκέων μάστακος ἐργασίην;
μόχθων τοσσατίων οὔ σοι χρέος, εἰ παρὰ δαιτὶ
μὴ τοῦ ἀναγκαίου πουλὺ παρεξετάθης.

641.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

On a Bridge over the Sangarius

Thou too, Sangarius, after proud Italy and the peoples of the Medes, and all the barbarian host, art thus enslaved by the hand of our prince,[1] thy stream fettered by strong arches. Thou who wast formerly impassable to boats and indomitable, liest gripped in bonds of stone.

642.—By the Same

On a Latrine in the Suburbs of Smyrna

All the extravagance of mortals and their expensive dishes excreted here have lost their previous charm. The pheasants and fishes, and the mixtures pounded in the mortar, and all that variety of kickshaws, become here dung. The belly rids itself of all that the ravenous gullet took in, and at length a man sees that in the pride of his foolish heart he spent so much gold on nothing but dust.

643.—By the Same

On the Same

Why do you moan with the headache and groan bitterly for the heaviness you feel all over, and keep on smacking your belly, thinking to force out the work of your jaws? You would never have had all this trouble and labour if you had not largely exceeded yourself at table. When you are lying there

[1] Justinian.

ἀλλ' ἐπὶ μὲν στιβάδος φρονέεις μέγα, καὶ στόμα τέρπεις
Βρώμασιν, εὐτυχίην κεῖνα λογιζόμενος·
ἐνθάδε δ' ἀσχάλλεις· μούνη δ' ἀλιτήματα λαιμοῦ
ἡ γαστὴρ τίνει πολλάκι τυπτομένη.

644.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰς τὸ αὐτό

Εὖγε μάκαρ τλήθυμε γεωπόνε· σοὶ βίος αἰεὶ
μίμνειν καὶ σκαπάνης ἄλγεα καὶ πενίης·
λιτὰ δέ σοι καὶ δεῖπνα, καὶ ἐν ξυλόχοισι καθεύδεις,
ὕδατος ἐμπλήσας λαιμὸν ἀμετροπότην.
ἔμπης ἀρτίπος ἐσσί, καὶ ἐνθάδε βαιὰ καθεσθεὶς
αὐτίκα γαστέρα σὴν θῆκας ἐλαφροτάτην·
οὐδὲ καταψήχεις ἱερὴν ῥάχιν, οὐδέ τι μηροὺς
τύπτεις, αὐτομάτως φόρτον ἀρωσάμενος.
τλήμονες οἱ πλουτοῦντες ἰδ' οἱ[1] κείνοισι συνόντες
οἷς πλέον ἀρτεμίης εὔαδεν εἰλαπίνη.

645.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΥ ΤΙΜΑΤΟΥ

Τμώλῳ ὑπ' ἀνθεμόεντι, ῥοὴν πάρα Μαίονος Ἕρμου,
Σάρδιες, ἡ Λυδῶν ἔξοχός εἰμι πόλις.
μάρτυς ἐγὼ πρώτη γενόμην Διός· οὐ γὰρ ἐλέγχειν
λάθριον υἷα Ῥέης ἤθελον ἡμετέρης.
αὐτὴ καὶ Βρομίῳ γενόμην τροφός· ἐν δὲ κεραυνῷ
ἕδρακον εὐρυτέρῳ φωτὶ φαεινόμενον·
πρώταις δ' ἡμετέρῃσιν ἐν ὀργάσιν οἰνὰς ὀπώρη
οὔθατος ἐκ βοτρύων ξανθὸν ἄμελξε γάνος.
πάντα με κοσμήσαντο· πολὺς δέ με πολλάκις αἰὼν
ἄστεσιν ὀλβίστοις εὗρε μεγαιρομένην.

[1] I write so : ποι MS.

guzzling you have a high opinion of yourself, and delight your palate with the viands, deeming that happiness. But here you are in distress, and your belly only gets many smacks to pay for the sins of your gullet.

644.—By the Same

On the Same

Blest are you, long-suffering labourer! You have only to put up, all your life, with the pains of hoeing and poverty. Simple are your meals, and you sleep in the woods, after satisfying your throat's vast thirst for water. Yet you are perfectly sound, and sitting here for a few moments lighten your belly. You don't rub down the lower part of your spine, or beat your thighs, but you get rid of the burden naturally. They are in evil case, the rich and those who associate with them, whom feasting pleases more than sound health.

645.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

I am Sardis, the chief city of Lydia, who stand under flowery Tmolus, by the stream of Maeonian Hermus. I witnessed first the birth of Jove, for I refused to betray the secretly born son of my own Rhea. It was I, too, who nursed Bacchus, and I saw him shining with broader flame in the lightning-flash. First in my fields did Autumn, the giver of wine, milk from the udder of the grape-cluster the golden juice. Everything combined to adorn me, and old Time often saw me envied by the most flourishing cities.

646.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἰς Ἡράκλειαν τὴν Πόντου

Εἰ πόλιν Ἡρακλῆος ὁμώνυμον οἶσθα καὶ ἄλλην,
ἴσθι με τὴν πόντου μηδὲν ἀτιμοτέρην.

647.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἰς τὴν Ῥώμην

Ῥώμη παμβασίλεια, τὸ σὸν κλέος οὔποτ' ὀλεῖται·
Νίκη γάρ σε φυγεῖν ἄπτερος οὐ δύναται.

648.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΥ ΥΠΑΤΟΥ

Εἰς οἶκον ἐν Κιβύρᾳ

Ἀστὸς ἐμοὶ καὶ ξεῖνος ἀεὶ φίλος· οὐ γὰρ ἐρευνᾷν
τίς, πόθεν, ἠὲ τίνων, ἐστὶ φιλοξενίης.

649.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰς τὸ αὐτό

Εὐσεβίη τὸ μέλαθρον ἀπὸ πρώτοιο θεμείλου
ἄχρι καὶ ὑψηλοὺς ἤγαγεν εἰς ὀρόφους.
οὐ γὰρ ἀπ' ἀλλοτρίων κτεάνων λῃΐστορι χαλκῷ
ὄλβον ἀολλίζων τεῦξε Μακηδόνιος·
οὐδὲ λιπερνήτης κενεῷ καὶ ἀκερδέϊ μόχθῳ
κλαῦσε, δικαιοτάτου μισθοῦ ἀτεμβόμενος.
ὡς δὲ πόνων ἄμπαυμα φυλάσσεται ἀνδρὶ δικαίῳ,
ὧδε καὶ εὐσεβέων ἔργα μένει μερόπων.

646.—Anonymous

On the Pontic Heraclea

If you know of another city with the same name, Heraclea, know that I, the Pontic one, do not rank beneath it.

647.—Anonymous

On Rome[1]

Rome, queen of the world, thy fame shall never perish, for Victory, being wingless, cannot fly from thee.

648.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

On an Inn in Cibyra

Native alike and foreigner are ever dear to me, for it is not the business of hospitality to enquire who, whence, and whose son.

649.—By the Same

On the Same

Piety built up this house from its foundations to its lofty roof. For Macedonius did not build it out of wealth gained by despoiling with the sword the possessions of others, nor did he weep, a pauper, over an empty and profitless labour, deprived of the return justly due to his outlay. As rest from labour awaits the just, so may the works of pious men survive.

[1] *i.e.* Constantinople.

650.—ΛΕΟΝΤΙΟΥ

Εἰς οἶκον κείμενον μέσον τοῦ Ζευξίππου καὶ τοῦ ἱππικοῦ

Ἐν μὲν τῇ Ζεύξιππον ἔχω πέλας, ἡδὺ λοετρόν·
ἐκ δ' ἑτέρης ἵππων χῶρον ἀεθλοφόρων.
τούς ῥα θεησάμενος, καὶ τῷδ' ἕνι χρῶτα λοέσσας
δεῦρο καὶ ἄμπνευσον δαιτὶ παρ' ἡμετέρῃ·
καί κε πάλιν σταδίοις ποτὶ δείελον ὥριος ἔλθοις,
ἐγγύθεν ἐγγὺς ἰὼν γείτονος ἐκ θαλάμου.

651.—ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ

Εἰς οἶκον ὑψηλὸν ἐν Βυζαντίῳ

Τρισσόθεν εἰσορόω πολυτερπέα νῶτα θαλάσσης,
πάντοθεν ἠματίῳ φέγγεϊ βαλλόμενος·
εἰς ἐμὲ γὰρ κροκόπεπλος ὅταν περικίδναται Ἠώς,
τερπομένη, στείχειν πρὸς δύσιν οὐκ ἐθέλει.

652.—ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΠΟ ΥΠΑΤΩΝ ΑΙΓΥΠΤΙΟΥ

Εἰς οἶκον ἐπίπεδον

Ὥρῃ ἀναψύχω θέρεος, καὶ χείματι θάλπω,
τοὐλλιπὲς ὡράων ἐξ ἐμέθεν παρέχων.

653.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Εἰς οἶκον κείμενον ἐν ὕψει ἐν Βυζαντίῳ

"Τῆς Ἀρετῆς ἱδρῶτα θεοὶ προπάροιθεν ἔθηκαν,"
ἔννεπεν Ἀσκραῖος, δῶμα τόδε προλέγων.

650.—LEONTIUS

On an Inn situated between the Zeuxippus[1] *and the Hippodrome*

On the one side I have close by me the Zeuxippus, a pleasant bath, and on the other the race-course After seeing the races at the latter and taking a bath in the former, come and rest at my hospitable table. Then in the afternoon you will be in plenty of time for the other races, reaching the course from your room quite near at hand.

651.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

On a High House in Constantinople

From three sides I view the pleasant expanse of the sea, struck by the sunlight from all quarters. For when saffron-mantled Dawn envelops me, she is so pleased that she has no wish to go on to her setting.

652.—JULIAN, PREFECT OF EGYPT

On a House situated on Level Ground

In summer I cool you and in winter I keep you warm, supplying from myself the deficiencies of the seasons.

653.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

On a House situated on a Hill in Constantinople

"The gods set toil before virtue,"[2] said the poet of Ascra, speaking prophetically of this house. For

[1] See title of Book II. It was both a gymnasium and bath. [2] Hes. *Works and Days*, 289.

κλίμακα γὰρ ταναὴν περόων κεκαφηότι ταρσῷ,
ἱδρῶτι πλαδαρὴν ἀμφεδίηνα κόμην·
ὑψόθι δ' εἰσενόησα θαλασσαίην περιωπην.
ναὶ τάχα τῆς Ἀρετῆς πιστότερον [1] θάλαμος.

654.—ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΠΟ ΥΠΑΤΩΝ ΑΙΓΥΠΤΙΟΥ

Εἰς ἀφύλακτον οἶκον

Κερδαλέους δίζεσθε δόμους, ληίστορες, ἄλλους·
τοῖσδε γάρ ἐστι φύλαξ ἔμπεδος ἡ πενίη.

655.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς τὸν τρίκλινον τῆς Μαγναύρας

Ὀτραλέως τολύπευσαν τόνδε δόμον βασιλῆες,
αἰχμὴν ὀλβοδότειραν ἀπὸ σταυροῖο λαχόντες.
αὐτὸς ἄναξ Ἡρακλῆς σὺν Κωνσταντίνῳ υἱΐ.

656.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς τὸν οἶκον τὸν ἐπιλεγόμενον Χαλκῆν ἐν τῷ Παλατίῳ, ὃν ἔκτισε Ἀναστάσιος βασιλεύς

Οἶκος Ἀναστασίοιο τυραννοφόνου βασιλῆος
μοῦνος ὑπερτέλλω πανυπείροχος ἄστεσι γαίης,
θαῦμα φέρων πάντεσσιν, ἐπεὶ κοσμήτορες ἔργων
ὕψος ὁμοῦ μῆκός τε καὶ ἄπλετον εὖρος ἰδόντες,
ἀσκεπὲς ἐφράσσαντο πελώριον ἔργον ἐᾶσαι·
ἀλλὰ πολυκμήτοιο λαχὼν πρεσβήϊα τέχνης

[1] I write πιστότερον for πιστότατον.

[1] Lit. panting.

after mounting the long flight of steps with exhausted[1] feet, my hair was all soaked with sweat; but from the summit I looked on the fine view of the sea. Yea! perhaps a good room is a surer possession than virtue (?).

654.—JULIAN, PREFECT OF EGYPT

On an Unguarded House

Seek other more profitable houses, ye robbers, for Poverty constantly keeps guard over this.

655.—Anonymous

On the Banqueting Hall of Magnaura

This house was diligently completed by the emperors on whom the Cross bestowed a beneficent power, Heraclius and his son Constantine.[2]

656.—Anonymous

On the House called Chalcé[3] in the Palace built by Anastasius

I am the house of Anastasius, the emperor, slayer of tyrants,[4] and I alone far excel all cities of the Earth. I am a cause of wonder to all, since the architects, seeing my height, length, and vast breadth, were minded to leave the huge pile unroofed; but skilled Aetherius, the most eminent

[2] Constantine III. shared the purple with his father Heraclius whom he succeeded 641 A.D.

[3] Lit. "The Bronze Gate." The name was transferred to the whole building which formed the vestibule of the palace.

[4] The Isaurian robber chiefs.

Αἰθέριος πολύϊδρις ἐμὴν τεχνήσατο μορφήν,
ἰχράντῳ βασιλῆϊ φέρων πρωτάγρια μόχθων.
ἔνθεν ἀπειρέσιον μέγεθος περὶ παντὶ τιταίνων,
Αὐσονίης νίκησα βοώμενα θαύματα γαίης.
εἶξον ἀρειοτέροισι, χάρις Καπετωλίδος αὐλῆς,
εἰ καὶ χαλκείων ὀρόφων ἀμαρύγματα πέμπεις·
κρύψον ἀμετρήτων μεγάρων στεινούμενον αὐλαῖς,
Πέργαμε, φαιδρὸν ἄγαλμα τεόν, Ῥουφίνιον ἄλσος·
μηδὲ τανυπλεύροισιν ἀρηρότα, Κύζικε, πέτροις
Ἀδριανοῦ βασιλῆος ἀμεμφέα νηὸν ἀείσεις.
οὔ μοι Πυραμίδων ἰκέλη κρίσις, οὐδὲ Κολοσσοῦ,
οὐδὲ Φάρου· μεγάλην μοῦνος δ' ὑπερέδραμον ἴλην.
αὐτὸς ἐμὸς σκηπτοῦχος Ἰσαυροφόνον μετὰ νίκην
χρυσοφαές μ' ἐτέλεσσεν ἐδέθλιον Ἠριγενείης,
πάντη τετραπόρων ἀνέμων πεπετασμένον αὔραις.

657.—ΜΑΡΙΑΝΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Εἰς τὸ παλάτιον Σοφιανῶν

Ὀππόθι τεμνομένης χθονὸς ἄνδιχα πόντον ἀνοίγει
πλαγκτὸς ἁλικλύστων πορθμὸς ἐπ' ἠϊόνων,
χρύσεα συλλέκτρῳ τάδ' ἀνάκτορα θῆκεν ἀνάσσῃ
τῇ πολυκυδίστῃ θεῖος ἄναξ Σοφίῃ.
ἄξιον, ὦ Ῥώμη μεγαλοκρατές, ἀντία σεῖο
κάλλος ἀπ' Εὐρώπης δέρκεαι εἰς Ἀσίην.

658.—ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ

Ἐν τῷ μεγάλῳ Πραιτωρίῳ καλλωπισθέντι

Κόσμον Ἰουστῖνος βασιλεὺς ῥυπόωντα καθήρας
καὶ τὰ μέγιστα Δίκης ἠγλάϊσεν τεμένη·

[1] Quite unknown. The Rufinus referred to is probably the celebrated minister of Theodosius (*circ.* 400 A.D.).

master of that laborious art, devised my shape, laying the first-fruits of his toil before our stainless emperor. Therefore, stretching on all sides my vast bulk, I surpass the celebrated wonders of the Italian land. Beauty of the Capitolian hall, give place to thy betters, even though thy roof of bronze dazzles the eye. Hide, Pergamus, thy splendid ornament, the grove of Rufinus,[1] narrow now beside the halls of this limitless palace; and thou, Cyzicus, no longer sing of thy noble temple of Hadrian standing fast on the long cliff. The pyramids are not capable of vying with me, or the colossus, or the Pharus; I alone surpass a great legion of buildings. My prince himself, after his victory over the Isaurians, completed me, the house of the Dawn, shining with gold, on all sides exposed to the breezes of the four winds.

657.—MARIANUS SCHOLASTICUS

On the Palace called Sophianae

Where the land is cut in two by the winding channel whose shores open the way to the sea, our divine emperor[2] erected this palace for his most illustrious consort Sophia. O, far-ruling Rome,[3] thou lookest from Europe on a prospect in Asia the beauty of which is worthy of thee.

658.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

On the Great Praetorium when newly decorated

The Emperor Justin,[4] clearing away its begrimed decorative work, brightened up the chief Law Court,

[2] Justin II. (565–578 A.D.). [3] *i.e.* Constantinople.
[4] The same.

σοῖς δὲ πόνοις, Δομνῖνε, κατηφέα νύκτα διώκεις
ἐκ Θέμιδος μεγάρων, ἐκ βιοτῆς μερόπων.

659.—ΘΕΑΙΤΗΤΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Εἰς τὸ αὐτό

Ὡς ἀγαθὸν καὶ παῖς ἐπὶ γήραϊ· φαιδροτέρους γὰρ
Δομνῖνος θαλάμους μητρὸς ἔτευξε Δίκης.
λάμπω ἐγὼ διὰ παιδός, ὁ παῖς δι' ἐμεῖο φαείνει·
κύδεα δ' ἀλλήλοις ἀντιχαριζόμεθα.

660.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἰς τὴν βασιλικὴν τῶν παιδευτηρίων ἐν Βυζαντίῳ

Χῶρος ἐγὼ θεσμοῖσιν ἀνειμένος· ἐνθάδε πηγὴ
ἄφθονος Αὐσονίων ἐκκέχυται νομίμων,
ἣ πᾶσιν τέταται μὲν ἀείναος, ἠϊθέοις δὲ
ἐνθάδ' ἀγειρομένοις πάντα δίδωσι ῥόον.

661.—ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΠΟ ΥΠΑΤΩΝ ΑΙΓΥΠΤΙΟΥ

Εἰς βῆμα τοῦ σοφιστοῦ Κρατεροῦ

Δένδρον ἐγὼ μακαριστόν, ἐπεὶ ποτὲ μεσσόθεν ὕλης
ἱστάμενον λιγυροῖς ἐτρεφόμην ἀνέμοις,
ὀρνίθων ἐπίβαθρον ἐΰθροον· ἀλλὰ σιδήρῳ
ἐτμήγην, κλήρῳ κρείσσονος εὐτυχίης·
ἀντὶ γὰρ ὀρνίθων, Κρατεροῦ κρατεροῖς ὑπὸ μύθοις
ἄρδομαι, εὐμούσοις χεύμασι τηλεθάον.

and thou, Domninus,[1] by thy labours, expellest melancholy night from the halls of Themis and the life of mortals.

659.—THEAETETUS SCHOLASTICUS

On the Same

WHAT a blessing is a child in our old age! Domninus has made the courts of me, mother Justice, brighter. I shine through my child, and my child through me, each bestowing our glory on the other

660.—ANONYMOUS

On the Basilica of the Schools in Constantinople

I AM a place dedicated to Law. Here gushes forth an abundant fount of Roman Jurisprudence which runs perennially for all, and gives its whole stream to the youth here assembled.

661.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

On the Chair of the Sophist Craterus

I AM a tree peculiarly blessed; for, once, standing in the middle of the forest, I was nurtured by the shrill winds and was the tuneful seat of birds, but I was felled by the axe to gain still better fortune. For now I am watered by the powerful (*crateros*) speech, not of the birds, but of Craterus, and flourish, fed by this stream of eloquence.

[1] The architect.

662.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Χῶρος ἐγὼ τὸ πρὶν μὲν ἔην στυγερωπὸς ἰδέσθαι,
πηλοδόμοις τοιχοις ἀμφιμεριζόμενος.
ἐνθάδε δὲ ξείνων τε καὶ ἐνδαπίων καὶ ἀγροίκων
νηδὺς ἐπεγδούπει λύματα χευομένη.
ἀλλὰ πατήρ με πόληος ἐναλλάξας Ἀγαθίας
θῆκεν ἀρίζηλον τὸν πρὶν ἀτιμότατον.

663.—ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ

Εἰς κῆπον παράλιον

Πόντος ὑποκλύζει χθονὸς ἕδρανα· πλωτὰ δὲ χέρσου
νῶτα θαλασσαίοις ἄλσεσι τηλεθάει.
ὡς σοφὸς ὅστις ἔμιξε βυθὸν χθονί, φύκια κήποις,
Νηϊάδων προχοαῖς χεύματα Νηρεΐδων.

664.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰς τὸ αὐτό

Ἐνθάδ' ἐριδμαίνουσι τίνος πλέον ἔπλετο χῶρος,
Νύμφαι Νηϊάδες, Νηρεΐς, Ἀδρυάδες·
ταῖς δὲ θεμιστεύει μεσάτη Χάρις, οὐ δὲ δικάζειν
οἶδεν, ἐπεὶ ξυνὴν τέρψιν ὁ χῶρος ἔχει.

665.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Εἰς τὸ αὐτό

Εἶξον ἐμοὶ Δάφνης ἱερὸν κλέτας, ἔκτοθι πόντου
κείμενον, ἀγραύλου κάλλος ἐρημοσύνης.

662.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

On the same as 642 *ff.*

I AM a place formerly hideous, divided by brick walls, and here the bellies of strangers, natives, and countrymen thunderously relieved themselves. But Agathias, the father of the city, transformed me and made me distinguished instead of most ignoble.

663.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

On a Garden by the Sea

THE sea washes *terra firma,* and the expanse of the dry land is navigable and blooms with marine foliage. How skilled was he who mingled the deep with the land, sea-weed with garden plants, the floods of the Nereids with the founts of the Naiads!

664.—BY THE SAME

On the Same

HERE the Naiads, Nereids, and Hamadryads dispute as to who has the best title to the property. The Grace in their midst sits as judge, but cannot give judgment, as its charm is common to all.

665.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

On the Same

GIVE way to me, thou holy hill of Daphne,[1] lying far from the sea, thy beauty but that of rustic solitude.

[1] The celebrated park near Antioch in Syria. See Gibbon, chap. xxiii.

ἐνθάδε γὰρ Νύμφαι δενδρίτιδες, αἵ τ' ἐνὶ πόντῳ
Νηρεΐδες ξυνὴν θέντο συνηλυσίην·
ἀμφ' ἐμὲ γὰρ μάρναντο· δίκασσε δὲ Κυανοχαίτης,
καί με παρ' ἀμφοτέραις μέσσον ἔθηκεν ὅρον.

666.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς κῆπον Ἔρωτα προσαγορευόμενον

Οὐ μέγας οὐδ' ὁ Ἔρως, ἀλλ' εὔχαρις· ὡς καὶ ἐγώ το
οὐ μέγας ἐν κήποις, ἀλλὰ γέμω χαρίτων.

667.—ΑΡΑΒΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Εἰς προάστειον

Ὕδασι καὶ κήποισι καὶ ἄλσεσι καὶ Διονύσῳ
καὶ πόντου πλήθω γείτονος εὐφροσύνῃ.
τερπνὰ δέ μοι γαίης τε καὶ ἐξ ἁλὸς ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος
καὶ γριπεὺς ὀρέγει δῶρα καὶ ἀγρονόμος.
τοὺς δ' ἐν ἐμοὶ μίμνοντας ἢ ὀρνίθων τις ἀείδων,
ἢ γλυκὺ πορθμήων φθέγμα παρηγορέει.

668.—ΜΑΡΙΑΝΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Εἰς προάστειον ὀνομαζόμενον Ἔρωτα ἐν Ἀμασείᾳ

Ἦ καλὸν ἄλσος Ἔρωτος, ὅπου καλὰ δένδρεα ταῦτα
πρηΰς ἐπιπνείων ἀμφιδονεῖ Ζέφυρος·
ἦχι καὶ ἑρσήεις ἀμαρύσσεται ἄνθεσι λειμών,
πουλὺν ἰοστεφάνων κόσμον ἀνειὶς καλύκων·
καὶ γλυκερῆς τρίστοιχος ἐπεμβαδὸν ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
μαστὸς ἀναθλίβει χεύματα Ναϊάδος·
ὁππόθι δενδρήεντα γέρων παρανήχεται Ἶρις
χῶρον, Ἀμαδρυάδων ἔνδιον ἀβροκόμων,

For here the tree Nymphs and the Nereids of the sea established their common meeting place. When they quarrelled over me, Poseidon was judge, and pronounced that I was to be a border-land open to both.

666.—Anonymous

On a Garden called Eros

Eros is not big, but he is pretty. So I am not great among gardens, but am full of charm.

667.—ARABIUS SCHOLASTICUS

On a Suburban Pleasaunce

I am rich in waters, gardens, groves, vineyards, and the generous gifts of the neighbouring sea. Both the fisherman and the husbandman offer me pleasing presents from sea and land, and those who rest in me are soothed either by the song of birds or the sweet call of the ferryman.

668.—MARIANUS SCHOLASTICUS

On a Suburban Park in Amasia called Eros

Verily it is lovely, the grove of Eros, where these beautiful trees are stirred by the gentle breath of Zephyr, where the dewy meadow is bright with flowers, sending up a wealthy show of purple-fringed cups, while the roses of three fountains in a line one after the other spout forth the streams of the sweet Naiad. Here Iris, the ancient river, swims past the woods, resort of the soft-haired Hamadryads,

καὶ λιπαρῆς εὔβοτρυν ἀν' ὀργάδα καρπὸς ἐλαίης
θάλλει ἐρισταφύλων πάντοσε θειλοπέδων·
αἱ δὲ πέριξ λαλαγεῦσιν ἀηδόνες· ὃς δὲ μελίζει
ἀντῳδὸν τέττιξ φθέγματος ἁρμονίαν.
ἀλλὰ τὸν ἀκλήϊστον ὅπως, ξένε, μή με παρέλθῃς
τόνδε δόμον, λιτῆς δ' ἀντίασον ξενίης.

669.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰς τὸ αὐτό

Δεῦρ' ἴθι, βαιόν, ὁδῖτα, πεσὼν ὑπὸ δάσκιον ἄλσος,
ἄμπαυσον καμάτου γυῖα πολυπλανέος,
χλωρὸν ὅπου πλατάνων αὐτόρρυτον ἐς μέσον ὕδωρ
καλὰ πολυκρούνων ἐκπρορέει στομάτων·
ὀππόθι πορφυρέης ὑπὲρ αὔλακος εἴαρι θάλλει
ὑγρὸν ἴον ῥοδέῃ κιρνάμενον κάλυκι.
ἠνίδε πῶς δροσεροῖο πέδον λειμῶνος ἐρέψας
ἔκχυτον εὐχαίτης κισσὸς ἔπλεξε κόμην.
ἐνθάδε καὶ ποταμὸς λασίην παραμείβεται ὄχθην,
πέζαν ὑποξύων αὐτοφύτοιο νάπης.
οὗτος Ἔρως· τί γὰρ ἄλλο καὶ ἔπρεπεν οὔνομα χώρῳ,
πάντοθεν ἱμερτῶν πληθομένῳ Χαρίτων;

670.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἐν Σμύρνῃ εἰς μῶλον τῇ θαλάττῃ ἐπικείμενον, ἐν ᾧ ἐστι καὶ ὑδρεῖον

α. Τίς βυθὸν ἠπείρωσε; τίς ἐν ῥοθίοισιν ἔτευξεν
ἀκτὴν ἀμφιρύτην λάεσι μαρμαρέοις;
τίς δ' ἐνὶ κύμασι τεῦξε ποτὸν πλωτῆρας ἀφύσσειν,
αὐτῶν ἐκ νηῶν χερσὶν ἀρυομένους;
β. Οὗτος ὁ ποικιλόμητις ἀνὴρ Βενέτιος ἀμύμων,
κτίσμασι νικήσας Θησέα καὶ Πέλοπα.

and in the fruitful vineyard the fat berries of the olive-trees flourish everywhere above the great clusters of raisins set out to dry. Around sing the nightingales, and the cicada hymns an answering harmony. Do not, stranger, pass by my open gate, but enter the house and partake of my simple hospitality.

669.—By the Same

On the Same

Come here for a little, traveller, and reclining in the greenwood shade rest thy limbs from thy long and toilsome journey. Here amongst the plane-trees the fresh streams of water running at its will leap forth beautifully from many-mouthed fountains. Here in spring the soft violets mixed with roses empurple the ground. Look how, engarlanding the fresh meadow, the luxuriant ivy twines its flowing hair. The river runs between its foliaged banks, grazing the base of the self-sown grove. Such is Eros. What other name would be appropriate for a place replete in every way with charm and loveliness?

670.—Anonymous

On a Mole in Smyrna on which there was a Cistern

A. Who made the deep dry land, who amid the surges built out of marble a shore washed on both sides by the sea? And who enabled the sailors to obtain water in the midst of the waves, drawing it with their hands even from the deck? *B.* This resourceful man, noble Venetius, who surpassed Theseus and Pelops[1] by his creations.

[1] It is difficult to see why these names are selected. They were both, of course, founders of cities.

671.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς φάρον ἐν τῇ αὐτῇ πόλει

α. Τίς τόσον ἔργον ἔτευξε; τίς ἡ πόλις; ἦ τὸ γέρας τί;

β. Ἀμβρόσιος Μυλασεὺς τὸν φάρον ἀνθύπατος.

672.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν πόλιν

Εἰ τραφερῆς πάσης ἁλιτέρμονα κύκλον ὁδεύσῃς,
οὔ ποτέ μοι τινὰ χῶρον ἀρείονα τοῦδε νοήσεις,
θέσκελον οἷον ἔτευξεν ἀγακλυτὸς Ἰωάννης,
κυδαίνων βασίλειαν ὅλης χθονός· ἐκ ῥοθίων γὰρ
τερπωλὴν ἀκόρητον ἐν ἀστεϊ θῆκεν Ὁμήρου.

673.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν πόλιν, εἰς τόπον τινά

Ἱππολύτῃ καὶ τοῦτ' Ἀσκληπιὸς ὤπασεν ἔργον.

674.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἐν τῷ φάρῳ Ἀλεξανδρείας

Πύργος ἐγὼ ναύτῃσιν ἀλωομένοισιν ἀρήγων
εἰμί, Ποσειδάωνος ἀπευθέα πυρσὸν ἀνάπτων,
καί με πεσεῖν μέλλοντα βαρυγδούποισιν ἀήταις
στῆσεν ἑοῖς καμάτοις Ἀμμώνιος, ὃς βασιλῆος
ἐστὶ πατήρ· κείνῳ δὲ μετ' ἄγρια κύματα ναῦται
χεῖρας ἀερτάζουσιν, ἅτε κλυτῷ Ἐννοσιγαίῳ.

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[1] This must allude to a mole or something similar.

671.—Anonymous

On a Lighthouse in the same City

A. Who executed so great a work? What is his city and what his office? *B.* Ambrosius of Mylasa, the proconsul, built the lighthouse.

672.—Anonymous

On the same City

Though thou journeyest over the sea-bound circle of the whole dry land, thou shalt nowhere see a place superior to this which renowned Ioannes, glorifying her the queen of all this land, has made so admirable; for from the sea itself[1] he won unceasing delight for Homer's city.

673.—Anonymous

On a Place in the same City

Asclepius did this work, too, for Hippolyta.[2]

674.—Anonymous

In the Pharos at Alexandria

I am the tower that helps straying mariners, lighting up the blaze of Poseidon's comforting torch. Ammonius, who is the father of our emperor,[3] re-erected me by his labour when, borne down by the loud-roaring gales, I was about to fall. To him the sailors, escaped from the wild waves, lift up their hands as to the glorious Earth-shaker.

[1] The meaning is quite obscure.
[2] *i.e.* a patrician of Constantinople.

675.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς τὸν φάρον ἐν Σμύρνῃ

Μηκέτι δειμαίνοντες ἀφεγγέα νυκτὸς ὁμίχλην,
εἰς ἐμὲ θαρσαλέως πλώετε, ποντοπόροι.
πᾶσιν ἀλωομένοις τηλαυγέα δαλὸν ἀνάπτω,
τῶν Ἀσκληπιαδῶν μνημοσύνην καμάτων.

676.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἰς πηγὴν ἐν τῷ Ὀλύμπῳ ὄρει

Ταῖς Προύσης Νύμφαις ὑποείκομεν· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐταὶ
κρέσσονες ἡμείων χαίρετε Πυθιάδες·
αἱ δ' ἄλλαι πᾶσαι μετὰ Πύθια καὶ μετὰ Προῦσαν
ἡμετέραις Νύμφαις εἴξατε Νηϊάδες.

677.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Εἰς οἶκον ἐν Βυζαντίῳ

Τεῦξέ με πολλὰ καμὼν Μουσώνιος οἶκον ἀγητὸν
τηλίκον, ἀρκτῴοις ἄσθμασι βαλλόμενον.
ἔμπης οὐκ ἀπέειπεν ἀφεγγέα δώματα Μοίρης,
ἀλλά με καλλείψας ἐν χθονὶ ναιετάει.
καί ῥ' ὁ μὲν εἰς ὀλίγην κεῖται κόνιν· ἡ δὲ περισσὴ
τέρψις ἐπὶ ξείνοις ἀνδράσιν ἐκκέχυμαι.

678.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἐν κώμῃ τῆς Σμύρνης

Οἷον ἔτλης καὶ τοῦτον, Ἀγακλείδη, μέγαν ἆθλον,
θυμῷ τολμητῇ κῦδος ἄριστον ἑλών·
νύμφης ἀρχαίης Βάσσης πολυκαγκέα χώρην
ὕδασι καὶ λουτροῖς θῆκας ἀφνειοτέρην.

675.—Anonymous

On the Lighthouse at Smyrna

Sail to me fearlessly, ye mariners, no longer dreading the rayless gloom of the night. For all wanderers burns my far-flashing torch, keeping alive the memory of my builders the Asclepiadae.[1]

676.—Anonymous

On a Fountain in the Asiatic Mount Olympus

I yield to the Nymphs of Prusa, and salute, too, those of the Pythian[2] waters as my superiors. But let the whole company of Naiads after Pythia and after Prusa give way to my Nymphs.

677.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

On a House in Constantinople

Musonius built me with great labour, this large and imposing house, exposed to the north wind's blasts. Yet did he not avoid the dark house of Fate, but abandoning me he dwells underground. In a narrow bed of earth he lies, and I, his chiefest delight, am given up to strangers.

678.—Anonymous

On a Village near Smyrna

What a great and laborious work is this, too, that thou hast achieved, Agaclides, gaining great glory by thy daring! Thou hast enriched this parched land of the ancient Nymph Bassa with water and baths.

[1] The medical guild at Smyrna. [2] In Bithynia.

679.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἐν Ἄσσῳ

Πᾶσα μὲν Ἀξιόχῳ πόλις εὔχεται· ἄλλο γὰρ ἄλλης
πῆμα παραστείχων, ὡς θεός, ἠκέσατο·
ἔξοχα δὲ κραναῇ ῥόον ὕδατος ὤπασεν Ἄσσῳ,
πολλῶν πετράων σκληρὰ μέτωπα τεμών.
μηκέτι φεύγετε πάντες ἀποπρὸ θέοντες, ὁδῖται·
πλημμύρω ψυχροῖς ὕδασιν Ἀξιόχου.

680.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἰς παραθαλάσσιον κῆπον, ἐν ᾧ ἦν καὶ λουτρόν, ἐν Ἀντιοχείᾳ

Τὰς τρεῖς μοι Χάριτας λεύσσεις, ξένε· Ποντομέδων γὰρ
γείτονος ἐκ πόντου τὴν μίαν εἰργάσατο·
τὴν δ' ἑτέρην ἐτέλεσσε φυτῶν εὔκαρπος ἀλωή·
τὴν δ' ὑπολειπομένην τοῦτο τὸ λουτρὸν ἔχει.

681.—ΛΕΟΝΤΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Εἰς κόγχην ἔχουσαν Ἀφροδίτην

Ἃ μέγα σοι, Διόνυσε, χαρίζομαι· εἰς ἐμὲ Κύπρις
λούεται· ἐξ αὐτῆς σοὶ τὰ κύπελλα φέρω.

682.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἰς τὸν τετράπλευρον κίονα τὸν ἐν Ἱπποδρόμῳ

Κίονα τετράπλευρον, ἀεὶ χθονὶ κείμενον ἄχθος,
μοῦνος ἀναστῆσαι Θευδόσιος βασιλεὺς
τολμήσας, Πρόκλον ἐπεκέκλετο, καὶ τόσος ἔστη
κίων ἠελίοις ἐν τριακονταδύο.

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[1] The inscription is still preserved *in situ*.

679.—ANONYMOUS

On an Aqueduct at Assus

ALL cities worship Axiochus, for, on his progress, like a god he has healed the ills of each. Especially on rugged Assus did he bestow running water, cutting through the hard face of many rocks. No longer run off to a distance, all ye travellers. I overflow with the cold water of Axiochus.

680.—ANONYMOUS

On a Sea-side Garden at Antioch in which was a Bath

THOU seest in me the three Graces, stranger. Poseidon wrought the one from the neighbouring sea, the second is the work of my garden rich in produce, and the remaining one is supplied by this bath.

681.—LEONTIUS SCHOLASTICUS

On a Shell with a Carving of Aphrodite

IT is a great favour I grant thee, Dionysus. Cypris bathes in me, and from her I bring thee the cup.

682.—ANONYMOUS

On the Obelisk in the Hippodrome[1]

IT was only the Emperor Theodosius who undertook to raise the four-sided column which had ever lain a burden on the earth. He committed the task to Proclus,[2] and so great a column stood erect in thirty-two days.

[1] The prefect of the city.

683.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἀλφεὸς ἄρρεν ὕδωρ, Ἀρεθούσιόν ἐστι τὸ θῆλυ·
καὶ γάμον εὗρεν Ἔρως, κιρναμένων ὑδάτων.

684.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς τὴν ἐν Τάφῳ τῇ νήσῳ κρήνην

Ὠκεανοῦ θυγάτηρ καὶ Τηθύος εἰμὶ Νύχεια
κρήνη· Τηλεβόαι γάρ με τόδ' ὠνόμασαν·
Νύμφαις μὲν προχέω λουτρόν, θνητοῖσι δ' ὑγείην·
θῆκε δέ με Πτερέλας υἱὸς Ἐνυαλίου.

685.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς Καμάριναν τὴν ἐν Σικελίᾳ λίμνην

Μὴ κίνει Καμάριναν, ἀκίνητος γὰρ ἀμείνων,
μή ποτε κινήσας τὴν μείονα μείζονα θείῃς.

686.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἰς τὴν πύλην τὴν ἀνατολικὴν τῆς Θεσσαλονίκης

Ἡνορέης ὀλετῆρα ὑπερφιάλου Βαβυλῶνος
καὶ σέλας ἀκτεάνοιο δίκης Βασίλειον ὕπαρχον,
ξεῖνε, νόῳ σκίρτησον, ἰδὼν ἐφύπερθε πυλάων.
εὐνομίης ποτὶ χῶρον ἀριστογένεθλον ὁδεύεις,
βάρβαρον οὐ τρομέεις, οὐκ ἄρρενας ἀρρενοκοίτας. 5
ὅπλα Λάκων, σὺ δὲ τεῖχος ἔχεις βασίλειον ἄγαλμα.

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[1] One of the Echinades islands at the mouth of the Adriatic.

[2] The first line alone is elsewhere cited as the response of Apollo when the people of Camarina asked him if they should drain the marsh near their city.

[3] As the terms of the epigram suit the emperor Basil I.,

683.—Anonymous

On Alpheus and Arethusa

Alpheus is a male water, Arethusa a female, and Love accomplished their marriage by mixing the waters.

684.—Anonymous

On the Fountain on the Island Taphos[1]

I am the fountain Nychea, daughter of Ocean and Tethys, for so the Teleboae named me. I pour forth a bath for the Nymphs and health for mortals. It was Pterelas, the son of Ares, who placed me here.

685.—Anonymous

On Camarina the Sicilian Lake[2]

Move not Camarina, for it is best unmoved, lest, if thou move it, thou make the lesser greater.

686.—Anonymous

On the Eastern Gate of Thessalonica

Exult in thy heart, stranger, when thou seest above the gate the prefect Basil,[3] destroyer of the valour of insolent Babylon and light of incorrupt justice. Thou goest to the place of good government, the mother of excellent sons. Thou hast no need to fear the barbarian or sodomites.[4] The Spartan for a wall has his arms, and thou a royal statue (*or* the statue of Basil.)

who conquered the Arabs in Mesopotamia and was celebrated as a legislator, it probably refers to him in spite of the title "Prefect" given him.

[4] *i.e.* the Arabs. The Greeks at the time charged the Oriental nations with this vice. There is no reference to measures for its suppression.

687.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Μορφὰς ὁ γράψας, ἤθελον καὶ τοὺς τρόπους·
ἀνεσείρασε δέ μου τὴν ὄρεξιν ἡ τέχνη.
κάλει δέ μ' Ἀλέξανδρον εὔλαλον, φίλος.

688.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς πύλην τοῦ Ἄργους

Τήνδε πύλην λάεσσιν ἐϋξέστοις ἀραρυῖαν,
ἀμφότερον, κόσμον τε πάτρῃ καὶ θάμβος ὁδίταις,
τεῦξε Κλέης Κλεάδας ἀγανῆς πόσις εὐπατερείης,
Λερναίων ἀδύτων περιώσιος ὀργιοφάντης,
τερπόμενος δώροισιν ἀγασθενέων βασιλήων.

689.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς τὴν Εὐγενίου πόρταν ἐν Βυζαντίῳ

Οὗτος Ἰουλιανὸς λαοσσόα τείχεα πήξας,
στῆσε τρόπαιον, ἑῆς σύμβολον ἀγρυπνίης,
σφάζειν ἀντιβίους ἐχθροὺς ἀπάνευθε μενοινῶν,
ἢ πόλεως προπάροιθ' ἐκκροτέειν πολέμους.

690.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς πόρταν τὴν ἐπιλεγομένην ξυλόκερκον ἐν Βυζαντίῳ

Θευδόσιος τόδε τεῖχος ἄναξ, καὶ ὕπαρχος Ἑῴας
Κωνσταντῖνος ἔτευξαν ἐν ἤμασιν ἑξήκοντα.

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[1] In this line it seems to be the portrait which speaks.

687.—Anonymous

On a Painting

I who painted the form would fain have painted also the character, but the limits of art checked my eagerness. Call me eloquent Alexander, my friend.[1]

688.—Anonymous

On the Gate of Argos

This gate, built of polished stone, both an ornament for Argos and an object of admiration for travellers, was erected by Cleadas, the husband of gentle and noble Clea. He was the excellent hierophant of the sanctuary of Lerna, and enjoyed the generosity of powerful monarchs.[2]

689.—Anonymous

On the Gate of Eugenius in Constantinople

This Julian[3] who built the walls that protect the city erected the trophy in memory of his vigilance. He studied rather to slay his enemies at a distance than to stir up war before the city.

690.—Anonymous

On the Gate called Xylocercus at Constantinople

Theodosius[4] the emperor and Constantine, prefect of the East, built this wall in sixty days.

[2] A stone from Argos, now at Oxford, has the dedication, also in verse, by this Cleadas of his father's statue.

[3] No doubt the Emperor. [4] The Younger (A.D. 408-450).

691.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς πόρταν τοῦ Ῥησίου ἐν Βυζαντίῳ

Ἥμασιν ἑξήκοντα φιλοσκήπτρῳ βασιλῆϊ
Κωνσταντῖνος ὕπαρχος ἐδείματο τείχεϊ τεῖχος.

692.—ΑΛΛΟ

Βιβιανοῦ τόδε ἔργον, ὃν ἀντολίαι δύσιές τε
μέλπουσιν γεραρῶς εἵνεκεν εὐνομίης.

693.—ΑΛΛΟ

Τόνδε Τύχης ἀνέγειρε δόμον Δημήτριος ἀρχός,
τὴν πόλιν οἰκτείρας, ὡς πάϊς Ἱερίου·
αὐτοῦ καὶ βουλῇ τάδ' ἐδείματο, οὔτε πόληος
οὔτε τι δημοτέροις χρήμασιν, ἀλλ' ἰδίοις.

694.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς καμάραν

Μεσσαλινοῖο γόνος τόδε θέσκελον ἔκτισε τόξον.

695.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς λίθον ἀκοίτονον

Ὁρᾷς τὸ κάλλος ὅσσον ἐστὶ τῆς λίθου
ἐν ταῖς ἀτάκτοις τῶν φλεβῶν εὐταξίαις.

696.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς ἁψῖδα ἐν τῇ βασιλικῇ ἐν Βυζαντίῳ

Τετραπόροις ἀψῖσι πόλιν Θεόδωρος ἐγείρας,
ἄξιός ἐστι πόλιν καὶ τέτρατον ἡνιοχεῦσαι.

691.—Anonymous

On the Gate of Rhesius at Constantinople

In sixty days Constantine the prefect built this strengthening wall for his sceptred sovereign.

692.—Anonymous

On some Building

This is the work of Vivianus, of whom East and West sing with honour because of his just government.

693.—Anonymous

On a Temple of Fortune

Demetrius the governor erected this temple of Fortune, feeling compassion for the city, like the son of Hierius he was. He built it on his own initiative, not the city's, and at his own, not at the public expense.

694.—Anonymous

On an Arch

The son of Messalinus built this magnificent arch.

695.—Anonymous

On the Stone Acoetonus

You see what great beauty lies in the disorderly order of the veins in the stone.

696.—Anonymous

On the Portico of the Basilica in Constantinople

Theodorus,[1] having built for the city four porticos, deserves to govern the city a fourth time.

[1] In the reign of Theodosius II.

697.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς ἕτερον μέρος τῆς αὐτῆς ἀψῖδος

Ἔπρεπέ σοι, Θεόδωρε, Τύχης εὐκίονα νηὸν
ἔργου κοσμῆσαι θαύματι τοσσατίου,
δῶρά τε κυδήεντα πορεῖν χρυσάσπιδι Ῥώμῃ,
ἥ σ' Ὕπατον τεῦξεν, καὶ τρισέπαρχον ὁρᾷ.

698.—ΑΛΛΟ

Μόψου τήνδ' ἐσορᾷς κλεινὴν πόλιν, ἣν ποτε μάντις
δείματο, τῷ ποταμῷ κάλλος ὑπερκρεμάσας.

699.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς πηγὴν ὀνομαζομένην Ὀλυμπιάδα

Ἔνθεν Ἀλέξανδρος Μακεδὼν πίεν ἀγλαὸν ὕδωρ·
μητρὸς δ' εἶπε γάλακτι πανείκελα ῥεύματα πηγῆς,
ἣ καὶ Ὀλυμπιάδος πόρεν οὔνομα, σῆμα δὲ τοῦτο.

700.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ

Γ'ράψε Πολύγνωτος, Θάσιος γένος, Ἀγλαοφῶντος
υἱός, περθομένην Ἰλίου ἀκρόπολιν.

701.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς ναὸν τοῦ Διὸς κτισθέντα παρὰ τῶν Κεκροπιδῶν

Αὐτοῦ Ζηνὸς ὅδ' οἶκος ἐπάξιος· οὐδ' ἂν Ὄλυμπος
μέμψεται οὐρανόθεν Ζῆνα κατερχόμενον.

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[1] The same as the Basilica. [2] A.D. 399.

697.—Anonymous

On another part of the same Portico

It beseemed thee, Theodorus, to adorn the columned temple of Fortune [1] by such a wonderful work, and to give splendid gifts to Constantinople, city of the golden shield, which made thee consul [2] and sees thee for the third time prefect.

698.—Anonymous

On the City of Mopsuestia

You look on this famous city of Mopsus,[3] which the seer once built, hanging its beauty over the river.

699.—Anonymous

On a Fountain called Olympias

From this fountain Alexander of Macedon drank splendid water, and said its streams were like his mother's milk. Hence he named it Olympias, as this stone testifies.

700.—SIMONIDES

Polygnotus of Thasos, the son of Aglaophon, painted the sack of the citadel of Troy.[4]

701.—Anonymous

On the Temple of Olympian Zeus at Athens

This house is worthy of Zeus. Not even Olympus would blame Zeus for descending here from heaven.

[3] A mythical seer who had an oracle here and elsewhere in Cilicia.

[4] On the Lesche of the Cnidians at Delphi.

702.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς τὸ αὐτό

Κεκροπίδαι Διὶ τόνδ' ἔθεσαν δόμον, ὡς ἀπ' Ὀλύμπου
νισσόμενος ποτὶ γᾶν, ἄλλον Ὄλυμπον ἔχοι.

703.—ΑΛΛΟ

Τεάρου ποταμοῦ κεφαλαὶ ὕδωρ ἄριστόν τε καὶ
κάλλιστον παρέχονται πάντων ποταμῶν· καὶ ἐπ'
αὐτὰς ἀπίκετο ἐλαύνων ἐπὶ Σκύθας στρατὸν ἀνὴρ
κάλλιστος καὶ ἄριστος πάντων ἀνθρώπων Δαρεῖος
ὁ Ὑστάσπεος, Περσέων τε καὶ πάσης τῆς ἠπείρου
βασιλεύς.

704.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τήκει καὶ πέτρην ὁ πολὺς χρόνος· ἀλλ' ἀρετάων
Ἀσκληπιοδότου τὸ κλέος ἀθάνατον,
ὅσσα καὶ οἷα πόρεν γέρα πατρίδι· τοῖς ἐπὶ πᾶσι
καὶ τόδε μετρείσθω κοῖλον ἔρεισμα θόλου.

705.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Δῶρον Τερμησσοῖο δικασπολίης χάριν ἁγνῆς·
Εὐσέβιος θεράπων θῆκε θεῷ τὸ γέρας.

706.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Δένδρεον ἱερόν εἰμι· παρερχόμενός με φυλάσσευ
πημαίνειν· ἀλγῶ, ξεῖνε, κολουομένη.

702.—Anonymous

On the Same

The Athenians set up this house to Zeus, so that, descending from Olympus to earth, he might find another Olympus.

703

An Extract from Herodotus (iv. 91)

The sources of the river Tearus supply the best and most beautiful water of any river, and to these came, leading his army against Sardis, the most beautiful and best of all men, Darius, son of Hystaspes, king of Persia and all the continent.

704.—Anonymous

On a Rotunda[1]

Long time wears out even stone, but immortal is the renown of the good deeds of Asclepiodotus in giving so many and such splendid gifts to his native place. Now in addition to them all should be reckoned this hollow structure with its dome.

705.—Anonymous

This gift, received from the city of Termessus[2] in recognition of his upright jurisdiction, Eusebius dedicates to the god whose servant he is.

706.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA (?)

I am a holy tree. Beware of injuring me as thou passest by, stranger, for I suffer pain if I am muti-

[1] At Aphrodisias in Caria. The stone has been found.
[2] In Lycia.

μέμνεο, παρθενίός μοι ἔπι φλόος, οὐχ ἅπερ ὠμαῖς
ἀχράσιν· αἰγείρων τίς γένος οὐκ ἐδάη;
εἰ δὲ περιδρύψῃς με παρατραπίην περ ἐοῦσαν,
δακρύσεις· μέλομαι καὶ ξύλον Ἠελίῳ.

707.—ΤΥΛΛΙΟΥ ΓΕΜΙΝΟΥ

Εἰμὶ μὲν ἐν ποταμοῖς, πελάγει δ' ἴσα μέτρα διώκω,
Στρυμών, Ἡμαθίης τὸ γλυκερὸν πέλαγος·
βένθος ὁμοῦ καὶ ἄρουρα δι' ὕδατος· ἦ γὰρ ἐγείρω
ὀμπνιακῶν χαρίτων ἡδύτερον τρίβολον.
ἔστι καὶ Ἡμαθίης γόνιμος βυθός· ἄμμι δέ, Νεῖλε,
κρείσσων ἔσθ' ὁ φέρων τὸν στάχυν, οὐχ ὁ τρέφων.

708.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ

Ἔζευξ' Ἑλλήσποντον ὁ βάρβαρος ἄφρονι τόλμῃ,
τοὺς δὲ τόσους καμάτους πάντας ἔλυσε χρόνος·
ἀλλὰ Δικαιάρχεια διηπείρωσε θάλασσαν,
καὶ βυθὸν εἰς χέρσου σχῆμα μετεπλάσατο·
λᾶα, βαθὺ στήριγμα, κατερρίζωσε πέλωρον,
χερσὶ Γιγαντείαις δ' ἔστασε νέρθεν ὕδωρ.
ἦν ἅλ' ἀεὶ πλώειν· διοδευομένη δ' ὑπὸ ναύταις
ἄστατος, εἰς πεζοὺς ὡμολόγησε μένειν.

709.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εὐρώταν ὡς ἄρτι διάβροχον ἔν τε ῥεέθροις
εἵλκυσ' ὁ τεχνίτης ἐν πυρὶ λουσάμενον·

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[1] The daughters of the Sun continued to weep for their brother Phaethon until turned into poplars.

[2] The inhabitants made a kind of sweet bread from the seeds of this plant (*trapa natans*); it is still used in some

lated. Remember that my bark is still virginal, not like that of savage wild pear-trees. Who does not know what the race of poplars is like? If thou dost bark me, as I stand here by the road, thou shalt weep for it. Though I am but wood, the Sun cares for me.[1]

707.—TULLIUS GEMINUS

I AM reckoned among rivers, but rival the sea in volume, Strymon, the fresh-water sea of Thrace. I am both a deep stream and a field yielding crops through my water, for water-chestnuts sweeter than the fruits of Demeter rise from me.[2] The depths, too, are productive in Thrace, and we deem, Nile, that the bearer of the crop is superior to its feeder.

708.—PHILIPPUS

THE barbarian bridged the Hellespont in his daring folly, but Time dissolved all that labour. Now Dicaearchia has made the sea a continent, and given the depths the form of dry land. She fixed firmly in the depths a vast supporting structure of stone, and with the hands of the Giants made the water beneath stand still. We could always sail over the sea, but insecure as it was for sailors who travelled on it, it has now promised to remain secure for foot-travellers.[3]

709.—BY THE SAME

On the Bronze Statue of the Eurotas by Eutychides

THE artist moulded Eurotas fresh from his bath of fire, as if still wet and immersed in his stream. For

places for the purpose, and has, in fact, been introduced as a food-plant into American rivers.

[3] *cp.* Book VII. 379, of which this is an imitation.

πᾶσι γὰρ ἐν κώλοις ὑδατούμενος ἀμφινένευκεν
ἐκ κορυφῆς ἐς ἄκρους ὑγροβατῶν ὄνυχας.
ἁ δὲ τέχνα ποταμῷ συνεπήρικεν· ἆ τίς ὁ πείσας
χαλκὸν κωμάζειν ὕδατος ὑγρότερον;

710.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἰς τὰς ἐν Μέμφει πυραμίδας

Ὅσσαν ἐπ' Οὐλύμπῳ καὶ Πήλιον ὑψωθέντα
ψευδὴς ἱστορίης ῥῆσις ἀνεπλάσατο·
Πυραμίδες δ' ἔτι νῦν Νειλωΐδες ἄκρα μέτωπα
κύρουσιν χρυσέοις ἀστράσι Πληϊάδων.

711.—ΖΗΝΟΒΙΟΥ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΚΟΥ

Αὐτὴν Γραμματικὴν ὁ ζωγράφος ἤθελε γράψαι·
Βίκτορα δὲ γράψας, "Τὸν σκοπόν," εἶπεν, "ἔχω."

712.—ΜΗΤΡΟΔΩΡΟΥ

Αὐτὸν Ἰωάννην ὁ γέρων ὅτ' ἐδέξατο θεσμός,
εἶπεν ἀνηβήσας· "Αὖθις ἔχω σε, Σόλων."

713.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς τὴν Μύρωνος βοῦν

Βοίδιόν εἰμι Μύρωνος, ἐπὶ στήλης δ' ἀνάκειμαι.
βουκόλε, κεντήσας εἰς ἀγέλην μ' ἄπαγε.

714.—ΑΛΛΟ

Τίπτε, Μύρων, μὲ τὸ βοίδιον ἐνταυθοῖ παρὰ βωμοῖς
ἔστασας; οὐκ ἐθέλεις εἰσαγέμεν μέγαρον;

all his limbs are pliant and liquid as water, and he moves flowingly from his head to the tips of his fingers and toes. Art vied with the river. Who was it that coaxed the bronze statue to riot along more liquidly than water?

710.—Anonymous

On the Pyramids in Memphis

Legend invented the false story of Ossa and Pelion mounted on Olympus. But even yet the Egyptian pyramids reach the golden Pleiads with their summits.

711.—ZENOBIUS THE GRAMMARIAN

The painter wished to depict Grammar herself, and having painted Victor, said: "I have attained my end."

712.—METRODORUS

When Law in her old age had been visited by Joannes, she said, rejuvenated: "Solon, I have you again with me."

713–742 *are all on Myron's celebrated Statue of a Heifer. It stood originally in the* Agora *at Athens, but was transferred to the Temple of Peace at Rome*

713.—Anonymous

I am Myron's little heifer, set up on a base. Goad me, herdsman, and drive me off to the herd.

714.—Anonymous

Why, Myron, didst thou set me here by the altars? Wilt thou not lead me into the house?

715.—ΑΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ

Βουκόλε, τὰν ἀγέλαν πόρρω νέμε, μὴ τὸ Μύρωνος
βοίδιον ὡς ἔμπνουν βουσὶ συνεξελάσῃς.

716.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Βοίδιον οὐ χοάνοις τετυπωμένον, ἀλλ' ὑπὸ γήρως
χαλκωθὲν σφετέρῃ ψεύσατο χειρὶ Μύρων.

717.—ΕΤΗΝΟΥ

Ἦ τὸ δέρας χάλκειον ὅλον βοὶ τᾷδ' ἐπίκειται
ἔκτοθεν, ἢ ψυχὴν ἔνδον ὁ χαλκὸς ἔχει.

718.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Αὐτὸς ἐρεῖ τάχα τοῦτο Μύρων· "Οὐκ ἔπλασα ταύταν
τὰν δάμαλιν, ταύτας δ' εἰκόν' ἀνεπλασάμην."

719.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ

Οὐκ ἔπλασέν με Μύρων, ἐψεύσατο· βοσκομέναν δὲ
ἐξ ἀγέλας ἐλάσας, δῆσε βάσει λιθίνῳ.

720.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ

Εἰ μή μου ποτὶ τᾷδε Μύρων πόδας ἥρμοσε πέτρᾳ,
ἄλλαις ἂν νεμόμαν βουσὶν ὁμοῦ δάμαλις.

721.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μόσχε, τί μοι λαγόνεσσι προσέρχεαι; τίπτε δὲ μυκᾷ;
ἁ τέχνα μαζοῖς οὐκ ἐνέθηκε γάλα.

715.—ANACREON (?)

Herdsman, pasture thy herd far from here, lest taking Myron's heifer to be alive thou drive it off with the rest.

716.—By the Same

Myron pretended this heifer to be the work of his hands, but it was never formed in the mould, but turned into bronze owing to old age.

717.—EVENUS

Either a complete hide of bronze clothes here a real cow, or the bronze has a soul inside it.

718.—By the Same

Perhaps Myron himself will say this: "I did not mould this heifer, but its image.

719.—LEONIDAS

Myron did not mould me; he lied; but driving me from the herd where I was feeding, he fixed me to a stone base.

720.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

If Myron had not fixed my feet to this stone I would have gone to pasture with the other cows.

721.—By the Same

Calf, why dost thou approach my flanks, and why dost thou low? The artist put no milk in my udder.

721A.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἡ βοῦς ἐξ ἀρότου νέον ἤλυθε, καὶ διὰ τοῦτο
οἰκεῖ, κοὐκ ἐθέλει βῆμ' ἐπίπροσθεν ἄγειν.

722.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Τὰν δάμαλιν, βουφορβέ, παρέρχεο, μηδ' ἀπάνευθε
συρίσδῃς· μαστῷ πόρτιν ἀπεκδέχεται.

723.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἁ μόλιβος κατέχει με καὶ ἁ λίθος· εἵνεκα δ' ἂν σεῦ,
πλάστα Μύρων, λωτὸν καὶ θρύον ἐδρεπόμαν.

724.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἁ δάμαλις, δοκέω, μυκήσεται· ἦ ῥ' ὁ Προμηθεὺς
οὐχὶ μόνος, πλάττεις ἔμπνοα καὶ σὺ Μύρων.

725.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Βοῦν ἰδίαν ποτὲ βουσὶ Μύρων μιχθεῖσαν ἐζήτει·
εὗρε μόλις δ' αὐτήν, τὰς βόας ἐξελάσας.

726.—ΑΛΛΟ

Α βοῦς ἁ τίκτουσ' ἀπὸ γαστέρος ἔπλασε τὰν βοῦν·
ἁ δὲ Μύρωνος χεὶρ οὐ πλάσεν, ἀλλ' ἔτεκεν.

727.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Καὶ χαλκῆ περ ἐοῦσα λάλησεν ἂν ἁ κεραὴ βοῦς,
εἴ οἱ σπλάγχνα Μύρων ἔνδον ἐτεχνάσατο.

721A.—Anonymous

The cow has just returned from ploughing, and owing to that is lazy and will not advance.

722.—ANTIPATER

Pass by the heifer, cowherd, and whistle not to her from afar. She is expecting her calf to suckle it.

723.—By the Same

The lead and stone hold me fast, but, otherwise, thanks to thee, sculptor Myron, I would be nibbling lotus and rushes.

724.—By the Same

I think the heifer will low. Of a truth it is not Prometheus alone who moulds living creatures, but thou too, Myron.

725.—Anonymous

Myron was looking for his own cow among the others, and found it with difficulty by driving the rest away.

726.—Anonymous

The cow, its mother, moulded this heifer giving birth to it, but the hand of Myron did not mould it, but gave birth to it.

727.—Anonymous

The horned cow would have spoken, though made of bronze, if Myron had worked entrails inside it.

728.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Α δάμαλις, δοκέω, μυκήσεται· ἢν δὲ βραδύνῃ,
χαλκὸς ὁ μὴ νοέων αἴτιος, οὐχὶ Μύρων.

729.—ΑΛΛΟ

Πηκτόν μοί τις ἄροτρον ἐπ' αὐχένι καὶ ζυγὰ θέσθω·
εἵνεκα γὰρ τέχνας σεῖο, Μύρων, ἀρόσω.

730.—ΔΗΜΗΤΡΙΟΥ ΒΙΘΥΝΟΥ

Ἤν μ' ἐσίδῃ μόσχος, μυκήσεται· ἢν δέ γε ταῦρος,
βήσεται· ἢν δὲ νομεύς, εἰς ἀγέλαν ἐλάσει.

731.—ΑΛΛΟ

Ὧδε Μύρων μ' ἔστησε τὸ βοίδιον· οἱ δὲ νομῆες
βάλλουσίν με λίθοις, ὡς ἀπολειπόμενον.

732.—ΜΑΡΚΟΥ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΥ

Βουκόλον ἢν ἐσίδῃς τὸν ἐμόν, ξένε, τοῦτ' ἔπος αὐτῷ
εἶπον, ὅθ' ὁ πλάστης ὧδέ μ' ἔδησε Μύρων.

733.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τὰν βοῦν τάνδε Μύρων, ξεῖν', ἔπλασεν, ἂν ὅδε μόσχος
ὡς ζῶσαν σαίνει, ματέρα δερκόμενος.

734.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΥ

Ταῦρε, μάτην ἐπὶ μόσχον ἐπείγεαι· ἔστι γὰρ ἄπνους·
ἀλλά σ' ὁ βουπλάστας ἐξαπάτησε Μύρων.

728.—ANTIPATER

The heifer, I think, will low, and if it delays it is the fault of the senseless bronze, not Myron's.

729.—Anonymous

Let someone attach me to the solid plough and put a yoke on my neck, for as far as depends on thy art, Myron, I will plough.

730.—DEMETRIUS OF BITHYNIA

If a calf sees me, it will low; a bull will mount me, and the herdsman drive me to the herd.

731.—Anonymous

Myron placed me, the heifer, here, but the herdsmen throw stones at me thinking I have strayed.

732.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

Stranger, if thou seest my herdsman, give him this message, that the sculptor Myron tied me up here.

733.—Anonymous

Stranger, it was Myron who moulded this cow, on which this calf fawns as if it were alive, taking it for its mother.

734.—DIOSCORIDES

In vain, bull, thou rushest up to this heifer, for it is lifeless. The sculptor of cows, Myron, deceived thee.

735.—ΑΛΛΟ

Σεῖο, Μύρων, δαμάλει παρακάθαμε μόσχος ἀλαθείς,
καὶ γάλα πιστεύων χαλκὸν ἔσωθεν ἔχειν.

736.—ΑΛΛΟ

Φεῦ σὺ Μύρων, πλάσσας οὐκ ἔφθασας· ἀλλὰ σὲ χαλκός,
πρὶν ψυχὴν βαλέειν, ἔφθασε πηγνύμενος.

737.—ΑΛΛΟ

Χαλκείαν τύπτεις δάμαλιν· μέγα σ' ἤπαφε τέχνα,
βουκόλε· τὰν ψυχὰν οὐ προσέθηκε Μύρων.

738.—ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΠΟ ΥΠΑΡΧΩΝ ΑΙΓΥΠΤΙΟΥ

Ἐν βοὶ τᾷδ' ἐμάχοντο Φύσις καὶ πότνια Τέχνα·
ἀμφοτέραις δὲ Μύρων ἶσον ὄπασσε γέρας·
δερκομένοις μὲν γὰρ Φύσιος κράτος ἥρπασε Τέχνα·
αὐτὰρ ἐφαπτομένοις ἡ Φύσις ἐστὶ φύσις.

739.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἤπαφε καὶ σὲ μύωπα Μύρων, ὅτι κέντρον ἐρείδεις
πλευραῖς χαλκοχύτοις ἀντιτύποιο βοός.
οὐ νέμεσις δὲ μύωπι· τί γὰρ τόσον; εἴ γε καὶ αὐτοὺς
ὀφθαλμοὺς νομέων ἠπερόπευσε Μύρων.

740.—ΓΕΜΙΝΟΥ

Ἡ βάσις ἡ κατέχουσα τὸ βοίδιον, ᾗ πεπέδηται·
ἢν δ' ἀφεθῇ ταύτης, φεύξεται εἰς ἀγέλην.

735.—Anonymous

A calf died beside thy heifer, Myron, deceived into thinking that the bronze had milk inside.

736.—Anonymous

Alack! Myron, thou didst not have time to complete thy casting, but the bronze hardened before thou couldst put life into it.

737.—Anonymous

Thou strikest the bronze heifer. Art deceived thee much, herdsman: Myron did not add life.

738.—JULIAN, PREFECT OF EGYPT

Nature and Queen Art strove in the matter of this cow, and Myron gave to each a prize of equal value. When one looks at it Art robs nature of her superiority, but when one touches it Nature is nature.

739.—By the Same

Myron deceived thee too, gadfly, that thou plungest thy sting into the hard flanks of the bronze cow. But the gadfly is excusable. What wonder! when Myron deceived even the eyes of the herdsmen.

740.—GEMINUS

It is the base to which it is attached that keeps back the heifer, and if freed from this it will run off

μυκᾶται γὰρ ὁ χαλκός· ἴδ' ὡς ἔμπνουν ὁ τεχνίτας
θήκατο· κἂν ζεύξῃς ἄλλον, ἴσως ἀρόσει.

741.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Χάλκεος ἦς, ἐπὶ σοὶ δὲ γεωτόμος εἵλκεν ἄροτρον
καὶ ζυγόδεσμα φέρων, ψευδομένα δάμαλι.
ἀλλὰ Μύρων τέχνᾳ πανυπείροχος, ὅς σε δι' ἔργων
ἔμπνουν, ὡς τινα βοῦν ἐργάτιν εἰργάσατο.

742. <ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ>

Ἄπαιρέ μου τένοντος, ὦ γεωπόνε,
λέπαδνα, καὶ σίδαρον αὐλακεργάταν·
χαλκὸν γὰρ ἀμῶν οὐκ ἐσάρκωσεν Μύρων,
τέχνα δὲ ζωπόνησεν ὄψιν ἔμπνοον,
ὡς πολλάκις με κἀπομυκᾶσθαι θέλειν· ε
εἰς ἔργα δ' οὐκ εἴασε, προσδήσας βάσει.

743.—ΘΕΟΔΩΡΙΔΑ

Θεσσαλαὶ αἱ βόες αἵδε· παρὰ προθύροισι δ' Ἀθάνας
ἑστᾶσιν, καλὸν δῶρον, Ἰτωνιάδος·
πᾶσαι χάλκειαι, δυοκαίδεκα, Φράδμονος ἔργον,
καὶ πᾶσαι γυμνῶν σκῦλον ἀπ' Ἰλλυριῶν.

744.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ

Ὠγινόμοι Σώσων καὶ Σίμαλος, οἱ πολύαιγοι,
οἷα βαθυσχίνων, ὦ ξένε, †παρολκίδαν
Ἑρμᾷ τυρευτῆρι καὶ εὔγλαγι τὸν χιμάραρχον
χάλκεον εὐπώγων' ὧδ' ἀνέθεντο τράγον.

to the herd. For the bronze lows. See how much alive the artist made it. If you yoke a fellow to it, perhaps it will plough.

741.—Anonymous

Thou wast bronze, deceptive heifer, and the husbandman came up to thee dragging a plough and carrying a yoke. He far excels all other artists, Myron, who by his labour made thee alive, just like a labouring cow.

742.—PHILIPPUS

Take off from my neck, husbandman, the collar, and free me from the iron furrow-cutter; for Myron did not make my bronze into flesh, but his art gave me the aspect of being alive, so that often I even wished to low. He did not, however, let me go to work, but tied me to a base.

743.—THEODORIDAS

These cows are Thessalian, and by the gates of Itonian Athena [1] they stand, a beautiful gift, all of bronze, twelve in number, the work of Phradmon, all wrought from the spoil of the naked Illyrians.

744.—LEONIDAS

The goatherds Soson and Simalus, rich in goats, stranger, seeing that they come from . . . dense with lentisces, dedicated here to Hermes, the giver of cheeses and milk, this brazen, bearded goat, the lord of the flock.

[1] Her temple was between Pherae and Larissa in Thessaly. *cp.* Book VI. 130.

745.—ΑΝΥΤΗΣ

Θάεο τὸν Βρομίου κεραὸν τράγον, ὡς ἀγερώχως
ὄμμα κατὰ λασιᾶν γαῦρον ἔχει γενύων,
κυδιόων ὅτι οἱ θάμ' ἐν οὔρεσιν ἀμφὶ παρῆδα
βόστρυχον εἰς ῥοδέαν Ναὶς ἔδεκτο χέρα.

746.—ΠΟΛΕΜΩΝΟΣ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΩΣ

Εἰς δακτύλιον

Ἑπτὰ βοῶν σφραγῖδα βραχὺς λίθος εἶχεν ἴασπις,
ὡς μίαν, ὡς πάσας ἔμπνοα δερκομένας.
καὶ τάχα κἂν †ἀπέρεψε τὰ βοίδια· νῦν δὲ κέκλειται
τῇ χρυσῇ μάνδρᾳ τὸ βραχὺ βουκόλιον.

747.—ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Εἰκόνα πέντε βοῶν μικρὰ λίθος εἶχεν ἴασπις,
ὡς ἤδη πάσας ἔμπνοα βοσκομένας.
καὶ τάχα κἂν ἀπέφευγε τὰ βοίδια· νῦν δὲ κρατεῖται
τῇ χρυσῇ μάνδρῃ τὸ βραχὺ βουκόλιον.

748.—ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ ΝΕΩΤΕΡΟΥ

Εἰς Διόνυσον γεγλυμμένον ἐν ἀμεθύστῳ

Ἡ λίθος ἔστ' ἀμέθυστος, ἐγὼ δ' ὁ πότης Διόνυσος·
ἢ νήφειν πείσῃ μ', ἢ μαθέτω μεθύειν.

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[1] If not corrupt, it must mean that they were represented one standing behind the other, only the heads of six showing.

745.—ANYTE

Look on the horned goat of Bacchus, how haughtily with saucy eye he looks down on his flowing beard, exulting that often in the mountains the Naiad, caressing his cheeks, took those locks in her rosy hand.

746.—KING POLEMO

On a Ring

This little jasper stone has a seal of seven cows looking like one,[1] and all looking at us as if alive. Perhaps the cows would have run away, but now the little herd is confined in the golden pen.

747.—PLATO

The little jasper stone is carved with five cows all looking alive as they feed. Perhaps they would run away, but now the little herd is confined in the golden pen.

748.—PLATO THE YOUNGER

On Dionysus carved on an Amethyst

The stone is amethyst,[2] but I am the toper Dionysus. Either let it teach me to be sober, or learn itself to get drunk.

[2] *i.e.* "against drunkenness."

749.—ΟΙΝΟΜΑΟΥ

Εἰς Ἔρωτα ἐν καυκίῳ γεγλυμμένον

Ἐν κυάθῳ τὸν Ἔρωτα τίνος χάριν; ἀρκετὸν οἴνῳ
αἴθεσθαι κραδίην· μὴ πυρὶ πῦρ ἔπαγε.

750.—ΑΡΧΙΟΥ

Εἰς βόας ἐν δακτυλίῳ

Τὰς βοῦς καὶ τὸν ἴασπιν ἰδὼν περὶ χειρὶ δοκήσεις
τὰς μὲν ἀναπνείειν, τὸν δὲ χλοηκομέειν.

751.—ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ ΝΕΩΤΕΡΟΥ

Ἁ σφραγὶς ὑάκινθος· Ἀπόλλων δ' ἐστὶν ἐν αὐτῇ
καὶ Δάφνη· ποτέρου μᾶλλον ὁ Λητοΐδας;

752.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ, τινὲς δὲ ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Εἰμὶ Μέθη τὸ γλύμμα σοφῆς χερος, ἐν δ' ἀμεθύστῳ
γέγλυμμαι· τέχνης δ' ἡ λίθος ἀλλοτρίη.
ἀλλὰ Κλεοπάτρης ἱερὸν κτέαρ· ἐν γὰρ ἀνάσσης
χειρὶ θεὸν νήφειν καὶ μεθύουσαν ἔδει.

753.—ΚΛΑΥΔΙΑΝΟΥ

Εἰς κρύσταλλον ἔνδον ὕδωρ ἔχουσαν

Χιονέη κρύσταλλος ὑπ' ἀνέρος ἀσκηθεῖσα
δεῖξεν ἀκηρασίοιο παναίολον εἰκόνα κόσμου,
οὐρανὸν ἀγκὰς ἔχοντα βαρύκτυπον ἔνδοθι πόντον.

749.—OENOMAUS

On Love carved on a Bowl

Why Love on the bowl? It is enough for the heart to be set on fire by wine. Add not fire to fire.

750.—ARCHIAS

On Cows carved on a Ring

Looking at the cows and the jasper on my hand, you will fancy that the cows breathe and the jasper puts forth grass.

751.—PLATO THE YOUNGER

The stone is Hyacinthus,[1] and on it are Apollo and Daphne. Of which was Apollo rather the lover?

752.—ASCLEPIADES or ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

I am Drunkenness, the work of a skilled hand, but I am carved on the sober stone amethyst. The stone is foreign to the work. But I am the sacred possession of Cleopatra: on the queen's hand even the drunken goddess should be sober.

753.—CLAUDIANUS

On a Crystal enclosing Water

The snow-white crystal, fashioned by the hand of man, showed the variegated image of the perfect universe, the heaven,[2] clasping within it the deep-voiced sea.

[1] Jacinth. [2] Because it was spherical.

754.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

α. Εἶπ' ἄγε μοι, κρύσταλλε, λίθῳ πεπυκασμένον ὕδωρ,
τίς πῆξεν; β. Βορέης. α. Ἢ τίς ἔλυσε; β. Νότος.

755.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἰς Σκύλλαν χαλκῆν

Εἰ μὴ χαλκὸς ἔλαμπεν, ἐμάννε δ' ἔργον ἄνακτος
ἔμμεναι Ἡφαίστου δαιδαλέοιο τέχνας,
αὐτὴν ἄν τις Σκύλλαν ὀΐσσατο τηλόθι λεύσσων
ἑστάμεν, ἐκ πόντου γαῖαν ἀμειψαμέναν·
τόσσον ἐπισσείει, τόσσον κότον ἀντία φαίνει,
οἷον ἀπὸ πελάγεις συγκλονέουσα νέας.

756.—ΑΙΜΙΛΙΑΝΟΥ

Τέχνας εἵνεκα σεῖο καὶ ἁ λίθος οἶδε βρυάζειν,
Πραξίτελες· λῦσον, καὶ πάλι κωμάσομαι.
νῦν δ' ἡμῖν οὐ γῆρας ἔτ' ἀδρανές, ἀλλ' ὁ πεδητὰς
Σειληνοῖς κώμων βάσκανός ἐστι λίθος.

757.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ

Ἰφίων τόδ' ἔγραψε Κορίνθιος. οὐκ ἔνι μῶμος
χερσίν, ἐπεὶ δόξας ἔργα πολὺ προφέρει.

758.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Κίμων ἔγραψε τὴν θύραν τὴν δεξιάν·
τὴν δ' ἐξιόντων δεξιὰν Διονύσιος.

754.—By the Same

A. Tell me, ice, water frozen into stone, who froze thee. *B.* Boreas. *A.* And who melted thee? *B.* The South wind.

755.—Anonymous

On Scylla in Bronze[1]

Unless the bronze glistened and betrayed the work to be a product of Hephaestus' cunning art, one looking from afar would think that Scylla herself stood here, transferred from sea to land, so threatening is her gesture, such wrath does she exhibit, as if dashing ships to pieces in the sea!

756.—AEMILIANUS

(*A Silenus speaks*)

As far as it depends on thy art, Praxiteles, the stone could wax wanton. Let me loose and I will join in the revel again. It is not that my old age is feeble, but the fettering stone grudges the Sileni their sport.

757.—SIMONIDES

Iphion of Corinth painted this. There is no fault in his hand, since the achievement far excels the expectation.

758.—By the Same

Cimon painted the door on the right, and Dionysius that on the right as you go out.

[1] Probably in the Hippodrome at Constantinople.

759.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἷς λίθος, ἅρμ', ἐλατήρ, ἵπποι, ζυγόν, ἡνία, μάστιξ.

760.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἷς λίθος, ἅρμ', ἐλατήρ, πῶλοι, ζυγός, ἡνία, Νίκη.

761.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς βότρυν ἐκ χρωμάτων

Μικροῦ κατέσχον τὸν βότρυν τοῖς δακτύλοις,
ὑπεραπατηθεὶς τῇ θέᾳ τῶν χρωμάτων.

762.—ΑΒΛΑΒΙΟΥ ΙΛΛΟΥΣΤΡΙΟΥ

Εἰς δίσκον Ἀσκληπιάδου

Ἥφαιστός μ' ἐτέλεσσε καμὼν χρόνον· ἀλλὰ Κυθείρη
ἀνδρὸς ἑοῦ θαλάμων εἵλετο λαθριδίως,
Ἀγχίσῃ δ' ἔπορεν κρυφίης μνημήϊον εὐνῆς·
καί μ' Ἀσκληπιάδης εὗρε παρ' Αἰνεάδαις.

763.—ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΠΟ ΥΠΑΡΧΩΝ ΑΙΓΥΠΤΙΟΥ

Εἰς ἀρχοντικὸν πέλεκυν

Ἦν μὲν ἁλιτραίνῃς, πέλεκυν βλεφάροισι δοκεύεις·
ἢν δὲ σαοφρονέῃς, ἄργυρός εἰμι μόνον.

759.—Anonymous

Of one stone are chariot, charioteer, horses, yoke, reins, whip.

760.—Anonymous

Of one stone are chariot, charioteer, horses, yoke, reins, and Victory.

761.—Anonymous

On a Painting of a Bunch of Grapes

I was almost grasping the cluster in my fingers, more than deceived by the sight of the colours.

762.—ABLABIUS ILLUSTRIUS

On the Quoit of Asclepiades

Hephaestus wrought me with long labour, but Cytherea took me secretly from her husband's chamber and gave me to Anchises as a souvenir of their stolen intercourse. Asclepiades found me among the descendants of Aeneas.[1]

763.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

On a Magistrate's Axe

If thou art guilty of crime, thy eyes see here an axe, but if thou art innocent, I am only silver to thee.

[1] *i.e.* the Romans. Who Asclepiades was we do not know. It looks as if he were an exceptionally lucky collector of antiquities.

764.—ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ

Εἰς κωνωπεῶνα

Οὐ βριαρόν τινα θῆρα, καὶ οὔ τινα πόντιον ἰχθύν,
οὐ πτερὸν ἀγρεύω πλέγμασιν ἡμετέροις,
ἀλλὰ βροτοὺς ἐθέλοντας· ἀλεξήτειρα δὲ τέχνη
ἀνέρα μυιάων κέντρον ἀλευόμενον
ἐκ θαλίης ἀβρῶτα μεσημβριάοντα φυλάσσει,
οὐδὲν ἀφαυροτέρη τείχεος ἀστυόχου.
ὕπνου δ' ἀστυφέλικτον ἄγω χάριν· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοὺς
δμῶας μυιοσόβου ῥύομαι ἀτμενίης.

765.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰς τὸ αὐτό

Καλλιγάμοις λέκτροις περικίδναμαι· εἰμὶ δὲ κεδνῆς
δίκτυον οὐ Φοίβης, ἀλλ' ἀπαλῆς Παφίης.
ἀνέρα δ' ὑπνώοντα μίτῳ πολύωπι καλύπτω,
ζωοφόρων ἀνέμων οὐδὲν ἀτεμβόμενον.

766.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Εἰς τὸ αὐτό

Πλέγμασι μὲν σκοπός ἐστι περισφίγξαι πετεηνῶν
ἔθνεα καὶ ταχινοὺς ἔνδοθεν ὀρταλίχους·
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ σεύειν ἐπιτέρπομαι, οὐδὲ καλύπτω
ἔνδοθεν, ἀλλ' εἴργω μᾶλλον ἐπειγομένους.
οὐδὲ μέ τις λήσειε, καὶ εἰ βραχὺς ἔπλετο, κώνωψ
ἡμετέρης διαδὺς πλέγμα λινοστασίης.
ὄρνεά που σώζω· μερόπεσσι δὲ λέκτρα φυλάσσω.
ἦ ῥά τις ἡμείων ἐστὶ δικαιότερος;

764.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

On a Mosquito Net

No powerful beast, or fish of the sea, or bird do I catch in my meshes, but men willing to be caught. My defensive art, in no wise inferior to a city's wall, keeps a man who would avoid the sting of flies uneaten as he takes his siesta after the midday meal. I bring him the gift of undisturbed slumber, and save the slaves themselves from their service of chasing the flies away.

765.—By the Same

On the Same

I am hung round wealthy bridal beds and am the net, not of the huntress Artemis, but of the tender Queen of Paphos. I cover the sleeper with a many-meshed web, so that he in no way loses the life-giving breeze.

766.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

On the Same

It is the office of nets to surround the winged tribes and enclose their quick brood; but I take pleasure in chasing them away and do not cover them round, but rather keep them off when they attack. Not a single mosquito, however small, will manage to get through the fabric of my net. One may say that I save from death the winged creatures while I guard the beds of men. Can anyone be more righteous than I am?

767.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰς τάβλαν

Ἐξόμενος μὲν τῇδε παρ' εὐλάϊγγι τραπέζῃ
παίγνια κινήσεις τερπνὰ βολοκτυπίης.
μήτε δὲ νικήσας μεγαλίζεο, μήτ' ἀπολειφθεὶς
ἄχνυσο, τὴν ὀλίγην μεμφόμενος βολίδα.
καὶ γὰρ ἐπὶ σμικροῖσι νόος διαφαίνεται ἀνδρός,
καὶ κύβος ἀγγέλλει βένθος ἐχεφροσύνης.

768.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰς τὸ αὐτό

Παίγνια μὲν τάδε πάντα· Τύχης δ' ἑτερότροπος ὁρμὴ
ταῖς ἀλόγοις ταύταις ἐμφέρεται βολίσιν·
καὶ βροτέου βιότου σφαλερὸν μίμημα νοήσεις,
νῦν μὲν ὑπερβάλλων, νῦν δ' ἀπολειπόμενος.
αἰνέομεν δὴ κεῖνον, ὃς ἐν βιότῳ τε κύβῳ τε
χάρματι καὶ λύπῃ μέτρον ἐφηρμόσατο.

769.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰς τὸ αὐτό

Τοῖς μὲν πρηϋνόοις τάδε παίγνια, τοῖς δ' ἀκολάστοις
λύσσα καὶ ἀμπλακίη καὶ πόνος αὐτόματος.
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὴ λέξῃς τι θεημάχον ὕστατος ἔρπων,
μηδ' ἀναροιβδήσῃς ῥινοβόλῳ πατάγῳ.
δεῖ γὰρ μήτε πονεῖν ἐν ἀθύρμασι, μήτε τι παίζειν
ἐν σπουδῇ· καιρῷ δ' ἴσθι νέμειν τὸ πρέπον.

767.—By the Same

On a Draught-board

Seated by this table made of pretty stones, you will start the pleasant game of dice-rattling. Neither be elated when you win, nor put out when you are beaten, blaming the little die. For even in small things the character of a man is revealed, and the dice proclaim the depth of his good sense.

768.—By the Same

On the Same

These things are all play. The shifting current of Fortune is pictured in these unreasoning dice, and, now a winner, now a loser, you will perceive in them the unstable image of mortal life. We praise him who in life and in play imposes a limit on his joy and grief.

769.—By the Same

On the Same

To men of gentle disposition this is play, but to those lacking in self-restraint it is madness and wandering of the wits and self-imposed pain. If you come in last, speak no word of offence to God, nor boil over and snort loudly. One should neither give oneself trouble in a matter of play, nor play in serious matters. Learn to allot to the hour what befits it.

770.—ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ

Εἰς ποτήριον οἰκείας θυγατρὸς παρθένου

Χεῖλος Ἀνικήτεια τὸ χρύσεον εἰς ἐμὲ τέγγει·
ἀλλὰ παρασχοίμην καὶ πόμα νυμφίδιον.

771.—ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΠΟ ΥΠΑΡΧΩΝ

Εἰς φιάλην ἔχουσαν κινουμένους ἰχθύας

Ὄντως Βάκχον ἔδεκτο Θέτις· νῦν μῦθος Ὁμήρου,
ὀψὲ μέν, ἀλλ' εὗρεν πίστιν ἐτητυμίης.

772.—ΦΩΚΑ ΔΙΑΚΟΝΟΥ

Εἰς φιάλην ἐν ᾗ συνάγονται τὰ περιττά

Οἰνοχόῳ φίλον εἰμὶ μόνῳ δέπας, οὕνεκεν αὐτῷ
Βάκχον ἀολλίζω τὸν περιλειπόμενον.

773.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Χαλκοτύπος τὸν Ἔρωτα μεταλλάξας ἐπόησε
τήγανον, οὐκ ἀλόγως, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸ φλέγει.

774.—ΓΛΑΥΚΟΥ ΑΘΗΝΑΙΟΥ

Ἃ Βάκχα Παρία μέν, ἐνεψύχωσε δ' ὁ γλύπτας
τὸν λίθον· ἀνθρώσκει δ' ὡς βρομιαζομένα.
ὦ Σκόπα, ἃ θεοποιὸς <ἄπιστον> ἐμήσατο τέχνα
θαῦμα, χιμαιροφόνον Θυιάδα μαινομέναν.

770.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

On a Cup belonging to his own Unmarried Daughter

Anicetia moistens her golden lips in me, and may I give her the bridal draught too.

771.—JULIAN, PREFECT OF EGYPT

On a Cup on which Swimming Fish were chased or painted

Thetis[1] really received Bacchus: at length the truth of Homer's story[2] is confirmed.

772.—PHOCAS THE DEACON

On a Cup in which the Leavings are collected

I am dear to the cup-bearer alone, because I collect for him the wine that is left.

773.—PALLADAS

The smith transformed Love into a frying-pan, and not unreasonably, as it also burns.

774.—GLAUCUS OF ATHENS

The Bacchante is of Parian marble, but the sculptor gave life to the stone, and she springs up as if in Bacchic fury. Scopas, thy god-creating art has produced a great marvel, a Thyad, the frenzied slayer of goats.

[1] *i.e.* the sea. [2] Hom. *Il.* vi. 136.

775.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἡ Βάκχη Κρονίδην Σάτυρον θετο· εἰς δὲ χορείαν
θρώσκει μαινομένων ὡς βρομιαζόμενος.

776.—ΔΙΟΔΩΡΟΥ

Ζεύξιδος ἡ χροιή τε καὶ ἡ χάρις· ἐν δέ με μικρῇ
κρυστάλλῳ τὸ καλὸν δαίδαλον Ἀρσινόῃ
γράψας τοῦτ' ἔπορεν Σατυρήϊος. εἰμὶ δ' ἀνάσσης
εἰκών, καὶ μεγάλης λείπομαι οὐδ' ὀλίγον.

777.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ

Ἶδ' ὡς ὁ πῶλος χαλκοδαιδάλῳ τέχνᾳ
κορωνιῶν ἕστηκε· δριμὺ γὰρ βλέπων
ὑψαυχενίζει, καὶ διηνεμωμένας
κορυφῆς ἐθείρας οὐρίωκεν ἐς δρόμον.
δοκέω, χαλινοὺς εἴ τις ἡνιοστρόφος
ἐναρμόσῃ γένυσσι κἀπικεντρίσῃ,
ὁ σὸς πόνος, Λύσιππε, καὶ παρ' ἐλπίδας
τάχ' ἐκδραμεῖται· τῇ τέχνᾳ γὰρ ἐμπνέει.

778.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Γαῖαν τὴν φερέκαρπον ὅσην ἔζωσε περίχθων
ὠκεανὸς μεγάλῳ Καίσαρι πειθομένην,
καὶ γλαυκὴν με θάλασσαν ἀπηκριβώσατο Καρπὼ
κερκίσιν ἱστοπόνοις πάντ' ἀπομαξαμένη·
Καίσαρι δ' †ἀκείνου χάρις ἤλθομεν· ἦν γὰρ ἀνάσσης
δῶρα φέρειν τὰ θεοῖς καὶ πρὶν ὀφειλόμενα.

[1] Zeus disguised himself as a Satyr in order to possess Antiope at the Bacchic revels.

775.—By the Same

The Bacchante has made the son of Cronos a Satyr, and he rushes to the frenzied dance as if he were in Bacchic fury.[1]

776.—DIODORUS

The colour and the beauty is worthy of Zeuxis; but Satyreius painted me on a little crystal and gave the pretty miniature to Arsinoe. I am the queen's own image, and no whit inferior to a large picture.

777.—PHILIPPUS

Look how proudly the art of the worker in bronze makes this horse stand. Fierce is his glance as he arches his neck and shakes out his wind-tossed mane for the course. I believe that if a charioteer were to fit the bit to his jaws and prick him with the spur, thy work, Lysippus, would surprise us by running away; for Art makes it breathe.

778.—By the Same

On a Tapestry

In me Carpo, imitating all by her shuttle's labour at the loom, depicted accurately all the fruitful land, encompassed by Ocean, that obeys great Caesar, and the blue sea as well. I come to Caesar as a present . . . ., for it was the queen's duty to offer the gift long due to the gods.[2]

[2] *i.e.* to the emperors. The corrupt word in l. 5 (or possibly *καρπὸς* in l. 3, where *καρπὼ* is a conjecture) conceals the clue to the identity of the queen. She was probably Oriental.

779.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἰς βάσιν τοῦ ὡρολογίου τοῦ εἰς τὴν ἁψῖδα τὴν κειμένην εἰς τὴν βασιλικήν

Δῶρον Ἰουστίνοιο τυραννοφόνου βασιλῆος
καὶ Σοφίης ἁλόχου, φέγγος ἐλευθερίης,
ὡράων σκοπίαζε σοφὸν σημάντορα χαλκὸν
αὐτῆς ἐκ μονάδος μέχρι δυωδεκάδος,
ὄντινα συληθέντα Δίκης θρόνον ἡνιοχεύων
εὗρεν Ἰουλιανὸς χερσὶν ἀδωροδόκοις.

780.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἰς ὡρολόγιον

Ὠρανὸν ἃ χωροῖσα σοφὰ λίθος, ἃ διὰ τυτθοῦ
γνώμονος ἀελίῳ παντὶ μερισδομένα.

781.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς κάγκελον οἰκίας

Ἥν κλείσῃς μ', ἀνέωγα· καὶ ἢν οἴξῃς μ' ἐπικλείσεις.[1]
τοῖος ἐὼν τηρεῖν σὸν δόμον οὐ δύναμαι.

[1] I write μ' ἐπικλείσεις for με κλείσεις με.

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[1] *i.e.* "the Sun," but the phrase is obscure. I suppose it means "Sun, who now shinest on a free state," and refers to the same matter as the epithet "tyrannicide."

[2] Justin II. The title "tyrannicide" refers to the suppression of some real or fancied usurper.

779.—Anonymous

On the Base of the Sun-dial in the Arch of the Basilica

Look, Light of Freedom,[1] on this gift of our emperor Justin,[2] the tyrannicide, and his wife Sophia, this skilled bronze indicator of the hours from one to twelve. It had been stolen, and Julianus the Praetorian Prefect recovered it with incorruptible hands.

780.—Anonymous

On a Sun-dial

This is the learned stone which contains all the heavens, and which a little regulator adapts to every position of the sun.[3]

781.—Anonymous

On the Lattice of a House

If you shut me I am open, and if you open me you will shut me. Being such, I cannot guard your house.[4]

[3] It was so regulated that it was adapted to every day in the year, each day—from sunrise to sunset—containing twelve hours. What was the mechanism ?

[4] A very silly epigram. The lattice, having holes in it, is open when shut and shut when open, as the light no longer comes through it.

782.—ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ

Εἰς ὡρολόγιον

Ἐνθάδε μιστύλλουσι δρόμον Φαεθοντίδος αἴγλης
ἀνέρες ὡράων ἀμφὶ δυωδεκάδι·
ὕδασι δ' ἠελίοιο ταλαντεύουσι κελεύθους,
ἐς πόλον ἐκ γαίης μῆτιν ἐρεισάμενοι.

783.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς Ἑρμαφρόδιτον ἐν λουτρῷ ἱστάμενον

Ἀνδράσιν Ἑρμῆς εἰμί, γυναιξὶ δὲ Κύπρις ὁρῶμαι·
ἀμφοτέρων δὲ φέρω σύμβολά μοι τοκέων.
τοὔνεκεν οὐκ ἀλόγως με τὸν Ἑρμαφρόδιτον ἔθεντο
ἀνδρογύνοις λουτροῖς παῖδα τὸν ἀμφίβολον.

784.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς λουτρὸν μικρόν

Μὴ νεμέσα βαιοῖσι· χάρις βαιοῖσιν ὀπηδεῖ·
βαιὸς καὶ Παφίης ἔπλετο κοῦρος Ἔρως.

R. G. McGregor, *The Greek Anthology*, p. 47; T. P. Rogers, in *The Greek Anthology* (Bohn), p. 131.

785.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς καμάραν τοῦ φόρου πρὸς τὴν δύσιν

Μηνᾶς χρύσεον ἔργον ἐδείματο πᾶσιν ὁδίταις,
κυδαίνων πτολίεθρον ἐριχρύσων βασιλήων.

786.—ΑΛΛΟ

Τόνδε καθιδρύσαντο θεῷ περικαλλέα βωμόν,
Λευκῆς καὶ Πτελέου μέσσον ὄρον θέμενοι

782.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

On a Water-clock

Here men divide the course of bright Phaethon into twelve hours and measure the sun's path by water, lifting up their minds from earth to heaven.

783.—Anonymous

On a Hermaphrodite which stood in a Bath

To men I am Hermes, but to women appear to be Aphrodite, and I bear the tokens of both my parents. Therefore not inappropriately they put me, the Hermaphrodite, the child of doubtful sex, in a bath for both sexes.

784.—Anonymous

On a Small Bath

Revile not small things. Small things possess charm. Cypris' son, Eros, was small too.

785.—Anonymous

On a Vaulted Chamber on the West Side of the Forum

Menas built the golden structure for all travellers, glorifying the city of our kings rich in gold.

786.—Anonymous

The inhabitants erected to the god this beautiful altar, placing it here as a sign to mark the boundary

ἐνναέται, χώρης σημήϊον· ἀμμορίης δὲ
αὐτὸς ἄναξ μακάρων ἐστὶ μέσος Κρονίδης.

787.—ΣΩΦΡΟΝΙΟΥ ΠΑΤΡΙΑΡΧΟΥ

Εἰς τόπον ἐπιξενουμένων

Ὁ πρὶν ἀλωόμενος καὶ ἀνέστιον ἴχνος ἐλαύνων,
εἴτ' ἀφ' ὁδοιπορίης, εἴτ' ἀπὸ ναυτιλίης,
ἐνθάδε νῦν προσιὼν στῆσον, ξένε, σὸν πόδα δεῦρο,
ναιετάειν ἐθέλων, οἶκον ἕτοιμον ἔχων.
εἰ δέ με καὶ τίς ἔτευξεν ἀνακρινέοις, πολιῆτα·
Εὐλόγιος, Φαρίης ἀρχιερεὺς ἀγαθός.

788.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ὄλβιον ἀνθρώποισιν ἔχει φάος ἄμβροτος αἰὼν
σῇσιν ὑπ' ἐννεσίῃς, εὐγενέτειρα Τύχη.
νεύματι γὰρ σῷ πάντα φέρει κλέος ᾧ ποτε χειρὶ
δεξιτερῇ παρέχῃς αὐχένα θεσπέσιον.
τούτῳ καὶ βασιλῆες ἀμύμονες ἁρμόζονται,
καὶ λογίων ἀγέλης ἄμβροτοι ἡγεμόνες·
καὶ νῆες λιμένεσσι σαώτερον ἀμπαύονται
σὴν δι' ἀρηγοσύνην σωζόμεναι πελάγει·
καὶ πόλιες χαίρουσιν ἀκύμονες, ἠδέ τε λαοί,
καὶ θαλερῶν πεδίων λείμακες ἀμβρόσιοι.
τοὔνεκα σὸν θεράποντα πρὸς ὄλβιον ἀθρήσασα

* * * * *

789.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Τέκτονά με σκοπίαζε σοφῶν κοσμήτορα μύθων,
ἰθύνοντα τέχνην εὐεπίης κανόνι.

of Leuce and Pteleus. The arbiter of the division is the king of the immortals himself, Cronus' son.[1]

787.—SOPHRONIUS THE PATRIARCH

On a Guest-house

Stranger, who formerly on your arrival by land or by sea wandered about with homeless feet, approach now and stay your steps here, where, if you wish to dwell, you will find a lodging all ready. But if you, citizen, demand who made me, it was Eulogius, the good bishop of Alexandria.

788.—Anonymous

Under thy rule, noble Fortune, the blest life of men enjoys the light of prosperity. For at thy nod all things bring glory to him whom thou permittest to caress thy divine neck with his right hand. To thy will illustrious kings bow, and the blest leaders of the learned company. Ships, too, rest safer in harbour, saved at sea by thy help, and cities enjoy tranquility, and peoples, and the ambrosial meads of the verdant plain. Therefore looking on thy servant .

789.—Anonymous

On a Rhetor

Look on me, the adorner of learned discourse, who direct my art by the rule of eloquence.

[1] From Demosth. vii. 39. The places are in the Thracian Chersonese.

790.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Τίς ποκ' ἀπ' Οὐλύμποιο μετάγαγε παρθενεῶνα,
τὸν πάρος οὐρανίοις ἐμβεβαῶτα δόμοις,
ἐς πόλιν Ἀνδρόκλοιο, θοῶν βασίλειαν Ἰώνων,
τὰν δορὶ καὶ Μούσαις αἰπυτάταν Ἔφεσον;
ἦ ῥα σὺ φιλαμένα, Τιτυοκτόνε, μέζον Ὀλύμπου
τὰν τροφόν, ἐν ταύτᾳ τὸν σὸν ἔθευ θάλαμον.

791.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΔΟΥ

Μητρὶ περιστεφέος σηκοῦ, Κυθέρεια, θαλάσσῃ
κρηπῖδας βυθίας οἴδματι πηξαμένη·
χαίρει δ' ἀμφὶ σὲ πόντος, ἐπὶ ζεφύροιο πνοῇσιν
ἀφρὸν ὑπὲρ νώτου κυάνεον γελάσας.
εἵνεκα δ' εὐσεβίης, νηοῦ θ' ὃν ἐγείρατο σεῖο
Πόστουμος, αὐχήσῃ μέζον, †αφλοισι Πάφου.[1]

792.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Νικίεω πόνος οὗτος· ἀειζώουσα Νεκυία
ἤσκημαι πάσης ἠρίον ἡλικίης·
δώματα δ' Αἰδωνῆος ἐρευνήσαντος Ὁμήρου
γέγραμμαι κείνου πρῶτον ἀπ' ἀρχετύπου.

[1] The poem is very corrupt. The MS. has in l. 1 περιστρεφεα σηκὸν. In l. 4 Jacobs corrects to ἀβρὸν . . . κυανέου and I render so, but the aorist γελάσας can scarcely be right.

790.—ANTIPATER

On the Temple of Artemis at Ephesus

Who was it that transported the maiden's chamber, that once stood in the celestial palace, from Olympus to Ephesus the city of Androclus, the queen of the Ionians, swift in battle, most excellent in war and letters? Was it thyself, slayer of Tityus, who, loving thy nurse [1] more than Olympus, didst set thy chamber in her?

791.—APOLLONIDES

On a Temple of Aphrodite built in the Sea

Cytherea, who hast established in the depths of the flood the foundations of the sanctuary encinctured by thy mother the sea, around thee the sea rejoices, its blue surface smiling gently under the breeze of Zephyr. Because of this act of piety, and thy temple which Postumus erected, thou shalt boast thee more than because of Paphos.

792.—ANTIPATER

On the Picture of Ulysses' descent to Hell

This is the work of Nicias. I am painted here an ever-living City of the dead, the tomb of every age. It was Homer who explored the house of Hades, and I am copied from him as my first original.

[1] According to one story Artemis was born, not at Delos, but at a place called Ortygia near Ephesus.

793.—ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΠΟ ΥΠΑΡΧΩΝ ΑΙΓΥΠΤΙΟΥ

Εἰς τὴν Μύρωνος βοῦν

Πόρτιν τήνδε Μύρωνος ἰδών, τάχα τοῦτο βοήσεις·
"Ἡ φύσις ἄπνοός ἐστιν, ἢ ἔμπνοος ἔπλετο τέχνη."

794.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰς τὸ αὐτό

Βουκόλε, πῇ προθέειν με βιάζεαι; ἴσχεο νύσσων·
οὐ γάρ μοι τέχνη καὶ τόδ' ὄπασσεν ἔχειν.

795.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰς τὸ αὐτό

Ἡ χαλκὸν ζώωσε Μύρων σοφός, ἢ τάχα πόρτιν
χάλκωσε ζωὰν ἐξ ἀγέλας ἐρύσας.

796.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰς τὸ αὐτό

Πλάστα Μύρων, σέο πόρτιν ὁδοιπόρος ἦλθεν ἐλάσσων·
χαλκοῦ δὲ ψαύσας, φὼρ κενὸς ἐξεφάνη.

797.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰς τὸ αὐτό

Εἰσορόων με λέων χαίνει στόμα, χερσὶ δ' ἀείρει
γειοπόνος ζεύγλην, ἀγρονόμος κορύνην.

793.—JULIAN, PREFECT OF EGYPT

On Myron's Heifer

Looking on this heifer of Myron's you are like to cry out: "Either Nature is lifeless, or Art is alive."

794.—By the Same

On the Same

Neat-herd, whither dost thou force me to advance? Stop from goading me. Art did not bestow motion on me too.

795.—By the Same

On the Same

Skilled Myron either made the bronze alive or drove off a live heifer from the herd and made it into bronze.

796.—By the Same

On the Same

Sculptor Myron, a traveller came to drive off thy heifer, and feeling the bronze turned out to be a futile thief.

797.—By the Same

On the Same

A lion when he sees me opens his mouth wide, the husbandman picks up his yoke and the herd his staff.

798.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰς τὸ αὐτό

Τλῆθι, Μύρων· τέχνη σε βιάζεται· ἄπνοον ἔργον.
ἐκ φύσεως τέχνη· οὐ γὰρ φύσιν εὕρετο τέχνη.

799.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἐν τῷ πορφυρῷ κίονι τῷ ὄντι εἰς τὸ Φιλαδέλφιον

Εὔνους μὲν βασιλεῖ Μουσήλιος· ἔργα βοῶσιν
δημόσια· σθεναρὴν πράγματα πίστιν ἔχει.
Μουσεῖον Ῥώμῃ δ' ἐχαρίσσατο, καὶ βασιλῆος
εἰκόνα θεσπεσίην ἐντὸς ἔγραψε δόμων,
τιμὴν μουσοπόλοις, πόλεως χάριν, ἐλπίδα κούρων,
ὅπλα δὲ τῆς ἀρετῆς, χρήματα τοῖς ἀγαθοῖς.

800.—ΑΔΛΟ

Ἐν τῷ αὐτῷ

Ταῦτα λόγοις ἀνέθηκεν ἑκὼν Μουσήλιος ἔργα,
πιστεύων καθαρῶς ὡς θεός ἐστι λόγος.

801.—ΑΔΛΟ

Ἐν τῷ αὐτῷ

Μουσείου τὰ μὲν αὐτὸς ἐτεύξατο, πολλὰ δὲ σώσας
ἑστῶτα σφαλερῶς, ἵδρυσεν ἀσφαλέως.

---

[1] A place so called because the statues of the sons of Constantine the Great stood there.

798.—By the Same

On the Same

Bear with it, Myron: Art is too strong for thee: the work is lifeless. Art is the child of Nature, for Art did not invent Nature.

799.—Anonymous

On the Porphyry Column in the Philadelphion[1]

Muselius is a well-wisher of the Emperor. Public works proclaim it; the force of facts is strong. He presented Constantinople with a Museum and with a splendid painting of the sovereign inside, an honour to poets, an ornament of the city, the hope of youth, the instrument of virtue, the wealth of good men.

800.—Anonymous

On the Same

These works did Muselius cheerfully dedicate to words,[2] in pure belief that God is the Word.

801.—Anonymous

On the Same

He built parts of the Museum himself, and other parts which were in danger of falling he saved and set them up firmly.

[1] Literature.

802.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς εἰκόνα Μαρκιανοῦ βασιλέως

Μορφὴν τήνδ' ὁράᾳς ζωῷ ἐναλίγκιον ἵππῳ,
Μαρκιανὸν φορέοντι, βροτῶν βασιλῆα γενέθλης·
δεξιτερὴν δ' ἐτάνυσσε, θέοντα δὲ πῶλον ἐπείγει
δυσμενέος καθύπερθεν, ὅτις κεφαλῇ μιν ἀείρει.

803.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς εἰκόνα Σοφίας Αὐγούστης ἐν τῇ εἰσόδῳ τοῦ Ζευξίππου

Αὐσονίων δέσποιναν Ἰουλιανὸς πολιοῦχος
ὡς σοφίης μεστὴν ἄνθετο τὴν Σοφίην.

804.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς στήλην Ἰουστίνου βασιλέως

Ἰουστίνου κατὰ χρέος τὸν δεσπότην
Ἰουλιανὸς ὕπαρχος, ὡς εὐεργέτην.

805.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς στήλην Ἄρεως κεχωσμένην ἐν Θρᾴκῃ

Εἰσόκε θούριος οὗτος ἐπὶ χθονὶ κέκλιται Ἄρης,
οὔποτε Θρηϊκίης ἐπιβήσεται ἔθνεα Γότθων.

806.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς ὡρολόγιον

Κῆπος ἔην ὅδε χῶρος· ἀπὸ σκιερῶν δὲ πετήλων
νυκτοφανὴς τελέθων ἔσκεπεν ἠέλιον.

802.—Anonymous

On a Portrait of the Emperor Marcian

Thou seest this shape, like a live horse, carrying Marcian, ruler of the race of men. His right hand is outstretched and he spurs on the galloping horse above a foeman, who seems to support its weight on his head.

803.—Anonymous

On a Portrait of the Empress Sophia at the Entrance of the Bath Zeuxippus

Julian, the prefect of the city, dedicated here Sophia (Wisdom), the queen of the Italians, as being herself full of wisdom.

804.—Anonymous

On a Column with a Statue of the Emperor Justin

Julian the prefect dutifully set up here the statue of Justin his master and benefactor.

805.—Anonymous

On a Stele of Ares partly buried in Thrace

As long as this fierce Ares rests on the ground the peoples of the Goths shall never set foot in Thrace.

806.—Anonymous

On a Sun-dial

This place was once a garden, and the shade of the leaves shutting out the sun made it like night.

νῦν δὲ παναιγλήεντα καὶ εὔδιον εὗρε τελέσσαι
Σέργιος αὐτόπτης μυστιπόλος Τριάδος,
ἔνθα λίθος στατὸς οὗτος ἀειδίνητον ἀνάγκην
ἑπτάκις ἀγγέλλει ἄντυγος οὐρανίης.

807.—ΑΛΛΟ

Μηχανικὴ Φαέθοντα βιάζεται ἁρμονικοῖσι
γνώμοσιν ἀγρεύειν τὸν δρόμον ἠελίου·
βαιὸς δ' ἀμφιέπει λίθος ἄντυγας Ἠριγενείης
ὡρονόμῳ σοφίῃ καὶ σκιόεντι τύπῳ.
Σεργίου ἀρχιερῆος ἐπουρανίῃσιν ἐφετμαῖς
τοῦτο συνειργάσθη ἔργον ἐπιχθονίων.

808.—ΚΥΡΟΥ ΑΠΟ ΥΠΑΤΩΝ

Εἰς τὴν Μαξιμίνου οἰκίαν

Δείματο Μαξιμίνος νεοπηγέος ἔνδοθι Ῥώμης,
αὐταῖς ἠϊόνεσσι θεμείλια καρτερὰ πήξας.
ἀγλαίη δέ μοι ἀμφὶς ἀπειρεσίη τετάνυσται.
τῇ καὶ τῇ καὶ ὄπισθεν ἔχω πτόλιν· ἀλλὰ καὶ ἄντην
πάνθ' ὁρόω γαίης Βιθυνηΐδος ἀγλαὰ ἔργα.
ἡμετέροις δ' ὑπένερθεν ἐρισθενέεσσι θεμέθλοις
πόντος ἁλὸς προχοῇσι κυλίνδεται εἰς ἅλα δῖαν,
τόσσον ἐπιψαύων, ὁπόσον χθονὸς ἄκρα διῆναι.
πολλάκι δ' ἐξ ἐμέθεν τις ἐὸν μέγα θυμὸν ἰάνθη
βαιὸν ὑπερκύψας, ἐπεὶ εἴσιδεν ἄλλοθεν ἄλλα,
δένδρεα, δώματα, νῆας, ἅλα, πτόλιν, ἠέρα, γαῖαν.

But now Sergius, the patriarch, who hath seen with his eyes and reveals the mysteries of the Holy Trinity, contrived to make it bright and sunlit. Here this fixed stone seven times[1] announces the eternal and fixed revolutions of the vault of heaven.

807.—Anonymous

On the Same

The mechanic art compels Phaethon by means of dials ruled in due measure to direct aright (?) the course of the sun. A small stone governs the circle of Aurora by its skilled division into hours and by the shadow's mark. This work of mortals was constructed by the heavenly command of Sergius the patriarch.

808.—CYRUS THE CONSUL

On the House of Maximinus

Maximinus built me in the newly constructed Rome, fixing my secure foundations actually on the beach. Infinite beauty extends itself around me. To right, left, and behind me lies the city, but facing me I see all the beauties of the Bithynian coast. At the foot of my most strong foundations the salt current rolls to the lovely sea, just touching the land in front of me enough to wet its edge. Often a man leaning out from me slightly has greatly rejoiced his heart, seeing in all directions different things: trees, houses, ships, sea, city, sky, and earth.

[1] Seemingly this means "by seven lines dividing the dial into six equal parts."

809.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰς ἄγαλμα Πινδάμου

Πίνδαρον ἱμερόεντα παρ' ὕδασι Κῦρος ἐγείρει,
οὕνεκα φορμίζων εἶπεν "Ἄριστον ὕδωρ."

810.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Οὗτος Ἰουστῖνος Σοφίῃ σχεδόν· ἀμφότεροι δὲ
χρύσεον ἔργον ἔτευξαν ἀπ' Ἀσσυρίοιο θριάμβου.

811.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Φαιδρὸν Ἰουστινιανὸς ἄναξ ἐμὲ χῶρον ἐγείρει,
Ἠελίῳ παρέχων θάμβος ἀνερχομένῳ.
οὔποτε γὰρ τοιοῦτον ἐπὶ χθονὸς ἕδρακε κάλλος
ὑψόθεν οὐρανίην οἶμον ἐπερχόμενος.

812.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς Ἰουστῖνον

Θεῖον Ἰουστῖνον, καθαρὸν φρουρήτορα θεσμῶν,
Δομνῖνος καθαροῖς ἐν προθύροισι Δίκης.

813.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς Σοφίαν αὐτοῦ γυναῖκα

Τῆς Σοφίης τύδ' ἄγαλμα Δίκης προπάροιθε θυράων·
οὐ γὰρ ἄνευθε δίκης ἔπρεπε τὴν σοφίην.

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[1] *Olymp.* 1. 1.

809.—By the Same

On a Statue of Pindar

Cyrus set up charming Pindar beside the water, because singing to the lyre he said, "Water is best."[1]

810.—Anonymous

This is Justin next Sophia. Both made the golden work after their Assyrian triumph.[2]

811.—Anonymous

Justinian, the emperor, built me the bright house, a marvel for the sun to view at his rising. For never before when he mounted his celestial path did he see such beauty on earth.

812.—Anonymous

On Justin

Domninus in the pure portals of Justice erected the statue of divine Justin, the pure guardian of Law.

813.—Anonymous

On Sophia his Wife

This statue of Sophia stands before the gates of Justice, for wisdom should not be apart from justice.

[2] The Persian war, which, after all, was not very successful.

814.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς λουτρόν

Νύμφαι Νηϊάδες, μετανάστιοι, οὐχ ἅμα πάσας
εἴξειν ὠϊόμην χεύμασιν ἡμετέροις·
εἰ δὲ τόσην τὸ λοετρὸν ἔχει χάριν, οὐδὲν ὀνήσει
ὁ φθόνος, εἰ Νύμφαι πᾶν ἀπέλειπον ὕδωρ.

815.—ΑΛΛΟ

Ξεῖνε, τι νῦν σπεύδεις ὁρόων ἀκεσώδυνον ὕδωρ;
εὐφροσύνης τὸ λοετρόν· ἀπορρύπτει μελεδῶνας·
μόχθον ἐλαφρίζει· τόδε γὰρ ποίησε Μιχαήλ,
ὃς κρατερῆς βασιληΐδος αὐλῆς ἡγεμονεύει.

816.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς μινσώριον τῶν Εὐβούλου

Ἀντία Τηλεμάχοιο καὶ ἐγγύθι Πηνελοπείης
τίπτε, πολυφράδμων, πολυταρβέα χεῖρα τιταίνεις;
οὐκ ἐρέει μνηστῆρσι τεόν ποτε νεῦμα τιθήνη.

817.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς ἐνδυτήν

Ἐν τῇ τραπέζῃ τῶν ἀχράντων θυμάτων
πάθη τυθέντων τῶν ὑπὲρ Χριστοῦ γράφω·
οὕσπερ γὰρ αἰτῶ πρὸς σκέπην ἔχειν Πέτρος,
φρικτοῦ τέθεικα τοῖς σκεπάσμασιν τόπου.

---

[1] The spring supplying the bath had failed. It is difficult to see how, as the epigram implies, the bath could retain its charm in the absence of water.

814.—Anonymous

On a Bath

Naiad Nymphs, ye truants, I never thought you would all quit my streams. But if the bath possesses such charm, Envy will accomplish naught, even though the Nymphs desert all the water.[1]

815.—Anonymous

On Another

Stranger, why dost thou quicken thy steps now, when thou seest the water that cures pain? This is the bath of joy; it washes away care, it lightens labour. It was built by Michael, the prefect of the Imperial Palace.

816.—Anonymous

On a Dish belonging to Eubulus

In presence of Telemachus and near Penelope, why, wise Odysseus, dost thou stretch out thy hand in terror?[2] Thy nurse will never tell the suitors of thy gesture.

817.—Anonymous

On an Altar-cloth

On the table of the immaculate sacrifice I depict the passions of those sacrificed for Christ. For those whom I beg to have as protectors have I, Peter, put in the covering of the dread place.

[2] *i.e.* signing to the nurse not to reveal who he is. *Od.* xix. 479.

818.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς δίσκον ἄλλον ἐν τῷ αὐτῷ

Καὶ Πέτρος ἄλλος, τὸν τάφον τοῦ Κυρίου
τὸν ζωοποιὸν εἰσιδεῖν μὴ συμφθάσας,
ἔγλυψα δίσκον, μνήματος θείου τύπον,
ἐν ᾧ τὸ Χριστοῦ σῶμα κύψας προσβλέπω.

819.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς ποτήριον ἐν τῷ αὐτῷ

Κρατὴρ νοητὸς πνεύματος θείου βλύσει
κατανύξεως ῥοῦν ἐγχέω ταῖς καρδίαις.

820.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς εἴσοδον τῆς Ἥριας

Τοῦτον Ἰουστινιανὸς ἀγακλέα δείματο χῶρον,
ὕδατι καὶ γαίῃ κάλλος ἐπικρεμάσας.

821.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς τὸ αὐτό

Κοίρανοι, ὑμετέρην ἀρετὴν κάρτος τε καὶ ἔργα
αὐδήσει χρόνος αἰέν, ἕως πόλος ἀστέρας ἕλκῃ.

822.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς μινσώριον ἔχον ιβ′ ζώδια καὶ ἕτερα

Ἀργύρεος πόλος οὗτος, ὅπῃ Φαέθοντα Σελήνη
δέρκεται ἀντιτύπων πιπλαμένη φαέων·

818.—Anonymous

On a Disc

I, another Peter, not having survived to see the life-giving tomb of the Lord, carved this disc representing the Holy Sepulchre, in which, bending low, I see Christ's body.

819.—Anonymous

On a Cup

I, the mystic cup, by the flow of the Holy Spirit pour into the heart a stream of repentance.

820.—Anonymous

On the Entrance of the Heraeum [1]

Justinian built this magnificent house, a thing of beauty to overhang land and water.

821.—Anonymous

On the Same

Princes, Time will always proclaim your virtue, power, and great deeds, as long as the stars move in heaven.

822.—Anonymous

On a Dish with the Twelve Signs of the Zodiac

This is the silver heaven where the Moon gazes on the Sun, full herself of his reflected splendour,

[1] On the Asiatic bank of the Bosporus. It is described by Gibbon, chap. xl. Nos. 663 and 664 above may refer to its gardens.

ἀπλανέες δ' ἑκατερθε καὶ ἀντιθεοντες ἀλῆται
ἀνδρομέης γενεῆς πᾶσαν ἄγουσι τύχην.

823.—ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Σιγάτω λάσιον Δρυάδων λέπας, οἵ τ' ἀπὸ πέτρας
κρουνοί, καὶ βληχὴ πουλυμιγὴς τοκάδων,
αὐτὸς ἐπεὶ σύριγγι μελίζεται εὐκελάδῳ Πάν,
ὑγρὸν ἰεὶς ζευκτῶν χείλος ὑπὲρ καλάμων·
αἱ δὲ πέριξ θαλεροῖσι χορὸν ποσὶν ἐστήσαντο
Ὑδριάδες Νύμφαι, Νύμφαι Ἀμαδρυάδες.

W. H. D. Rouse, *An Echo of Greek Song*, p. 49; **A. J.** Butler, *Amaranth and Asphodel*, p. 47.

824.—ΕΡΥΚΙΟΥ

Εὔστοχα θηροβολεῖτε, κυναγέται, οἷ ποτὶ ταύταν
Πανὸς ὀρειώτα νισσόμενοι σκοπιάν,
αἴτε λίνοις βαίνοιτε πεποιθότες, αἴτε σιδάρῳ,
αἴτε καὶ ἰξευταὶ λαθροβόλῳ δόνακι·
κἀμέ τις ὑμείων ἐπιβωσάτω· οἶδα ποδάγραν
κοσμεῖν, καὶ λόγχαν, καὶ λίνα, καὶ καλάμους.

825.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς ὁλκὸν ὕδατος ἠρέμα καὶ δίχα ἦχου φερόμενον, ἐν ᾧ ἄγαλμα Πανὸς ἵστατο

Πᾶνά με τὸν δυσέρωτα καὶ ἐξ ὑδάτων φύγεν Ἠχώ.

while on either side the fixed stars and the planets that move contrary to them work the whole fortune of the race of men.

823.—PLATO

Let the cliff clothed in greenery of the Dryads keep silence, and the fountains that fall from the rock, and the confused bleating of the ewes newly lambed; for Pan himself plays on his sweet-toned pipe, running his pliant lips over the joined reeds, and around with their fresh feet they have started the dance, the Nymphs, Hydriads, and Hamadryads.

824.—ERYCIUS

Hunters, who come to this peak where dwells mountain Pan, good luck to you in the chase, whether ye go on your way trusting in nets or in the steel, or whether ye be fowlers relying on your hidden limed reeds. Let each of you call on me. I have skill to bring success to trap, spear, nets, and reeds.

825.—Anonymous

On a Machine for drawing Water which worked noiselessly, on which stood an image of Pan

Echo fled from the waters, too, to escape me, Pan, her unhappy lover.

826.—ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Εἰς Σάτυρον κρήνῃ ἐφεστῶτα, καὶ Ἔρωτα καθεύδοντα

Τὸν Βρομίου Σάτυρον τεχνήσατο δαιδαλέη χείρ,
μούνῃ θεσπεσίως πνεῦμα βαλοῦσα λίθῳ.
εἰμὶ δὲ ταῖς Νύμφαισιν ὁμέψιος· ἀντὶ δὲ τοῦ πρὶν
πορφυρέου μέθυος λαρὸν ὕδωρ προχέω.
εὕκηλον δ' ἴθυνε φέρων πόδα, μὴ τάχα κοῦρον
κινήσῃς, ἁπαλῷ κώματι θελγόμενον.

827.—ΑΜΜΩΝΙΟΥ

Εἰς τὸ αὐτό

Εἰμὶ μὲν εὐκεράοιο φίλος θεράπων Διονύσου,
λείβω δ' ἀργυρέων ὕδατα Ναϊάδων·
θέλγω δ' ἠρεμέοντα νέον περὶ κώματι παῖδα

* * * * *

826.—PLATO

On a Satyr standing by a Well and Love Asleep

A CUNNING master wrought me, the Satyr, son of Bacchus, divinely inspiring the monolith with breath. I am the playmate of the Nymphs, and instead of purple wine I now pour forth pleasant water. Guide thy steps here in silence, lest thou disturb the boy lapped in soft sleep.

827.—AMMONIUS

On the Same

I AM the dear servant of horned Dionysus, and pour forth the water of the silver Naiads, soothing the young boy who rests asleep . . .

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[1] Statyllius should be restored for the Tullius of the MS.

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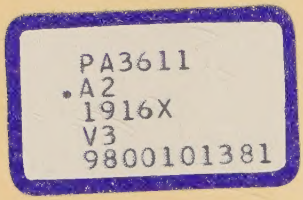
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